

STANDARD LITERARY SELECTIONS

NICHOLSON



Class PE 1123

Book N6

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STANDARD
LITERARY SELECTIONS

FOR
ADVANCED GRADES

COMPILED BY
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JOHN NICHOLSON

PREFACE

THIS book is compiled to introduce pupils to a deeper study of literature. As pupils are supposed, when they reach this stage, to be familiar with the names and principal works of American writers, the selections from such sources are not so numerous as one would naturally expect in a book intended for American children. The object is to get the pupils acquainted with those great authors who have established a lasting and universal reputation, giving great Catholic authors and Catholic subjects the place to which they are rightly entitled and which is denied them in many of the secular publications foisted upon the public in this country. The Reader may be adapted to a nine or ten months' school year, according to the special arrangements of the teacher. Sometimes two short selections are combined to form one lesson. Again, some lessons may be divided into two parts.

Many words of rare occurrence are defined and the more difficult passages annotated, leaving, in the meantime, plenty of work to be developed by both teacher and pupil. In the selections, attention has been given to a blending of the useful and the pleasing, and an interweaving of those pieces which show most forcibly the beauty of virtue, the necessity of morality, and the power of the eternal laws of Providence. If this work helps to lead young minds into

the higher planes of intellectual activity, the compiler will feel that he has not labored in vain.

Rev. J. T. Nicholson, the compiler, gratefully acknowledges the permission of D. H. McBride & Co. to make selections from their publications, but regrets that more selections from modern Catholic writers had to be omitted owing to the policy of some Catholic publishers in refusing permission. Acknowledgments are also due Rev. Brother Wolf and Sisters of Charity, San Antonio, Very Rev. John T. Boland, St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, and "The Catholic School" Journal, Milwaukee, for advice and courtesies extended.

LESSON I

PART I—THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

THE original inhabitants of Britain were Celts, and their language Celtic. In the year 449 the island was visited by a number of adventurers from that part of northern Europe known as Schleswig-Holstein, on the borders of Denmark. It is believed they represented three different tribes called Angles, Saxons and Jutes. They were most probably rude sea-rovers or pirates, and there is no historical evidence that they possessed any written language or alphabet. They succeeded in obtaining possession of a great part of ancient Britain, and their language naturally took the place of the tongue of the original inhabitants—the Britains or Celts—and was known as the Anglo-Saxon. Before the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons, the Romans had been in Britain more than four hundred years, so that a great many Latin words had already mingled with the Celtic.

The Celtic words in the English language at present are mostly confined to the names of places. The number of words of Anglo-Saxon origin in the language is much less than is commonly supposed. Some authorities estimate it at about one-half; others still more. Most monosyllabic words are of Anglo-Saxon origin; while a large portion of words of two syllables, the great majority of words of three, and almost all words of four and more sylla-

bles come from Latin or Greek. It should be observed that words of Anglo-Saxon origin are mostly confined to prepositions and conjunctions, and words which signify ordinary ideas and actions, such as food, earth, can, do; while most words denoting the higher operations of the mind and more intellectual ideas come directly or indirectly from the Latin or Greek; such as inspiration, science, magnanimity, perception. Celtic is still spoken in Wales, the highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, many parts of Ireland, and to some extent in Cornwall.

In the ninth and tenth centuries the Danes invaded England, and many words from the language of the invaders found their way into the Saxon tongue.

Again, after the Norman conquest in 1066 a large number of words of Latin origin were received through the Norman French.

The Latin gave most of the terms used in theology, medicine, law, literature and politics, besides many in general use. The Greek supplied terms of science, philosophy, theology and arts. Military terms are mostly derived from the French, and musical terms from the Italian. Some new words have come from the Spanish and German, others from Asia, Africa and America.

The Anglo-Saxon was formerly inflected, though not so much as Latin and Greek; that is, the words had different forms to express the different numbers, cases and genders of nouns and pronouns, and persons, moods and tenses of verbs. An example of the old plural of nouns is the "en" in oxen and children, though the latter is a double plural, being

formed by adding "en" to *childer*—the old plural of child. *Vixen* is the only remaining example of a feminine ending in "en."

The growth of the English language after what is called the Saxon period may be divided into three stages, namely, Early, Middle and Modern English. The first extends from the middle of the thirteenth to the latter part of the fourteenth century; the Middle from the latter part of the fourteenth to the middle part of the sixteenth; the Modern from the beginning of the sixteenth to the present time. John Gower may be said to have introduced the first period, and Geoffrey Chaucer the second; while a number of writers, chief amongst them Spenser and Shakespeare, combined to introduce the third, which received its polish principally from Dryden, Pope, Steele and Addison. No one can have a thorough knowledge of the English language without studying its great authors, and being acquainted with the principal sources from which it is derived; and, strange as it may appear, one of the best ways of studying English is through Latin, French and Greek.

PART II—SOLITUDE PREFERRED TO SOCIETY

Duke senior:

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery"—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—*Shakespeare.*

LESSON II

REUNITED

PURER than thy own white snow,
Nobler than thy mountains' height;
Deeper than the ocean's flow,
Stronger than thy own proud might;
Oh Northland! to thy sister land,
Was late thy mercy's generous deed and grand.

Nigh twice ten years, the sword was sheathed:
Its mist of green o'er battle plain
For nigh two decades Spring had breathed;
And yet the crimson life-blood stain
From passive swards had never paled,
Nor fields, where all were brave and some had failed.

Between the Northland, bride of snow,
And Southland, brightest sun's fair bride,
Swept, deepening ever in its flow,
The stormy wake, in war's dark tide:
No hand might clasp across the tears
And blood and anguish of our deathless years.

When summer, like a rose in bloom,
Had blossomed from the bud of Spring,
Oh! who could deem the dew's of doom
Upon the blushing lips could cling?
And who could believe its fragrant light
Would e'er be freighted with the breath of blight?

Yet o'er the Southland crept the spell,
That e'en from out its brightness spread;
And prostrate, powerless, she fell,
Rachel-like, amid her dead.
Her bravest, fairest, purest, best,
The waiting grave would welcome as its guest.

The Northland, strong in love, and great,
Forgot the stormy days of strife;
Forgot that souls, with dreams of hate
Or unforgiveness, e'er were rife.
Forgotten was each thought and hushed;
Save—she was generous and her foe was crushed.

No hand might clasp, from land to land;
Yea! there was one to bridge the tide;
For at the touch of Mercy's hand
The North and South stood side by side:
The bride of Snow, the Bride of Sun,
In Charity's espousals are made one.

“Thou givest back my sons again,”
The Southland to the Northland cries ;
“For all my dead, on battle plain,
Thou biddest my dying now uprise :
I still my sobs, I cease my tears,
And thou has recompensed my anguished years.

“Blessings on thine every wave,
Blessings on thine every shore,
Blessings that from sorrow save,
Blessings giving more and more,
For all thou gavest thy sister land,
Oh Northland ! in thy generous deed and grand.”
—*Father Ryan.*

LESSON III

FORMS OF WATER

PART I—CLOUDS, RAIN AND RIVERS

EVERY occurrence in nature is preceded by other occurrences which are its causes, and succeeded by others which are its effects. The human mind is not satisfied with observing and studying any natural occurrences alone, but takes pleasure in connecting every natural fact with what has gone before it, and with what is to come after it.

Thus, when we enter upon the study of rivers and glaciers, our interest will be greatly augmented

by taking into account not only their actual appearances, but also their causes and effects.

Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by tributaries, which swell its waters. The river, of course, becomes smaller as these tributaries are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream: this again divides itself into a number of smaller streamlets, ending in mere threads of water. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills.

But it is quite plain that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their waters? A brief residence among the mountains would prove to you that they are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble, sometimes, indeed, quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hill sides; but sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. The river Albula in Switzerland, for instance, rushes at its origin in considerable volume from a mountain side. But you very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day.

But we cannot end here. Whence comes the rain which forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds.

But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive. At every puff of the engine a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply: You notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass. What, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud?

It is the steam or vapor of water from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler. When the vapor mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel it ceases to be vapor. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of water-dust of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a cloud.

Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive; you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether, and if you continue your observations you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends upon the character of the day. In humid weather the cloud hangs long and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into true invisible vapor.

The drier the air, and the hotter the air, the

greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it. When the cloud first forms, its quantity is far greater than the air is able to maintain in an invisible state. But as the cloud mixes gradually with a larger mass of air, it is more and more dissolved, and finally passes altogether from the condition of a finely-divided liquid into that of transparent vapor or gas.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the pipe; a cloud is precipitated in all respects similar to that issuing from the funnel of the locomotive.

Permit the steam as it issues from the pipe to pass through the flame of a spirit-lamp, the cloud formed is instantly dissolved by the heat, and is not again precipitated. With a special boiler and a special nozzle, the experiment may be made more striking, but not more instructive, than with the kettle.

Look to your bed room windows when the weather is very cold outside; they sometimes stream with water derived from the condensation of the aqueous vapor from your own lungs. The windows of railway carriages in winter show this condensation in a striking manner. Pour cold water into a dry drinking glass on a summer's day: the outside surface of the glass becomes instantly dimmed by the precipitation of moisture. On a warm day you notice no vapor in front of your mouth, but on a cold day you form there a little cloud, derived from the condensation of the aqueous vapor from the lungs.

To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, heat is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by

chilling the steam we convert it into a cloud. Is there any fire in nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is; the fire of the sun.

Thus, by tracing backwards, without any break in the chain of occurrences, our river from its end to its real beginnings, we come at length to the sun.

There are, however, rivers which have sources somewhat different from those just mentioned. They do not begin by dribblets on a hill side, nor can they be traced to a spring. Go, for example, to the mouth of the river Rhone, and trace it backwards to Lyons, where it turns to the east. Bending around by Chambery, you come at length to the Lake of Geneva, from which the river rushes, and which you might be disposed to regard as the source of the Rhone. But go to the head of the lake, and you find that the Rhone there enters it, that the lake is in fact a kind of expansion of the river. Follow this upwards; you find it joined by smaller rivers from the mountains right and left. Pass these, and push your journey higher still. You come at length to a huge mass of ice—the end of a glacier—which fills the Rhone valley, and from the bottom of the glacier the river rushes. In the glacier of the Rhone you thus find the source of the river Rhone.

But, again, we have not reached the real beginning of the river. You soon convince yourself that this earliest water of the Rhone is produced by the melting of the ice. You get upon the glacier and walk upwards along it. After a time the ice disappears, and you come upon snow. If you are a competent mountaineer you may go to the very top of this great snow field, and if you cross the top and

descend at the other side you finally quit the snow, and get upon another glacier called the Trift, from the end of which rushes a river smaller than the Rhone.

You soon learn that the mountain snow feeds the glacier. By some means or other the snow is converted into ice. But whence comes the snow? Like the rain, it comes from the clouds, which, as before, can be traced to vapor raised by the sun. Without solar fire we could have no atmospheric vapor, without vapor no clouds, without clouds no snow, and without snow no glaciers. Curious, then, as the conclusion may be, the cold ice of the Alps has its origin in the heat of the sun.

—*John Tyndal.*

LESSON IV

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR THE POWER OF MUSIC

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride;—

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the mighty power of love.

* * *

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound!
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now gives the hautboys breath; he comes, he
comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain,
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
 slew the slain!

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen!
 Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood!
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the worl'd be worth thy winning,
Think, think it worth enjoying :

* * *

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair ;
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain !
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to de-
stroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy!

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecelia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down!

—*John Dryden.*

LESSON V

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

LET observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd.
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

* * *

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy:
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,

Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

* * *

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows ;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate :
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly.
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

* * *

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,

Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain,
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought re-
main :

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait :
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay :
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day.
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did not subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,

* * *

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime,

An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend :
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet even on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

LESSON VI

PART I—ENTERPRISE OF AMERICAN COLONISTS 1775

FOR some time past, Mr. Speaker, has the Old World been fed from the New. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age,—America,—with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent. Turning from the agricultural resources of the Colonies, consider the wealth which they have drawn from the sea by their fisheries. The spirit in which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought to raise your esteem and admiration. Pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis's Strait, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of Polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seems too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than

the accumulated winter of both the Poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by these recent People: a People who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

When I contemplate these things,—when I know that the Colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of a watchful and suspicious Government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection,—when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

—*Edmund Burke.*

PART II—THE WISE MAN'S PRAYER

INQUIRER, cease ; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear ; nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,

But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer;
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordained;
These goods He grants, who grants the pow'r to
gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

LESSON VII

PART I—ON AMERICAN TAXATION, APRIL 19, 1774

COULD anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain high-road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and clearest interests, merely for the sake of insulting your Colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of three-pence. But no commodity will bear three-

pence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated, and two millions of men are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the Colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden, when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave! It is the weight of that preamble, of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear. You are, therefore, at this moment, in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom; a quiddity; a thing that wants not only a substance, but even a name; for a thing which is neither abstract right, nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason, show it to be common sense, show it to be the means of obtaining some useful end, and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity, is more than I ever could discern! Let us, Sir, embrace some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out, name, fix, ascertain this revenue; settle its quantity; define its objects; provide for its collection; and then fight when you

have something to fight for. If you murder, rob; if you kill, take possession: and do not appear in the character of madmen, as well as assassins,—violent, vindictive, bloody and tyrannical, without an object. But may better counsels guide you.

—*Edmund Burke.*

PART II—POLONIUS TO LAERTES

My blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare.*

LESSON VIII

PART I—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
 sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
 blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
 blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew
 still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
 pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!
—*Lord Byron.*

PART II—THE DYING GLADIATOR

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand,—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday,—
All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your
ire!

—*Lord Byron.*

LESSON IX

PART I—RETURN OF BRITISH FUGITIVES

I VENTURE to prophesy, there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth,—able, Sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy, which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, Sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms,—her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent, her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves. But, Sir, you must have *men*,—you cannot get along without them. Those heavy forests of valuable timber under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber, Sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared. Then you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, Sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise.

Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, Sir, and they will come in! The population of the Old World is full to overflowing. The population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the

Governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wistful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth;—a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance,—a land over which peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door.

Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this. They see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode,—that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets. They see her here a real divinity—her altars rising on every hand, throughout these happy States; her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this, our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand towards the people of the Old World,—tell them to, come, and bid them welcome,—and you will see them pouring in from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West. Your wildernesses will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wofully; and most wofully have they suffered the punishment

due to their offenses. But the relations which we bear to them, and to their native country, have now changed. Their King hath acknowledged our independence; the quarrel is over, peace hath returned, and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, Sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produces of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufacturies. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, in making them tributary to our advantage. And, as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, Sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them*!—What, Sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps*?

—Patrick Henry.

PART II—THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;

Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LESSON X

THE VILLAGE OF GRAND PRÉ

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-
Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons
the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and or-
chards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and
away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Aca-
dian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak
and of hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign
of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows;
and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the
doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on
the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and
in kirtles.

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning
the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels
and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,
and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
bless them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

PART I—BENEDICT AND EVANGELINE

SOMEWHAT apart from the village, and nearer the
Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing
his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of
the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of
seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
brown as the oak leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed
in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at
noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was
the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the
bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of
beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benedic-
tion upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music.

PART II—EVANGELINE'S HOME

FIRMLY builded with rafters of oak, the house of the
farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and
a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;
and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in
the meadow.
Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a
penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image
of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well
with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for
the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north,
were the barns and the farm-yard,

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the an-
tique ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in
his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
with the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a
village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a
staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous
corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and in-
nocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant
breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of
mutation.

PART III—EVANGELINE'S EARLY LIFE

THUS, at peace with God and the world, the farmer
of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed
his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened
his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest
devotion ;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem
of her garment !
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness
befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of
her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the
knocker of iron ;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the
village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as
he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the
music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was
welcome ;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-
smith,
Who was a mighty man in the villlage, and hon-
ored of all men ;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and
nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by
the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father
Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught
them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the
church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson
completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the
blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes
to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a
plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the
tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of
cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gather-
ing darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through
every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the labor-
ing bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in
the ashes,
Merrily laughed and said they were nuns going
into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of
the eagle,

Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er
the meadow.
Oft in the barns they clined to the populous nests
on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which
the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight
of its fledglings ;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of
the swallow !
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer
were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face
of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened
thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of
a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called ; for that
was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their
orchards with apples ;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight
and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.
—*Longfellow.*

LESSON XI

PART I—ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make
and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of
our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cat-
tle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves
from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may
dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Maj-
esty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of
summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of
the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shat-
ters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with
thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-
closures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words
of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,
and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to
the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce
 imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er
 the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the
 blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion;
 and wildly he shouted,—
“Down with the tyrants of England! We never
 have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our
 homes and our harvests!”
More he fain would have said, but the merciless
 hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down
 to the pavement.

PART II—FATHER FELICIAN PREVENTS A RIOT

IN the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-
 tention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father
 Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps
 of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed
 into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his
 people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents meas-
 ured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly
 the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you,
and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers
and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would
you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is
gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O
Father forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father forgive
them!' "

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the
hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the
passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father
forgive them!"

PART III—BURNING OF THE ACADIAN HOMES

SUDDENLY rose from the south a light, as in autumn
the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er
the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon moun-
tain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge
shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs
of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that
lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of
flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the
quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning
thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a
hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame in-
termingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the
shore and on shipboard,

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in
their anguish,

"We shall behold no more our homes in the village
of Grand-Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the
farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing
of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs
interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the
 sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the
 Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
 speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the
 river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the
 herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
 rushed o'er the meadows.

PART IV—DEATH OF BENEDICT

OVERWHELMED with the sight, yet speechless, the
 priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
 widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent
 companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
 abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
 departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
 maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her
 terror,
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on
 his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
 slumber;

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld
a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully
gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-
passion.
Still the blaze of the burning vilage illumined the
landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the
faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering
senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the
people,—
“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier
season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown
land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the
churchyard.”
Such were the words of the priest. And there in
haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of
Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service
of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast
congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar
with the dirges.

'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste
of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and
hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of
the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the
village in ruins.

PART V—EVANGELINE MEETS GABRIEL

SUDDENLY, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of
wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while
a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flow-
ers dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom
of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such
terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their
pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of
an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded
his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a
moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its
earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who
are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the
fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-
sprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and
pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit
exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths
in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and
sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied
reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush
that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saint-like,
“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into
silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of
his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among
them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walk-
ing under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his
vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted
his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by
his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the ac-
cents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his
tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at
a casement.

PART VI—DEATH OF GABRIEL

ALL was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the
sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of
patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to
her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father,
I thank Thee!"

PART VII—THE LAST OF THE ACADIANS

STILL stands the forest primeval; but far away from
its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are
sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at
rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the
shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-
guage.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
 neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
 of the forest.

—*Longfellow.*

LESSON XII

FOR INDEPENDENCE, 1776

THE time will certainly come when the fated separation between the mother country and these Colonies must take place, whether you will or no ; for so it is decreed by the very nature of things,—by the progressive increase of our population, the fertility of our soil, the extent of our territory, the industry of our countrymen, and the immensity of the ocean which separates the two countries. And, if this be true, as it is most true,—who does not see that the sooner it takes place, the better ; that it would be the height of folly, not to seize the present occasion, when British injustice has filled all hearts with indignation, inspired all minds with courage, united all opinions in one and put arms in every hand ? And how long must we traverse three thousand miles of a stormy sea, to solicit of arrogant and insolent men either counsels or commands to regulate our domestic affairs ? From what we have already achieved, it is very easy to presume what we shall hereafter accomplish. Experience is the source of sage counsels, and liberty is the mother of great

men. Have you not seen the enemy driven from Lexington by citizens armed and assembled in one day? Already their most celebrated generals have yielded in Boston to the skill of ours. Already their seamen, repulsed from our coast, wander over the ocean, the sport of tempests, and the prey of famine. Let us hail the favorable omen, and fight, not for the sake of knowing on what terms we are to be the slaves of England, but to secure to ourselves a free existence, to found a just and independent Government.

Why do we longer delay,—why still deliberate? Let this most happy day give birth to the American Republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to reëstablish the reign of peace and of the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast, by the felicity of the citizens, with the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprang up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. This is the end presaged by so many omens:—by our first victories; by the present ardor and union; by the flight of Howe, and the pestilence which broke out among Dunmore's people; by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleet and transports, and that terrible tempest which engulfed seven

hundred vessels upon the coasts of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to country, the names of the American Legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and will be, forever dear to virtuous men and good citizens!

—*Richard Henry Lee.*

LESSON XIII

JOAN OF ARC

THE life and character of Joan of Arc, "The Maid of Orleans," is without a parallel in history. She is the queen of heroines and an everlasting honor to Christian womanhood. She is the grandest and noblest figure in the history of France, which could once truly boast of being a nation of fair women and gallant men.

Joan was born in the little hamlet of Domremy in 1412. Her opportunities for education were scant. She told her questioners once that she did not know A from B. Her only teachers were her mother and her pastor. She knew her prayers, the principal truths of her religion, her duties to God, and unlike many who make greater pretensions to education, she was assiduous in minding her own business. She assisted her mother in the duties of the home and it is commonly believed she tended her

father's flocks in the pastures. She is consequently sometimes called the shepherd maid.

The years of her early childhood were uneventful and happy. The brightness of God's sunshine, which only innocence and true religion can give, was in her heart. France, her native land, was at this time sorely distressed. Charles VI. of France had made a treaty with Henry V. of England by which the two kingdoms were united, thus depriving his son, the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII., of his inheritance.

The Dauphin declared war on the two kings. The greatest part of his soldiers came from Castile and Scotland. For four years the fortunes of war were against him. He had almost abandoned hope, and the people who remained faithful to him had almost given up in despair. Those who loved their native land bewailed their country's fate and poured forth prayers for her deliverance. Young Joan was among the number.

Thus occupied in thought, about the age of thirteen, she saw a clear light one June day, between her father's cottage and the church, and at the same time a voice said, "Jeanne, be a good and prudent child; go often to church." This was the first of those supernatural communications of which many were to follow. The vision and the voice filled her untutored mind with horror and confusion, but not with vanity.

When the impressions of the first supernatural event became less vivid, St. Michael, the prince of the heavenly host, revealed himself and said to her, "Jeanne, go to the succour of the King

of France, and render to him his kingdom." She was commanded to go to M. de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, who would conduct her to the king. She was also promised the assistance of St. Margaret and St. Catharine for her guidance and counsel. Those saints appeared to her frequently afterwards.

When she became convinced that her heavenly messages were genuine, she experienced no little difficulty in making others believe the same.

The first intimation she gave of them was to her uncle, Durand Laxort, while visiting his home. As she was his special favorite, he received her surprising communication with kindness and caution, and endeavored to obtain an audience for her with the governor, M. de Baudricourt.

This gruff old soldier laughed at the story of Durand as a piece of nonsense. A little while later in the same year Joan succeeded in having an interview with the governor, who listened respectfully to what she had to say, but took no action. She promised that she would have the Dauphin crowned in spite of his enemies. Joan returned to her home, and in a few months after Orleans was besieged by the English. The Dauphin was prepared to fly if Orleans fell. The voices did not cease, but urged Joan to raise the siege of Orleans.

Joan at last left her father's home forever. Her popularity and fame had grown immensely. By the people she was looked upon as the virgin from Lorraine who would deliver France from her enemies in accordance with a time-honored prophecy. She secured another interview with M. de Baudricourt,

and this time convinced him that her mission was all she claimed it to be by relating an account of the defeat inflicted on the French at the battle of the "Herrings." Her account was immediately verified by the arrival of the king's messenger.

The governor forthwith gave his sanction for a journey to the king at Chinon. He appointed guards and two knights to accompany her, and made her a gift of a sword. The city of Vaucouleurs presented her with a horse and a suit of light armor. Thus arrayed and accompanied by the good knights, who swore to defend her with their lives, she set off on her journey across the country from east to west, which lasted eleven days. During this journey with its many perils, her calmness, piety and trust in Providence were the edification and encouragement of all who accompanied her. Whenever she reached an Abbey on the way she rested and heard Mass, and she regretted that she could not hear it every day.

When Joan reached Chinon, Charles and his court were puzzled to know whether they should treat her as a sorceress or as one inspired. When the king consented to receive her she convinced him of the true character of her wonderful mission by solving a doubt which had long disturbed his soul and which he had never breathed to any human being. Before her entry the king descended from his throne and seated one of the courtiers in his place, while he himself mingled with the throng. Nevertheless, when Joan entered she paid no attention to the person on the throne, but went directly to Charles

in the midst of the throng, and kneeling before him thus addressed him: "Gentle Dauphin, I am called Jeanne la Pucelle. I am sent to you by the King of Heaven to tell you that you shall be annointed and crowned at Rheims, and shall be the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is the true King of France."

In order to satisfy the objections of a number of French ecclesiastics, some of whom were friendly and some inimical to the maid, the king appointed two bodies, one of bishops, another of the doctors of Poitiers, to investigate the case. After a most searching investigation and examination of her whole life from childhood, both tribunals reported favorably, saying they found her in every respect a true Christian and sincere Catholic; that she answered the questions as one inspired, and that considering her holy life and reputation and the extreme condition of Orleans, the king should accept her services.

In preparing for the deliverance of Orleans Joan had a banner made according to a special design revealed to her. On one side was our Savior, holding the globe in his hands, with an angel on each side of him, and the inscription *Jesus, Maria*; on the reverse, the crown of France, held by two angels. Fearing the great corruption among the soldiers might provoke the anger of God, she persuaded all to go to confession and communion. Joan set out for the relief of Orleans with a convoy of about eight or nine thousand men. Although the English were protected by about sixty towers, they fell one after another before the French, encouraged by Joan, who was always in the vanguard waving her

snow-white banner. The siege of seven months was raised, and Joan, with the people and the whole army, gave thanks to God. After Orleans, the French won the battles of Jargeau and Patay, and as Charles marched with an increasing army towards Rheims, city after city opened its gates to him. He was finally crowned on Sunday, July 8, 1429. At this time Joan was only seventeen years old.

In the following year Joan was taken prisoner by the Burgundians, the allies of the English, in a sally on one of their posts in Compiegne, in which the French were defeated. The joy of the English knew no bounds, for they feared the maid more than the whole French army.

The English handed her over to be tried by a body of ecclesiastics partial to themselves and untrue to their king and country. The sentence of this body was approved by the University of Paris, mostly composed of English partisans, which determined "that this Joan was superstitious, a sorceress of the devil, a blasphemer of God and his saints, a schismatic, and guilty of many errors against the faith of Jesus Christ." The letter of the English king to the Duke of Burgundy continues, "Proving obstinate, she was delivered over to the secular arm, which instantly condemned her to be burnt." The letter ends with the blood-curdling words:

"She was publicly led to the old market-place in Rouen, and there burned in presence of the people."

Thus was hounded to death at the tender age of nineteen years one of the sweetest, purest and noblest characters that ever won a crown of praise

for the brow of womanhood. Her foul death is an everlasting disgrace to the pusillanimous king for whom she gained a crown and kingdom, but who in return did not move a finger to protect her in the days of adversity; it is one of the darkest blots on the history of England and marks the bravery of Englishmen with the indelible stigma of shame.

As the clouds of smoke ascended and the volumes of flame leaped up around her she was heard to cry out: "Yes, my voices were of God," and then with the sweet, consoling name of Jesus on her lips, her head hung down upon her breast and the pure soul of France's noblest daughter had winged its way to its God. In 1456, under Calixtus III., her honor was vindicated by commissioners appointed by that pontiff to investigate her case. The sentence of 1431 was publicly burned and revoked. She has been recently declared venerable by Leo XIII., and the time may not be far distant when she will be honored as the national saint of France. Her life shows us that the best may suffer, that the wicked may succeed for a time, but virtue and innocence must finally triumph.

LESSON XIV

ESTHER PLEADING FOR HER NATION

ESTHER.—O my sovereign King! Behold me in thy presence, trembling and alone. A thousand times in my childhood, my father told me that thou hadst

formed a sacred alliance with our race, when, to make a nation agreeable in thy sight, it pleased thy love to select our forefathers. Thou hast ever promised them by thy sacred word a posterity without end. Alas! this ungrateful people has despised thy law; the cherished nation has violated its trust; it has repudiated its spouse and father, to render an adulterous honor to other gods. Now it is enslaved beneath the yoke of strange masters. But not content with enslaving us, they seek to butcher us. Our haughty conquerors, mocking our tears, attribute their victories to their gods, and seek to-day with one fatal blow to wipe out thy name, thy people and thy altars.

How, then, could a perfidious race after such wonderful expressions of Thy care frustrate the promise of thy oracles, ravish to mortals thy dearest gift, the holy One promised by Thee and awaited by us? No, no, permit not this savage people, intoxicated with our blood, to silence our tongues, which alone in the entire universe proclaim thy goodness; and confound the honor of all those gods which never existed.

As for me whom thou dost keep among these infidels, thou knowest how much I hate their criminal festivities, and how I rank as profanations their banquets, their feasts and their libations; that even this pomp to which I am condemned, this fillet with which I must appear adorned, on those solemnities dedicated to pride, when in private and alone I trample beneath my feet, that I prefer ashes to these vain ornaments, and have no pleasure but in the tears which thou seest me shed. I awaited the

moment marked in thy decree, to dare embrace the interests of thy nation. That moment has come. My prompt obedience goes to face the presence of a redoubtable king. It is for thee I go. Accompany me before this fierce lion who knows thee not, command that in seeing me his rage be softened, and lend to my words a charm which will please him. Storms, winds, the heavens are subject to thee: turn, in short, his fury against our enemies.

—*Racine.*

ESTHER, Act I, Scene IV.

LESSON XV.

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS

ON the deck stood Columbus; the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.

"Back to Spain!" cry his men; "Put the vessel about!
We venture no further through danger and doubt."

"Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;

"Bear up, my brave comrades; three days shall
decide."

"He sails,—but no token of land is in sight;

He sails,—but the day shows no more than the
night;—

On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er

The rudder which creaks mid the billowy roar;

He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,
And its funeral wail through the shrouds of the
mast.

The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,
And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified
eyes ;

But, at length, the slow dawn, softly streaking the
night,

Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.

“Columbus! ’tis day, and the darkness is o’er.”

“Day! and what dost thou see?”—“Sky and ocean.
No more!”

The second day’s past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping ;

“Shall he perish?” “Ay! death!” is the barbarous
cry,

“He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must
die!”

Ungrateful and blind!—shall the world-linking sea
He traced for the Future, his sepulchre be?

Shall the sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye
craves?

The corse of an humble adventurer, then ;
One day later,—Columbus, the first among men !

But, hush! he is dreaming!—A sail on the main,
At the distant horizon is parted in twain,
And now on his dreaming eye,—rapturous sight!
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of
night.

O, vision of glory! how dazzling it seems!

How glistens the verdure! how sparkle the streams!
How blue the far mountains! how glad the green
 isles!

And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with
 smiles!

"Joy! joy!" cried Columbus, "this region is mine!"
Ah! not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!

But, lo! his dream changes!—a vision less bright
Comes to darken and banish that scene of delight.
The gold-seeking Spaniards, a merciless band,
Assail the meek natives, and ravage the land.
He sees the fair palace, the temple on fire,
And the peaceful Cazique 'mid their ashes expire;
He sees, too,—O, saddest; O, mournfullest sight!—
The crucifix gleam in the thick of the fight.
More terrible far than the merciless steel
Is the up-lifted cross in the red hand of Zeal!

Again the dream changes. Columbus looks forth,
And a bright constellation beholds in the North.
'Tis the herald of empire! A people appear,
Impatient of wrong, and unconscious of fear!
They level the forest,—they ransack the seas,—
Each zone finds their canvas unfurled to the breeze.
"Hold!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, "Independence or death!"
The ploughshare they turn to a weapon of might,
And, defying all odds, they go forth to the fight.
They have conquered! The People, with grateful
 acclaim,

Look to Washington's guidance, from Washington's fame;—

Behold Cincinnatus and Cato combined
In his patriot heart and republican mind.
O type of true manhood! What sceptre or crown
But fades in the light of thy simple renown?
And lo! by the side of the Hero, a Sage,
In Freedom's behalf, sets his mark on the age;
Whom Science adoringly hails, while he wrings
The lightning from Heaven, the sceptre from kings!

At length, o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks,
"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land"—he
awakes,—

He runs, yes! behold it! it blesseth his sight,—
The land; O dear spectacle! transport delight!
O generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and
Spain?

He will lay this fair land at the foot of the Throne,—
His King will repay all the ills he has known,—
In exchange for a world what are honors and gains?
Or a crown? But how is he rewarded?—with
chains! —*Casimir Delavigne.*

LESSON XVI

PART I—THE AMERICAN WAR

WHO is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk

and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights; and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment; but, atrocious as they are, they have found a defender in this House. “It is perfectly justifiable,” says a noble Lord, “to use all means that God and Nature put into our hands.” I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed,—to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My Lords, I did not intend to have trespassed again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty to proclaim it. As members of this House, as men, as Christians, we are called upon to protest the barbarous proposition. “That God and Nature put into our hands!” What ideas that noble Lord may entertain of God and Nature, I know not; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and to humanity. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife,—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murderous, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, revealed or natural; every sentiment of honour, every generous feeling of humanity!

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand most decisive indignation! I call upon that Right Reverend Bench,

those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God! I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned Bench, to defend and support the justice of their country! I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from pollution! I call upon the honour of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own! I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character! I invoke the genius of the Constitution! From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of the noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country!

—*William Pitt.*

PART II—AMERICA UNCONQUERABLE

THIS, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is no time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of Truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can Ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of one, and the violation of the other;—as to give an un-

limited support to measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us ; measures which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt? *But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence!* France, my Lords, has insulted you. She has encouraged and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. Can even *our* Ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honour, and the dignity of the State, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? The People whom they affected to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies,—the People with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility,—this People, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their Ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy,—and our Ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect!

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success nor suffer with honour, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of Majesty from the delusions which surround it. You cannot, I venture to say it, you **CANNOT** conquer America. What is your pres-

ent situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort still more extravagantly; accumulate every assistance you can beg or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German Prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country; your efforts are forever vain and impotent,—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the sordid sons of rapine and of plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms!—never! never! never!

—*William Pitt.*

LESSON XVII

CASSIUS AND BRUTUS

Cassius:

WELL, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl.—Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar; what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.'
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
Rome, thou has lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?

* * *

O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

—*Shakespeare.*

LESSON XVIII

CHARGES AGAINST CATHOLICS

CALUMNIATORS of Catholicism, have you read the history of your country? Of the charges against the religion of Ireland, the annals of England afford the confutation. The body of your common law was given by the Catholic Alfred. He gave you your

judges, your magistrates, your high-sheriffs, your courts of justice, your elective system, and, the great bulwark of your liberties, the trial by jury. Who conferred upon the people the right of self-taxation, and fixed, if he did not create, their representation? The Catholic Edward the First; while in the reign of Edward the Third perfection was given to the representative system. Parliaments were annually called, and the statute against constructive treason was enacted. It is false,—fouly, infamously false,—that the Catholic religion, the religion of your forefathers, the religion of seven millions of your fellow subjects, has been the auxiliary of debasement, and that to its influence the suppression of British freedom can, in a single instance, be referred. I am loath to say that which can give you cause to take offence; but when the faith of my country is made the object of imputation, I cannot help, I cannot refrain, from breaking into a retaliatory interrogation, and from asking whether the overthrow of the old religion of England was not effected by a tyrant, with a hand of iron and a heart of stone; whether Henry did not trample on freedom, while upon Catholicism he set his foot; and whether Elizabeth herself, the virgin of the Reformation, did not inherit her despotism with her creed; whether in her reign the most barbarous atrocities were not committed; whether torture, in violation of the Catholic common law of England, was not politically inflicted, and with the shrieks of agony the Towers of Julius, in the dead of night, did not reëcho?

You may suggest to me that in the larger portion of Catholic Europe freedom does not exist; but you

should bear in mind that, at a period when the Catholic religion was in its most palmy state, freedom flourished in the countries in which it is now extinct. False,—I repeat it, with all the vehemence of indignant asseveration,—utterly false is the charge habitually preferred against the religion which Englishmen have laden with penalties, and have marked with degradation. I can bear with any other charge but this—to any other charge I can listen with endurance. Tell me that I prostrate myself before a sculptured marble; tell me that to a canvas glowing with the imagery of Heaven I bend my knee; tell me that my faith is my perdition; and, as you traverse the church-yards in which your forefathers are buried, pronounce upon those who have lain there for many hundred years a fearful and appalling sentence,—yes, call what I regard as the truth, not only an error, but a sin, to which mercy shall not be extended,—all this I will bear,—to all this I will submit,—nay, at all this I will but smile,—but do not tell me that I am in heart and creed a slave! That, my countrymen cannot brook! In their bosoms they carry the high consciousness that never was imputation more foully false, or more detestably calumnious!

—*Richard Lalor Sheil.*

LESSON XIX

IRISH ALIENS AND ENGLISH VICTORIES

I SHOULD be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot upon the shore of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their deep anxiety to do us justice;—even Strafford, the deserter of the People's cause,—the renegade Wentworth, who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character,—even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland! What marvel is it, then, that Gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations? There is, however, one man of great abilities,—not a member of this House, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party—who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country—abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover although they cannot hide their motives—distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity and religion, to be aliens;—to be aliens in race,

to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion! Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords,—and did he not start up and exclaim, “Hold! I HAVE SEEN THE ALIENS DO THEIR DUTY!” The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply,—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. The battle sieges, fortunes that he has passed, ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory,—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest, ———. Tell me,—for you were there,—I ap-

peal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me,—for you must needs remember,—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science,—when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset,—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blenched? And when, at length, the moment for the last and decided movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was, at last, let loose,—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault,—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together;—in the same deep pits their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from Heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

—*Richard Lalor Sheil.*

LESSON XX

IMMORTALITY

IF WE wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners and usages, on which human society is founded! If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude, and friendship, which sages have taught and good men have practiced, what are they but empty words, possessing no real and binding efficacy? Why should we heed them, if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all *are*, or *will* be, nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures,—if not our own passions? Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to *us* are the sweet ties of kindred? What the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend? The characters of a drama are not more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession cannot be predicated to nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying,—what sanctity have they, more than the last sound

of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility have raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men,—an imposition, an usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties, and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented, and imposed on the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and all harmony of the body politic becomes discord; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such would be the

world which impiety would make. Such would be this world, were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

—*Jean Baptiste Massillon.*

LESSON XXI

ORIGIN OF HOSPITALS

To describe all the various institutions of mercy which existed during the Middle Ages, would be an endless task ; and, to impart an adequate idea of their merits by citing didactic pieces, without, as it were, a local and minute inspection of what was established, is impossible ; for it is in such works that one perceives the truth of what an ancient French writer remarks, that the heart is more ingenious than the understanding. In cities, therefore, in deserts, amidst which cloistered brethren dwelt in happier days, wherever we direct our steps, within the realms that faith once illumined, Catholicism has left some memorial by which we know that the blessed merciful have passed—some monument, vital with mind, attesting the subtle action of a most loving heart, which to an ordinary traveller, may seem only some rude wall, perhaps, or broken trophy, but on which a poet, with the tender penetration of a Wordsworth, may describe his fastening “an eye tear-glazed.” Johnson used to say, that the real criterion of civilization consisted in the degree of provision made for the happiness of the poor ; and

if that proposition be admitted, we must conclude that the Middle Ages were more entitled to the praise to which the modern communities lay claim, than any other period in the history of man. To win the beatitude of the merciful, there were, it must be remembered, other virtues required in regard to the poor besides ministering to their corporal necessities; and truly, in fulfilling the spiritual works of mercy towards them, the devotion of men in the Middle Ages was admirable, and such as can never be sufficiently praised; but having already had occasion to witness their respect for the poor, their meekness in relation to them, their readiness to console, their assiduity to counsel and instruct them, it will not be necessary to give any further illustrations; though, were time and space allowed, it would not be an unpleasant field for reminiscences. Poets, who sing so often the interceding grace of a St. Elmo, to whose prayers the Spanish and Portuguese sailors commend their barks in tempests, would not be ungrateful to an historian who should remind them that this saint was known in history as St. Peter Gonçalez, who had exchanged the honours and pleasures of a court for the privilege of teaching the catechism to the poor children of the fishermen and sailors on the coasts of the Peninsula. One might write a large book upon the education which was given to the poor, in the Middle Ages, by the charity of the rich. The parents of the celebrated Lewis of Granada were indigent, obscure persons, but the Marquis de Mondejar supplied them with means for educating their son. Similar instances are innumerable. In the sixteenth century, in the

public grammar school of Padua, founded by An-nibal Rugerio, the boys and youths of the city were taught gratuitously, both Greek and Latin. But there yet remains unnoticed an order of facts more striking still, as attesting the passage of the blessed merciful upon earth, to the examination of which we must now proceed. If we open the annals of any city, and examine the rise and progress of its charitable foundations, we cannot but feel surprise and admiration at the prodigious and persevering activity of the principle which has produced such effects. What a series of institutions, directed to some purpose of love and mercy, is presented in the history of Paris alone; and what a multitude of all ranks and estates of men coöperated with one heart and mind to conceive, establish, and perpetuate them! Kings and queens, princes, nobles, bishops, priests, magistrates, citizens, tradesmen, and even mendicants, all conspired in the same direction, and with such comprehensive and subtle skill, that no kind of misery was forgotten, or left unprovided with the fitting means to remove or alleviate it. De Bourgeville, speaking of the charitable foundations at Caen, observes, that posterity will be easily able to judge, that their predecessors were very faithful to God, charitable to the poor, and firm in their hope in His mercy, when it will remark the foundations which they have left, to the value, every year, of three thousand livres. No ancient legislator ever proposed an hospital for the poor and infirm, or an *hospice* for the stranger and destitute. When peasants or any wanderers from the country came into Rome, if they did not leave it after the market, they had no resource but to

pass the night in the arcades, and about the forum, or in the porches before the temples. The Greeks were ignorant even of the name of an hospital; the word "nosocomium" was first employed by St. Jerome and St. Isidore. It is true, in the Prytaneum at Athens there was provided subsistence for the wives and children of those who had suffered for their country, but there was no asylum in sickness. The infirm and sick are wholly overlooked in the institutions of Lycurgus, as in those of all other legislators of Greece, although the father of medicine, Hippocrates, with a solemn oath, swears, that he will visit, all his life, the poor gratuitously. In ancient Rome, in regard of the poor, there were the same neglect and indifference.

The history of the rise and progress of hospitals can be traced in a few words. In the year 380, the first hospital in the west was founded by Fabiola, a devout Roman lady, without the walls of Rome. St. Jerome says expressly that "this was the first of all"; and he adds, that "it was a country house, destined to receive the sick and infirm, who before used to lie stretched on the public ways." The pilgrims' hospital at Rome, built by Pammachius, became celebrated. In 330, the priest Zotichus, who had followed Constantine to Byzantium, established in that city, under his protection, an *hospice* for strangers and pilgrims. This house was built on the plan of the *hospice* at Jerusalem, which Hircan had erected there one hundred and fifty years before Christ, in expiation of having opened and plundered the tomb of David, and in order to convert the riches he had found there to a benevolent purpose;

but it is supposed by Mongez, that this *hospice* was only open during the feast of the Passover. St. Isidore says, in his "Etymologies," that "this was the first *hospice* for strangers." St. Basil, who founded the first hospitals of Asia, mentioned a house for the reception of the sick and of travellers, built on a spot formerly uninhabited, near the city of Cæsarea, which became afterwards the ornament of the country, and like a second city. St. Basil used frequently to visit it, in order to console and instruct the poor. St. Chrysostom built several hospitals at Constantinople. Justinian, in the year 350, erected, at Jerusalem, the famous Hospital of St. John, and his example was followed by his successors with such zeal, that, according to Ducange, in his commentary on the Byzantine history, there were thirty-five establishments of charity in that city alone; there was the Nosocomium, or asylum for the sick, the Xenodochium, for pilgrims and strangers; the Ptochium, or *hospice* for the poor; the house of education for poor children; the house for orphans; the asylum for the aged; the Pandochium, or gratuitous inn; and the house for lunatics.

—Digby—*Ages of Faith.*

LESSON XXII

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS

ALL nature manifests the infinite skill of its Author. Cast your eyes upon the earth that supports us; then raise them to the immense vault of the

heavens that surround us; these fathomless abysses of air and water, and these countless stars that give us light. Who has suspended this globe of earth? who has laid its foundations? If it were harder, its bosom could not be laid open by man for cultivation; if it were less firm, it could not support the weight of his footsteps. From it proceed the most precious things; this earth, so mean and unformed, is transformed into thousands of beautiful objects that delight our eyes; in the course of one year, it becomes branches, buds, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds; thus renewing its bountiful favours to man. Nothing exhausts it. After yielding for so many ages its treasures, it experiences no decay, it does not grow old; it still pours forth riches from its bosom. Generations of men have grown old and passed away, while every spring the earth has renewed its youth. If it were cultivated, it would nourish a hundredfold more than it does.

The inequalities of the earth add to its beauty and utility. "The mountains have risen, and the valleys descended, in the places where the Lord has appointed." In the deep valley grows the fresh herbage for cattle. Rich harvests wave in the champaign country. Here, ranges of little hills rise like an amphitheatre, and are crowned with vineyards and fruit-trees; there, high mountains lift their snow-crowned heads among the clouds. The torrents that pour from their sides are the sources of the rivers. The rocks making their steep heights support the earth of the mountains, just as the bones of the human body support the flesh. This variety makes the charm of rural scenery, while it is also

the means of satisfying all the different wants of men. Everything that the earth produces is decomposed, and returns again to its bosom, and becomes the germ of a new production. Everything that springs from it, returns to it, and nothing is lost. All the seeds that we sow in it, return multiplied to us. It produces stone and marble, of which we make our superb edifices. It teems with minerals, precious or useful to man.

Look at the plants that spring from it. Their species and their virtues are innumerable. Contemplate those vast forests, as ancient as the world; those trees, whose roots strike into the earth, as their branches spread out towards the heavens. Their roots support them against the winds, and are like subterranean pipes, whose office is to collect the nourishment necessary for the support of the stem; the stem is covered with a thick bark, which protects the tender wood from the air; the branches distribute, in different canals, the sap which the roots have collected in the trunk. In summer they protect us with their shade from the rays of the sun; in winter they feed the flame that keeps us warm. Their wood is not only useful for fuel, but it is of a substance, although solid and durable, to which the hand of man can give every form that he pleases, for the purposes of architecture and navigation. Fruit trees, as they bow their branches towards the earth, seem to invite us to receive their treasures. The feeblest plant contains within itself the germ of all that we admire in the grandest tree.

The earth, without changing itself, produces all these changes in its offspring. Let us notice what

we call water: it is a liquid, clear, and transparent body. Now it escapes from our grasp, and now it takes the form of whatever surrounds it, having none of its own. If the water were a little more rarified, it would become a species of air; the whole face of nature would be dry and sterile. He who has given us this fluid body has distributed it with care through the earth. The waters flow from the mountains. They assemble in streams in the valleys, and they flow on in rivers, winding their way through the open country, that they may more effectually water it. At last they empty themselves into the sea, to feed this centre of the commerce of nations. This ocean, that seems an eternal separation of countries, is, on the contrary, the great rendezvous of all nations. It is over this pathless way, across this profound abyss, that the old world has put forth its hand to the new, and that the new supplies the old with its treasures.

The water circulates through the earth, as the blood does through the human body. Besides this perpetual circulation, there is the ebbing and flowing of the sea. We need not know the cause of this mysterious effect. Of this only are we certain, that the sea goes and returns to the same place at certain hours. Who has commanded it to ebb and flow with such regularity? A little more or a little less motion in the waters would derange all nature. Who is it that controls this immense body with such irresistible power? Who is it that always avoids the too much and the too little? What unerring finger has marked the boundaries for the sea, that through countless ages it has respected, and has said to it,

"Here shall thy proud waves be stayed?" If I look up to the heavens, I perceive clouds flying as upon the wings of the wind; bodies of water suspended over our heads, to temper the air, and water the thirsty earth. If they were to fall all at once, they would overwhelm and destroy everything in the place where they fell. What hand suspends them in their reservoirs, and bids them fall drop by drop as from a watering pot?

—*Archbishop Fenelon.*

LESSON XXIII

SORROW FOR THE DEAD

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection be a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forget-

fulness? No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for a song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave! the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness, of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—

its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accent, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the

bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

—*Washington Irving.*

LESSON XXIV

PARADISE AND THE PERI

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed the child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven outblossoms them all!"

* * *

The glorious angel, who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened

Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which, Brahmins say,
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line,"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine:
'Tis written in the book of Fate,
*The Peri yet may be forgiven,
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

* * *

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent the youthful warrior stood;
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood;
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!
Yet marked the Peri where he lay.
And, when the rush of war was past,

Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before his free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,

"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.

Though foul are the drops that oft distil

On the field of warfare, blood like this,

For liberty shed, so holy is,

It would not stain the purest rill

That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!

Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,

A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,

'Tis the last libation Liberty draws

From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

—*Moore.*

LESSON XXV

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his
heart of fire,

And sued the haughty king* to free his long-im-
prisoned sire;

"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my cap-
tive train,

I pledge my faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my
father's chain!"

* Alfonso of Asturias. Died A. D. 757.

“Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way.”
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger’s foamy speed.
And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that ’midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
“Now haste, Bernardo,† haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see.”

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek’s blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain’s side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father’s hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead,—
He looked up to the face above; the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o’er the noble brow—the brow was fix’d and white;—

† Del Carpio, a celebrated Spanish knight.

He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was
no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who
could paint that gaze?

They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror
and amaze;

They might have chained him, as before that stony
form he stood;

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from
his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and wept
like childhood then,—

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of war-
like men!—

• He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his
young renown,—

He flung the falchion from his side, and in the
dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly
mournful brow,

"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the
sword for now.—

My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—
oh! the worth,

The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from
earth!"

* * *

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized
the monarch's rein,

Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier
train,

And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing
war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before
the dead!

“Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father’s
hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me
what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give
answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life
through this cold clay!

“Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still! keep
down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is
not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom
my blood was shed,—
Thou canst not—and a king!—His dust be moun-
tains on thy head!”
He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell—upon the
silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled glance,—then
turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, after-fate untold in martial
strain;—
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills
of Spain!

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

LESSON XXVI

INVECTIVE AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS

If, my lords, a stranger had at this time entered the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowlah, that prince, who with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the wealth which it derived from the benignant skies and a prolific soil;—if observing the wide and general devastation of fields unclothed and brown; of vegetation burnt up and extinguished; of villages repopulated and in ruin; of temples unroofed and perishing; of reservoirs broken down and dry—this stranger should ask, “What has thus laid waste this beautiful and opulent land; what monstrous madness has ravaged with wide-spread war; what desolating foreign foe; what civil discords; what disputed succession; what religious zeal; what fabled monster has stalked abroad, and, with malice and mortal enmity to man, withered by the grasp of death every growth of nature and humanity, all means of delight, and each original simple principle of bare existence?”—the answer would have been, not one of these causes!

No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no desolating foreign foe—no domestic broils—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the

sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters ; no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and lo ! these are the fruits of our alliance. What, then, my lords, shall we bear to be told that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums ? After hearing the description, given by an eye-witness, of the paroxysm of fever and delirium into which despair threw the natives, when, on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds to accelerate their dissolution ; and while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country—will it be said that all this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana ; or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breast of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture ? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosoms ? What motive ! *That* which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of his being ; *that* feeling which tells him that man was never made to

be the property of man ; but that, when, in the pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty ; *that* feeling which tells him, that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people ; and that when it is converted from its original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed. *That* principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which He gave him in the creation—*that* principle which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish—*that* principle which makes it base for man to *suffer* when he ought to *act* ; which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent qualities of his race.

—*Sheridan.*

LESSON XXVII

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb ;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom ;
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hushed—and eve's last splendour shone
With a rich sadness on th' attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
And he too paused in reverence by that grave,
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;
Till, as a wind might stir a withered oak,
On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the gray chieftain, slowly rising, said—
“I listened for the words, which, years ago,
Passed o'er these waters: though the voice is fled
Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

“Ask'st thou of him whose house is lone beneath?
I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,
To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.
Many the times of flowers have been since then—
Many, but bringing naught like *him* again!

“Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,
O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying their cedars like the corn-stalks low;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls as with the morning's wings.

“Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
I and my brethren that from earth have gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone?
He told of One, the grave’s dark bonds who broke,
And our hearts burned within us as he spoke.

“He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell:
Bright must they be!—for *there* are none that die,
And none that weep, and none that say ‘Farewell!’
He came to guide us thither;—but away
The Happy called him, and he might not stay.

“We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time—
Therefore we hoped;—but now the lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes,—and finds not him!

“We gathered round him in the dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree;
From his clear voice, at first, the words of power
Came low, like moanings of a distant sea;
But swelled and shook the wilderness ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

“And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
And his white eyelids fluttered, and his head
Fell back, and mists upon his forehead hung,—
Know’st thou not how we pass to join the dead?
It is enough!—he sank upon my breast—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest!

“We buried him where he was wont to pray,
By the calm lake, e’en here, at eventide;
We reared this cross in token where he lay,
For on the cross, he said, his Lord had died!
Now hath he surely reached, o’er mount and wave,
That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave.

“But I am sad!—I mourn the clear light taken
Back from my people, o’er whose place it shone,
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save by one,
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast.”

Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling eye:
“Son of the wilderness! despair thou not,
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o’er thy nation’s lot!
Heaven darkly works;—yet, where the seed hath
been
There shall the fruitage, glowing yet, be seen.

“Hope on, hope ever!—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
After cold silent months, the woods among;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains;

“Deem not the words of light that here were spoken,
But as a lovely song, to leave no trace;
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be broken.
And the full dayspring rise upon thy race!
And fading mists the better path disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the rose.”

So by the cross they parted, in the wild,
Each fraught with musings for life's after-day,
Memories to visit *one*, the forest's child,
By many a blue stream in its lonely way;
And upon *one*, midst busy throngs to press
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

LESSON XXVIII.

LEO, THE TENTH.

By no circumstances in the character of an individual is the love of literature so strongly evinced as by the propensity for collecting together the writings of illustrious scholars, and compressing "the soul of ages past" within the narrow limits of a library. Few persons have distinguished this passion in an equal degree with Leo the Tenth, and still fewer have had an equal opportunity of gratifying it. We have already seen that in the year 1508, whilst he was yet a cardinal, he had purchased from the monks of the convent of St. Marco, at Florence, the remains of the celebrated library of his ancestors, and had transferred it to his own house in Rome. Unwilling, however, to deprive his native place of so invaluable a treasure, he had not, on his elevation to the pontificate, thought proper to unite this collection with that of the Vatican, but had en-

trusted it to the care of the learned Varino Camerti, intending again to remove it to Florence, as the place of its final destination. This design, which he was prevented from executing by his death, was afterwards carried into effect by the cardinal Guilio di Medici, who, before he attained the supreme dignity, had engaged the great artist, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, to erect the magnificent and spacious edifice near the Church of St. Lorenzo, at Florence, where these inestimable treasures were afterwards deposited; and where, with considerable additions from subsequent benefactors, they yet remain, forming an immense collection of manuscripts of the Oriental, Greek, Roman, and Italian writers, now denominated the "Bibliotheca Mediceo Lutherntiana."

The care of Leo the Tenth in the preservation of his domestic library did not, however, prevent him from bestowing the most sedulous attention in augmenting that which was destined to the use of himself and successors in the palace of the Vatican. This collection, begun by that excellent and learned sovereign, Nicholas the Fifth, and greatly increased by succeeding pontiffs, was already deposited in a suitable edifice, erected for the purpose by Sixtus the Fourth, and was considered as the most extensive assemblage of literary productions in Italy. The envoys employed by Leo the Tenth on affairs of State in various parts of Europe, were directed to avail themselves of every opportunity of obtaining these precious remains of antiquity, and men of learning were frequently despatched to remote and

barbarous countries for the sole purpose of discovering and rescuing these works from destruction. Nor did the pontiff hesitate to render his high office subservient to the promotion of an object which he considered of the utmost importance to the interest of literature, by requiring the assistance of the other sovereigns of Christendom in giving effect to his researches. In the year 1517 he despatched his envoy, John Helymens de Zonvelben, on a mission to Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Gothland, for the sole purpose of inquiring after literary works, and particularly historical compositions. This envoy was furnished with letters from the Pope to the different sovereigns through whose dominions he had to pass, earnestly entreating them to promote the object of his visit by every means in their power. Some of these letters yet remain, and afford a decisive proof of the ardour with which Leo the Tenth engaged in this pursuit. With a similar view he despatched to Venice the celebrated Agostino Beazzano, whom he furnished with letters to the Doge Loredano, directing him to spare no expense in the acquisition of manuscripts of the Greek authors. Efforts so persevering could not fail of success, and the Vatican Library during the pontificate of Leo the Tenth was augmented by many valuable works, which, without his vigilance and liberality, would probably have been lost to the world.

After the pages which have already been devoted to enumerate the services rendered by Leo the Tenth to all liberal studies by the establishment of learned seminaries, by the recovery of the works of the ancient writers, and the publication of them by

means of the press, by promoting the knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and the munificent encouragements bestowed by him on the professors of every branch of science, of literature, and of art, it would surely be as superfluous to recapitulate his claims, as it would be unjust to deny his pretensions to an eminent degree of merit.

That an astonishing proficiency in the improvement of the human intellect was made during the pontificate of Leo the Tenth is universally allowed. That such proficiency is principally to be attributed to the exertions of that pontiff, will now, perhaps, be thought equally indisputable. Of the predominant influence of a powerful individual on the characters and manners of the age, the history of mankind furnishes innumerable instances; and happy it is for the world when the pursuits of such individuals, instead of being devoted, through blind ambition, to the subjugation or destruction of the human race, are directed towards those beneficent and generous ends which, amid all his avocations, Leo the Tenth appears to have kept continually in view.

—*Roscoe.*

LESSON XXIX

JOAN OF ARC AT RHEIMS

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,

Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within?—within, the light,
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows
flowing,

Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—

The chivalry of France their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage!—while midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn
Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar-stone,
With the white banner forth like sunshine stream-
ing,

And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance
gleaming,

Silent and radiant stood?—the helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,

Intensely worshipping:—a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn!—Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,

Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress.—That slight
form!

Was that the leader through the battle storm?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,

Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land;
And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,

And come thou forth, that heaven's rejoicing sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,

Daughter of victory!—a triumphant strain,
A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,

Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came.—Then rose a nation's sound:

Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,

The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer

Man gives to glory on her high career!

Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells

In one kind household voice, to reach the cells

Whence happiness flows forth!—The shouts that
filled

The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled

One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,

As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,

Sank on the bright maid's heart.—“Joanne!”—Who
spoke

Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood
grew

Under one roof?—"Joanne!"—*that* murmur broke
With sounds of weeping forth!—She turned—
she knew

Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth whose joy
From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy,
The youngest-born, that ever loved her best;
"Father! and ye, my brothers!"—On the breast
Of that gray sire she sank—and swiftly back,
Ev'n in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flowed.—She saw the pomp no
more—

The plumes, the banners; to her cabin-door,
And to the Fairy's fountain in the glade,
Where her young sisters by her side had played,
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turned.—The very wood-note, sung
In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves hung,
Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to nature.—She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,
And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the
ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy and said,—
"Bless me, my father! bless me! and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
Let me return!"

Oh! never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joanne!—too much of fame

Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name ;
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price,—
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home with all its loves, doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

LESSON XXX

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

IN THE foreground of American history there stand these three figures—a lady, a sailor, and a monk. Might they not be thought to typify Faith, Hope, and Charity? The lady is especially deserving of honour. Years after his first success, the admiral [Columbus] wrote: “In the midst of general incredulity, the Almighty infused into the queen, my lady, the spirit of intelligence and energy. While every one else in his ignorance was expatiating on the cost and inconvenience, her highness approved of it on the contrary, and gave it all the support in her power.”

And what were the distinguishing qualities of this foster-mother of American discovery? Fervent piety, unfeigned humility, profound reverence for the Holy See, a spotless life as a daughter, mother and queen. “She is,” says a Protestant author, “one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history.” Her life had won for her the title of “the Catholic.” Other queens have been celebrated for beauty, for magnificence, for learn-

ing, or for good fortune; but the foster-mother of America alone, of all the women of history, is called "the *Catholic*."

As to the conduct of the undertaking, we have first to remark, that on the port of Palos the original outfit depended, and Palos itself depended on the neighbouring convent. In the refectory of La Rabida, the agreement was made between Columbus and the Pinzons. From the porch of the Church of St. George, the royal orders were read to the astonished townsfolk.

The aids and assurances of religion were brought into requisition to encourage sailors, always a superstitious generation, to embark on this mysterious voyage. On the morning of their departure a temporary chapel was erected with spars and sails on the strand; and there in sight of their vessels riding at shortened anchors, the three crews, numbering in all one hundred and twenty souls, received the Blessed Sacrament. Rising from their knees, they departed with the benediction of the Church, like the breath of heaven, filling their sails.

On the night before the discovery of the first land, after the *Salve Regina* had been chanted, according to his biographers, the admiral made an impressive address to his crew. His speech must have been one of the most catholic orations ever delivered in the New World. It has not been recorded; it can never be invented. We can, indeed, conceive what a lofty homily on confidence in God, and His ever Blessed Mother, such a man so situated would be able to deliver.

We can imagine we see him as he stands on the

darkened deck of the *Sancta Maria*, his thin locks lifted by the breeze already odorous of land, and his right hand pointing onward to the west. We almost hear him exclaim, "Yonder lies the land! Where you can see only night and vacancy, I behold India and Cathay. The darkness of the hour will pass away, and with it the night of nations. Cities more beautiful than Seville, countries more fertile than Andalusia, are off yonder.

"There lies the terrestrial paradise, watered with its four rivers of life; there lies the golden Ophir, from which Solomon, the son of David, drew the ore that adorned the temple of the living God. There we shall find whole nations unknown to Christ, to whom you, ye favoured companions of my voyage, shall be the first to bring the glad tidings of great joy proclaimed of old by angels' lips to the shepherds of Chaldea!" But, alas, who shall attempt the words spoken by such a man at such a moment, on the last night of expectation and uncertainty—the eve of the birthday of a new world?

Columbus and his companions landed on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, on the little island which they called San Salvador. Three boats conveyed them to the shore; over each boat floated a broad banner, blazoned with "a green cross." On reaching the land the admiral threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and shed tears of joy. Then, raising his voice, he uttered aloud that short but fervent prayer, which, after him, all Catholic discoverers were wont to repeat.

It is in these words: "O Lord God, Eternal and Omnipotent, who by Thy divine word hast created

the heavens, the earth, and the sea, blessed and glorified be Thy name, and praised Thy majesty. who hast deigned by me, Thy humble servant, to have that sacred name made known and preached in this other part of the world!"

The nomenclature used by the great discoverer, like all his acts, is essentially Catholic. Neither his own nor his patron's name is precipitated, on cape, river, or island. San Salvador, Santa Trinidad, San Domingo, San Nicholas, San Jago, Santa Maria, Santa Marta,—these are the mementos of his first successes. All egotism, all selfish policy, was utterly lost in the overpowering sense of being but an instrument in the hands of Providence.

After cruising a couple of months among the Bahamas, and discovering many new islands, he returns to Spain. In his homeward voyage two tempests threaten to engulf his solitary ship. In the darkest hour he supplicates Our Blessed Lady, his dear patroness. He vows a pilgrimage barefoot to her nearest shrine, whatever land he makes; a vow punctually fulfilled. Safely he reaches the Azores, the Tagus, and the port of Palos. His first act is a solemn procession to the Church of St. George, from which the royal orders had been first made known.

He next writes in this strain to the treasurer, Sanchez: "Let processions be made, let festivities be held, let churches be filled with branches and flowers, for Christ rejoices on earth, as in heaven, seeing the future redemption of souls." The court was at the time at Barcelona, and thither he re-

paired with the living evidences of his success. Seated on the royal dais, with the aborigines, the fruits, flowers, birds, and metals, spread out before them, he told to princes his wondrous tale.

As soon as he had ended, "the king and queen, with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgiving, while the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some great victory!" To place beyond any supposition of doubt the Catholicity of this extraordinary event, one evidence is still wanting—the official participation of the Sovereign Pontiff. That it had from the outset.

—*Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.*

LESSON XXXI

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

IF WE estimate the character of a sovereign by the test of popular affection, we must rank Edward among the best princes of his time. The goodness of his heart was adored by his subjects, who lamented his death with tears of undissembled grief, and bequeathed his memory as an object of veneration to their posterity. The blessings of his reign are the constant theme of our ancient writers; not, indeed, that he displayed any of those brilliant qualities which attract admiration, while they inflict

misery. He could not boast of the victories which he had achieved; but he exhibited the interesting spectacle of a king negligent of his private interests, and totally devoted to the welfare of his people; and by his labours to restore the dominion of the laws; his vigilance, to ward off foreign aggression; his constant, and ultimately successful solicitude, to appease the feuds of his nobles; if he did not prevent the interruption, he secured at least a longer duration of public tranquility than had been enjoyed in England for half a century. He was pious, kind, and compassionate; the father of the poor, and the protector of the weak; more willing to give than to receive; and better pleased to pardon than to punish. Under the preceding kings, force generally supplied the place of justice, and the people were impoverished by the rapacity of the sovereign. But Edward enforced the laws of his Saxon predecessors, and disdained the riches which were wrung from the labour of his subjects. Temperate in his diet, unostentatious in his person, pursuing no pleasures but those which his hawks and hounds afforded, he was content with the patrimonial demesnes of the crown; and was able to assert, even after the abolition of that fruitful source of revenue, the Dane-gelt, that he possessed a greater portion of wealth than any of his predecessors had enjoyed. To him the principle that the king can do no wrong, was literally applied by the gratitude of his people, who, if they occasionally complained of the measures of the government, attributed the blame, not to the monarch himself, of whose benevolence they entertained no doubt, but to the ministers, who had abused his

confidence, or deceived his credulity. It was, however, a fortunate circumstance for the memory of Edward, that he occupied the interval between the Danish and Norman conquests. Writers were induced to view his character with more partiality, from the hatred with which they looked on his successors, and predecessors. They were foreigners; he was a native; they held the crown by conquest; he by descent; they ground to the dust the slaves whom they had made; he became known to his countrymen only by his benefits. Hence, he appeared to shine with purer light amid the gloom with which he was surrounded; and whenever the people, under the despotism of the Norman kings, had any opportunity of expressing their real wishes, they constantly called for "the laws and customs of the good King Edward."

—*Dr. Lingard.*

LESSON XXXII

PRINCE AMADIS

PRINCE AMADIS lay in a flowery brake,
By the side of Locarno's silver lake:
It seems a very long while ago,
Or else it may be that time goes slow.

Those were the days when the world of spirit
Filled the old earth to the brim, or near it;
And marvels were wrought by wizard elves,
Which happen but rarely among ourselves.

The heart of Prince Amadis did not pant
With an indwelling love, or blameless want
Of chivalrous friendship, or thirst of power ;
His youth was enough for its own bright hour.

He floated o'er life like a noon-tide breeze,
Or cradled vapor on sunny seas,
Or an exquisite cloud, in light arrayed,
Which sails through the sky and can throw no shade.

Wishes he had, but no hopes and no fears :
He smiled, but his smiles were not gendered of tears :
Like a beautiful mute he played his part,
Too happy by far in his own young heart !

His twentieth summer was well nigh past,
Each was more golden and gay than the last ;
The glory of earth, which to others grows dim,
Through his unclouded years glittered fresher to
him.

And oh how he loved ! From the hour of his birth.
He was gentle to all the bright insects of earth ;
He sate by the green gilded lizards for hours,
And laughed, for pure love, at the shoals of pied
flowers.

As he walked through the woods in the cool of the
day,
He stooped to each blossom that grew by the way :
He tapped at the rind of the old cedar trees,
When its weak breath had sweetened the evening
breeze.

He knew all the huge oaks, the wide forest's gems.
 By their lightning-cleft branches or sisterly stems;
 He knew the crowned pines where the starlight is
 best,

And the likeliest banks where the moon would rest.

He studied with joy the old mossy walls,
 And probed with his finger their cavernous halls,
 Where the wren builds her nest, and the lady-bird
 slumbers,

Whilst winter his short months of icy wind numbers.

All things were holy and dear to his mind,
 All things,—except the hot heart of his kind,
 And that seemed a flower in a withered hood,
 Which the cold spring cankered within the bud.

The wrongs of the peasant, the woes of the peer,
 Ne'er wrung from the prince a true sigh or a tear;
 The strife of his fellows seemed heartlessly bright,
 Like the laurels in winter in cold moonlight.

He cared for no sympathy, living in throngs
 Of his own sunny thoughts, and his mute inward
 songs;

And if in the sunset his spirit was weary,
 Sleep was hard by him, young health's sanctuary.

'Twould not have been so had he e'er known his
 mother,

Or had had, save the green earth, a playmate and
 brother;

For deep in his heart a most wonderful power
 Of loving lay hid, like an unopened flower.

Ah! luckless it is when a spirit is haunted
By all kindly powers, but attractions are wanted,
Life's outward attractions, by calm, pensive law,
Love, sorrow, and pity, from shy hearts to draw!

Yet mid all the natural forms of delight,
Whose footfalls stole round him by day or by night,
He was pure as the white lily's dew-beaded cup,
Which, bold because stainless, to heaven looks up.

His mind was a fair desert temple of beauty,
Unshaded by sorrow, unhallowed by duty;
A dream in a garden, a midsummer bliss
Was the youth, the bright youth, of Prince Amadis.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

LESSON XXXIII

VENICE

AND how is Venice to be described? What words can I use to express that vision, that thing of magic which lay before us? All nature seemed in harmony with our natural meditations. Never was there so wan a sunlight, never was there so pale a blue, as stood about Venice that day. And there it was a most visionary city, rising as if by enchantment out of the gentle-mannered Adriatic, the waveless Adriatic. One by one rose steeple, tower and dome, street and marble palace. They rose to our eyes slowly, as if from the weedy deeps; and then they

and their images wavered and floated, like a dream, upon the pale, sunny sea. As we glided onward from Fusina in our gondola, the beautiful buildings, with their strange eastern architecture, seemed like fairy ships, to totter, to steady themselves, and to come to anchor one by one; and where the shadow was and the palace was you scarce could tell. And there was San Marco, and there the Ducal Palace, and there the Bridge of Sighs, and the very shades of the Balbi, Foscari, Pisani, Bembi, seemed to hover about the winged lion of St. Mark. And all this, all to the right and left, all was Venice; and it needed the sharp grating of the gondola against the stair to bid us to be sure it was not all a dream.

We spent the evening in a gondola, shooting over the blue canals of this enchanted city. It was a mazy dream of marble palaces, old names, fair churches, strange costumes; while the canals were like the silver threads, the bright unities of one of sleep's well-woven visions. We seemed to be actors for a night in some Arabian tale. The evening left no distinct remembrances. The pleasure of the excitement absorbed everything.

However, we awakened next morning, and found it was not all a dream. Venice was still there, and the shadows of her palaces were heaving on the water. The sea was no longer the blue of Genoa, but a delicate pale green, like the back of a lizard; and the sky was cloudless, yet a pearly white; and the transparent sea-haze which hung over the city seemed to float like a veil. It looked more wonderful, more dreamlike, than ever. It brought Canaletti's pictures strongly to mind; yet not even those

convey the colours as they really are—a white, blue, green, and red, utterly unlike any other white, blue, green, and red I ever saw in nature or in art; yet who is there that has ever been at Venice, but will confess that the memories of that fair city refuse to blend with any other in his mind? They demand a temple to be built for themselves. They will be enshrined apart from the recollections of all other places. And willingly is this conceded to thee, thou glittering vision! It is long, long before the glory of wonder and delight wears off from the memory of the bewildering thing thou art, sitting in the white sunshine by the sea!

—*Frederick William Faber.*

LESSON XXXIV

SUNDAY

THERE is a Sabbath won for us,
A Sabbath stored above,
A service of eternal calm,
An altar-rite of love.

There is a sabbath won for us,
Where we shall ever wait
In mute or voiceless ministries.
Upon the Immaculate.

There shall transfigured souls be filled
With Christ's Eternal Name,
Dipped, like bright censers, in the sea
Of molten glass and flame.

Yet set not in thy thoughts too far
Our Heaven and Earth apart,
Lest thou shouldst wrong the Heaven begun
Already in thy heart.

Though Heaven's above and Earth's below,
Yet are they but one state,
And each the other with sweet skill
Doth interpenetrate.

Yea, many a tie and office blest,
In earthly lots uneven,
Hath an immortal place to fill,
And is a root of Heaven.

And surely Sundays bright and calm,
So calm, so bright as this,
Are tastes imparted from above
Of higher Sabbath bliss.

We own no gloomy ordinance,
No weary Jewish day,
But weekly Easters, ever bright
With pure domestic ray ;

A feast of thought, a feast of sight,
A feast of joyous sound,
A feast of thankful hearts, at rest,
From labor's wheel unbound ;

A day of such homekeeping bliss
As on the poor may wait,
With all such lower joys as best
Befit his human state.

He sees among the hornbeam boughs
The little sparkling flood;
The mill-wheel rests, a quiet thing
Of black and mossy wood.

He sees the fields lie in the sun,
He hears the plovers crying;
The plough and harrow, both upturned,
Are in the furrows lying.

In simple faith he may believe
That earth's diurnal way
Doth, like its Blessed Maker, pause
Upon this hallowed day.

And should he ask, the happy man,
If Heaven be aught like this:—
'Tis Heaven within him, breeding there
The love of quiet bliss.

Oh leave the man, my fretful friend!
To follow nature's ways,
Nor breathe to him that Christian feasts
Are no true holydays.

Is Earth to be as nothing here,
When we are sons of Earth?
May not the body and the heart
Share in the spirit's mirth?

When thou hast cut each earthly hold
Whereto his soul may cling,
Will the poor creature left behind
Be more a heavenly thing?

Heaven fades away before our eyes,
Heaven fades within our heart,
Because in thought our Heaven and Earth
Are cast too far apart.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

LESSON XXXV

ISABELLA OF CASTILE

IN THE meanwhile Isabella [during her illness] lost nothing of her solicitude for the welfare of her people, and the great concerns of government. While reclining, as she was obliged to do a great part of the day, on her couch, she listened to the recital or reading of whatever occurred of interest at home or abroad. She gave audience to distinguished foreigners, especially such Italians as could acquaint her with particulars of the late war, and above all in regard to Gonsalvo de Córdoba, in whose fortunes she had always taken the liveliest concern. She received with pleasure, too, such intelligent travellers as her renown had attracted to the Castilian court. She drew forth their stores of various information, and dismissed them, says a writer of the age, penetrated with the deepest admiration of that strength of mind which sustained her so nobly under the weight of a mortal malady.

This malady was now rapidly gaining ground. On the 15th of October we have another epistle of Martyr, of the following melancholy tenor: "You

ask me respecting the state of the queen's health. We sit sorrowful in the palace all day long, tremblingly waiting the hour when religion and virtue shall quit the earth with her. Let us pray that we may be permitted to follow hereafter where she is soon to go. She so far transcends all human excellence, that there is scarcely anything of mortality about her. She can hardly be said to die, but to pass into a nobler existence, which should rather excite our envy than our sorrow. She leaves the world filled with her renown, and she goes to enjoy life eternal with her God in heaven. I write this," he concludes, "between hope and fear, while the breath is still fluttering within her."

The deepest gloom now overspread the nation. Even Isabella's long illness had failed to prepare the minds of her faithful people for the sad catastrophe. Isabella in the meantime was deluded with no false hopes. She felt too surely the decay of her bodily strength, and she resolved to perform what temporal duties yet remained for her, while her faculties were yet unclouded.

On the 12th of October she executed that celebrated testament which reflects so clearly the peculiar qualities of her mind and character. She begins with prescribing the arrangements for her burial. She orders her remains to be transported to Granada, to the Franciscan monastery of Santa Isabella in the Alhambra, and there deposited in a low and humble sepulchre, without other memorial than a plain inscription on it. "But," she continues, "should the king, my lord, prefer a sepulchre in some other place, then my will is that my body be there transported,

and laid by his side ; that the union we have enjoyed in this world, and, through the mercy of God, may hope again for our souls in heaven, may be represented by our bodies in the earth." Then, desirous of correcting by her example, in this last act of her life, the wasteful pomp of funeral obsequies to which the Castilians were addicted, she commanded that her own should be performed in the plainest and most unostentatious manner, and that the sum saved by this economy should be distributed in alms among the poor.

Concluding in the same beautiful strain of conjugal tenderness in which she began, she says, "I beseech the king, my lord, that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he shall select, so that, seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world ; by which remembrance he may be encouraged to live more justly and holily in this."

She had now adjusted all her worldly concerns, and she prepared to devote herself during the brief space which remained, to those of a higher nature. It was but the last act of a life of preparation. She had the misfortune, common to persons of her rank, to be separated in her last moments from those whose filial tenderness might have done so much to soften the bitterness of death. But she had the good fortune, most rare, to have secured for this trying hour, the solace of disinterested friendship ; for she beheld around her the friends of her childhood, formed and proved in the dark season of adversity.

As she saw them bathed in tears around her bed, she calmly said: "Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in fruitless prayers for my recovery, but pray rather for the salvation of my soul." At length, having received the sacraments, and performed all the offices of a sincere and devout Christian, she gently expired a little before noon, on Wednesday, November 26, 1504, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, and thirtieth of her reign.

"My hand," says Peter Martyr, in a letter written on the same day to the Archbishop of Granada, "falls powerless by my side, for very sorrow. The world has lost its noblest ornament; a loss to be deplored not only by Spain, which she has so long carried forward in the career of glory, but by every nation in Christendom; for she was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked. I know of none of her sex, in ancient or modern times, who in my judgment is at all worthy to be named with this incomparable woman."

Isabella was of the middle height and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes, and auburn hair—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a fault-

less symmetry of features, with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love.

Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who had ventured in her cause. She sustained Ximenes in all his salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Córdoba; and the day of her death was, and, as it proved, truly for both, as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were abhorrent to her character. She was incapable of harbouring any petty distrust or latent malice; and although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

But the principle which gave a peculiar colouring to every feature of Isabella's mind, was her piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance which illumined her whole character. Fortunately her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after-life had power to shake.

—*William H. Prescott.*

LESSON XXXVI

THE LILY OF CHERWELL

BRIGHT came the last departing gleam
To lonely Cherwell's silent stream,
And for a moment stayed to smile
On tall St. Mary's graceful pile.
But brighter still the glory stood
On Marston's scattered lines of wood.
The lights that through the leaves were sent,
Of gold and green were richly blent;
Oh! beautiful they were to see,
Gilding the trunk of many a tree,
Just ere the colors died away,
In evening's meditated gray.
Sweet meadow-flowers were round me spread,
And many a budding birch-tree shed
Its woodland perfume there;
And from its pinkly-clustering boughs,

A fragrance mild the hawthorn throws
Upon the tranquil air.

Deep rung St. Mary's stately chime
The holy hour of compline time,
And, as the solemn sounds I caught
Over the distant meadows brought,
I heard the raptured nightingale
Tell, from yon elmy grove, his tale
Of melancholy love,

In thronging notes that seemed to fall
As faultless and as musical

As angel strains above:

So sweet, they cast on all things round
A spell of melody profound.

They charmed the river in its flowing,
They stayed the night-wind in its blowing,
They lulled the lily to her rest,
Upon the Cherwell's heaving breast.

How often doth a wild flower bring
Fancies and thoughts that seem to spring
From inmost depths of feeling!

Nay, often they have power to bless
With their uncultured loveliness,
And far into the aching breast

There goes a heavenly thought of rest.

With their soft influence stealing.

How often, too, can ye unlock,
Dear Wildflowers! with a gentle shock,

The wells of holy tears,
While somewhat of a Christian light
Breaks sweetly on the mourner's sight

To calm unquiet fears!

Ah! surely such strange power is given

To lovely flowers, like dew, from heaven ;
For lessons oft by them are brought,
Deeper than mortal sage hath taught,
Lessons of wisdom pure, that rise
From some clear fountains in the skies !

Fairest of Flora's lovely daughters
That bloom by stilly-running waters,
Fair lily ! thou a type must be
Of virgin love and purity !
Fragrant thou art as any flower
That decks a lady's garden bower.
But he who would thy sweetness know,
Must stoop and bend his loving brow
To catch thy scent, so faint and rare
Scarce breathed upon the summer's air.
And all thy motions, too, how free,
And yet how fraught with sympathy !
So pale thy tint, as meek thy gleam
Shed on thy kindly father-stream !
Still, as he swayeth to and fro,
 How true in all thy goings,
As if thy very soul did know
 The secret of his flowings.
And then that heart of living gold,
Which thou dost modestly infold,
And screen from man's too searching view
Within thy robe of snowy hue !
To careless men thou seem'st to roam
 Abroad upon the river,
In all thy movements chained to home,
 Fast-rooted there forever :
Linked by a holy hidden tie,

Too subtle for a mortal eye,
Nor riveted by mortal art,
Deep down within thy father's heart.
Emblem in truth thou art to me
Of all a daughter ought to be!
How shall I liken thee, sweet flower!
That other men may feel thy power,
May seek thee on some lovely night,
And say how strong, how chaste the might.

The tie of filial duty,
How graceful too, and angel-bright,
The pride of lowly beauty!
Thou sittest on the varying tide
As if thy spirit did preside
With a becoming queenly grace,
As mistress of this lonely place;
A quiet magic hast thou now
To smooth the river's ruffled brow,
And calm his rippling water;
And yet so delicate and airy,
Thou art to him a very fairy,
A widowed father's only daughter.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

LESSON XXXVII

THE MESSIAH

RAPT into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:

The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade,
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe; be born!

* * *

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way;
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

* * *

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.

* * *

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns.

—*Alexander Pope.*

LESSON XXXVIII

THE SURRENDER OF GRANADA, A. D. 1492

THE sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains which rise above Granada, when the Christian camp was in motion. A detachment of horse and foot, led by distinguished cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernando de Talavera, Bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers. It had been stipulated in the capitulation, that the detachment sent for this purpose should not enter by the streets of the city; a road had therefore been opened, outside of the walls, leading by the Puerta de los Molinos, or the Gate of the Mills, to the summit of the Hill of Martyrs, and across the hill to a postern-gate of the Alhambra.

When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers, leaving his vizier, Yusef Aben Comixa, to deliver up the palace. "Go, señor," said he, to the commander of the detachment, "go and take possession of those fortresses which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful lord in punishment of the sins of the Moors!" He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come; descending to the vega, to meet the Catholic sovereigns. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted. In the meantime, the Christian court and army poured out of the

city of Santa Fé, and advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with the prince and princess, and the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead, accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes fixed on the lofty towers of the Alhambra, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose, and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch-tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernando de Talavera, Bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James; and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard, by the king of arms, with the shout of "Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!" The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations which resounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns fell upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph. The whole assembled host followed their example, and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of *Te Deum laudamus!*

The procession now resumed its march with joyful alacrity, to the sound of triumphant music, until they came to a small mosque, near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day, consecrated as the hermitage of San Sebastian. Here the sovereigns were met by the unfortunate Boabdil, accompanied by about fifty cavaliers and domestics. As he drew near, he would have dismounted, in token of homage; but Ferdinand prevented him. He then proffered to kiss the king's hand, but this sign of vassalage was likewise declined; whereupon, not to be outdone in magnanimity, he leaned forward, and saluted the right arm of Ferdinand. Queen Isabella also refused to receive this ceremonial of homage; and, to console him under his adversity, delivered to him his son, who had remained as hostage ever since Boabdil's liberation from captivity. The Moorish monarch pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes.

He then delivered the keys of the city to King Ferdinand, with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation. "These keys," said he, "are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain. Thine, O king, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person! such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands!"

King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. "Doubt not our promises," replied he, "or that thou shalt regain from our

friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee."

On receiving the keys, King Ferdinand handed them to the queen. She, in turn, presented them to her son, Prince Juan, who delivered them to the Count de Tendilla, that brave and loyal cavalier being appointed alcaide of the city, and captain-general of the kingdom of Granada.

Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpujarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as the shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence in the valley of the Purchena. At two leagues distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpujarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut out from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the

scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortune, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. "Allah akbar! God is great!" said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears.

—*Washington Irving.*

LESSON XXXIX

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

I KNOW not why anyone who possesses but ordinary abilities, may not hope, by persevering diligence, somewhat to enlarge the evidences of truth. There are humble departments in this as in every other art; there are calm, retired walks, which lead not beyond the precincts of domestic privacy, over which the timid may wander, and, without exposure to the public gaze, gather sweet and lowly herbs,—that all shall be as fragrant on the altar of God, as the costly perfume which Bezaleel and Oholiab compounded—with so much art. The painted shell which the child picks up on the hill-side, may be sometimes as good evidence of a great catastrophe, as the huge bones of sea monsters which the natu-

ralist digs out of the limestone rock ; a little medal may attest the destruction of an empire, as certainly as the obelisk or triumphal arch. "While others," says St. Jerome, "contribute their gold and their silver to the service of the tabernacle, why should not I contribute my humble offerings—at least of hair and skin?"

But whosoever shall try to cultivate a wider field, and follow, from day to day, the constant progress of every science, careful ever to note the influence which it exercises on his more sacred knowledge, shall have therein such pure joy, and such growing comfort, as the disappointing eagerness of mere human learning may not supply. Such a one I know not unto whom I liken, save to one who unites an enthusiastic love of Nature's charms to a sufficient acquaintance with her laws, and spends his days in a garden of the choicest bloom. And here he seeth one gorgeous flower, that has unclasped all its beauty to the glorious sun ; and there, another is just about to disclose its modester blossom, not yet fully unfolded ; and beside them, there is one only in the hand-stem, giving but slender promise of much display ; and yet he waited patiently, well knowing that the law is fixed whereby it too shall pay, in due season, its tribute to the light and heat that feed it. Even so, the other doth likewise behold one science after the other, when its appointed hour is come, and its ripening influences have prevailed, unclothe some form which shall add to the varied harmony of universal truth ; which shall recompense, to the full, the genial power

that hath given it life; and, however barren it may have seemed at first, produce something that may adorn the temple and altar of God's worship.

And if he carefully register his own convictions, and add them to the collections already formed, of various converging proof, he assuredly will have accomplished the noblest end for which man may live and acquire learning—his own improvement, and the benefit of his kind.

When learning shall once have been consecrated by such high motives, it will soon be hallowed by purer feelings, and assume a calmer and more virtuous character than human knowledge can ever possess. An enthusiastic love of truth will be engendered in the soul, which will extinguish every meaner and more earthly feeling in its pursuit. We shall never look with a partisan's eye upon the cause, nor estimate it by personal motives; but, following the advice of the excellent Schlegel, we shall "eschew all sorts of useless contention and uncharitable hate, and strive to keep alive a spirit of love and unity."

But these motives will have a still stronger power; they will insure us success. For if once a pure love and unmixed admiration of Religion animate our efforts, we shall find ourselves inflamed with a chivalrous devotion to her service, which will make us indefatigable and unconquerable when armed in her defense. Our quest may be long and perilous; there may come in our way enchantments and sorceries, giants and monsters, allurements and resistance; but onward we shall advance, in the confidence of our cause's strength; we shall dispel

every phantasm, and fairly meet every substantial foe, and the crown will infallibly be ours. In other words, we shall submit with patience to all the irksomeness which such detailed examination may cause: when any objection is brought, instead of contenting ourselves with vague replies, we shall at once examine the very department of learning, sacred or profane, whence it hath been drawn; we shall sit down calmly, and address ourselves meekly, to the toilsome work; we shall endeavour to unravel all its intricacies, and diligently to unite every knot; and, however hopeless your task may have appeared at first, the result of your exertions will be surely recorded in the short expressive legend, preserved on an ancient gem, "*Religion thou has conquered!*"

—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

LESSON XL

CHARACTERISTICS OF AN EDUCATED GENTLEMAN

IT IS almost a definition of a gentleman, to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire

which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman, in like manner, carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blunder-

ing discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds ; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust ; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, and indulgence ; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

LESSON XLI

ALL SAINTS' DAY

(PART I)

THE GATHERING OF THE DEAD.

THE day is cloudy ;—it should be so :
And the clouds in flocks to the eastward go ;
For the world may not see the glory there,
Where Christ and His Saints are met in the air.
There is a stir among all things round,
Like the shock of an earthquake underground,
And there is music in the motion,
As soft and deep as a summer ocean.

All things that sleep awake to-day,
For the Cross and the crown are won;
The winds of spring
Sweet songs may bring
Through the half-unfolded leaves of May;
But the breeze of spring
Hath no such thing
As the musical sounds that run
Where the anthem note by God is given,
And the Martyrs sing,
And the Angels ring
With the cymbals of highest Heaven.
In Heaven above, and on earth beneath,
In the holy place where dead men sleep,
In the silent sepulchres of death,
Where angels over the bodies keep
Their cheerful watch till their second breath
Into the Christian dust shall creep—
In heights and depths and darkest caves,
In the unlit green of the ocean waves—
In fields where battles have been fought,
Dungeons where murders have been wrought—
The shock and thrill of life have run:
The reign of the Holy is begun!
There is labour and unquietness
In the very sands of the wilderness,
In the place where rivers ran,
Where Simoom blast
Hath fiercely past
O'er the midnight caravan.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Earth travails with her dead once more.

In one long endless filing crowd,
Apostles, Martyrs, Saints, have gone,
Where behind yon screen of cloud
The Master is upon His throne!
Only we are left alone!—
Left in this waste and desert place,
Far from our natural home;
Left to complete our weary race,
Until His Kingdom come.
Alas for us that cannot be
Among that shining company!
But once a year with solemn hand
The Church withdraws the veil,
And there we see that other land,
Far in the distance pale:
While good church-bells are loudly ringing
All on the earth below,
And white-robed choirs with angels singing,
Where stately organs blow;
And up and down each holy street
Faith hears the tread of viewless feet,
Such as in Salem walked when He
Had gotten Himself the victory.
So be it ever year by year,
Until the Judge Himself be here!

—*Frederick William Faber.*

LESSON XLII

ALL SAINTS' DAY

(PART 2)

THE MIDDLE HOME

THE Dead—the mighty, quiet Dead!
Each in his moist and silent bed
Hath laid him down to rest,
While the freed spirit slowly fled
Unto the Patriarch's breast.

Perchance a while it lingered near,
As loth to quit its earthly bier,
Until the funeral rite was done,
And the Church closed upon her son.

There is a place where spirits come,
Beneath the shrine to live,
A mystic place, a middle home,
Which God to them doth give.
What mortal fancy can disclose
The secrets of their calm repose?
It is a quietness more deep
Than dearest swoon or heaviest sleep,
A rest all full of waking dreams,
Of magic sounds, and broken gleams,
Outside the walls of heaven;
So near, the Souls may hear the din
Of thousand Angel choirs within,
And some dear prospect too may win,—

As in the light of even,
Long absent exiles may have seen
The home, the woods, the orchards green,
Wherein their childish time was spent,
Ere on their pilgrimage they went;
And, as they look upon the show,
The thought of early love returns
Unto the straining eye that burns
With tears that age forbids to flow.

It is a rest, yet torments dire,
Repose within the lap of fire,

Because it is God's will,—
Another life of heavenly birth,
Which men live quicker than on earth,
Happy, resigned, and still:
A pardoning Father's first caress,
A glorious penal blessedness!

There then outside the heavenly gate
The souls beneath the Altar wait—
The Altar whereon Christ was laid,
True Meat for all the living made,
And shelter for the Dead!

Their bodies are not yet like His,
Their souls not strong enough for bliss,
Or love unmixed with dread.

They cannot brook the vision yet,
Those radiant lights that never set;
And so the Son of Man hath thrown
His awful Veil o'er spirits lone.

O'ershadowed by His Flesh they lie,

As though behind a charmed screen,
Hid from the piercing of the Eye

That may not look on things unclean!

Say, who are those who softly glide
Each pure and saintly soul beside,
Like angels, only that they bear
More thought and sadness in their air,
As though some stain of earth did rest
Its pensive weight upon their breast,
And lodged a fearfulness within
That could not rise from aught but sin?
Nor ever on their silent face
Doth gentle mirth leave any trace,
Save when their downcast eye doth rest
Upon the Symbol on their breast,
Then as their features lit the while
With something like an earthly smile,
As though a thought were in their heart
Which it were rudeness to impart.
These are the righteous works of Faith,
Wrought in the fight with Sin and Death—
Dear shadows of each holy thing,
The goodly fruits and flowers that spring
 From the rich Tree of Life;
Alms-deeds, and praise, and vigils past
In penitential prayer and fast,
Boldness in faith, and wrongs forgiven,
And self-denying toils for heaven,
 And gentleness in strife.
These follow all the souls that come
Unto their rest and middle home;
And by their sides forever stay
To witness at the solemn day,—
In fear as nigher still and nigher
Through the thin veils of cleansing fire,

They see the angels from above
Descend upon their tasks of love
The spirits to release,
To bear them to that Vision bright,
That throne in whose tremendous sight
The soul shall find eternal light
And everlasting peace.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

LESSON XLIII

GOD'S WORK IN THE MORAL ORDER

THE wondrous works of God are spread throughout the whole creation: wherever we turn, the exhibitions of His power and the monuments of His wisdom are scattered before us in boundless profusion; in the fathomless depths of the abyss; in the untrodden path of the air; in the vaulted heavens above; in the splendour of day; in the shrouded glories of the night; in the meanest insect that creeps the earth, as well as in the most finished form of animal existence: from the plant that shrinks instinctively from human touch, up through the whole ascending scale of life and intellect, to the almost measureless mind of the archangel, there rises, in everlasting succession, the unceasing acknowledgment of His power, His wisdom, His glory.

It is not in the visible creation alone that the wonders of the Lord are seen. They are marked

more impressively in the economy and government of the moral world; in the laws by which the spirits of men are directed to the final end of their being—in the love that originated their creation—in the wisdom that planned their redemption—in the multiplied expedients resorted to by that wisdom, for the purpose of deriving general good from partial evil; in the establishment of a spiritual kingdom upon earth—in its unbroken duration—in its universal extent—in its unfailing triumph over every opposition which the corruption of earth and the malice of hell can possibly offer. It is in the upholding of this kingdom that the Lord is truly wonderful, demonstrating His own strength through the instrumentalities of the weak, proving His wisdom by the lips of the unwise, revealing His own essential sanctity in purifying the corrupt affections of His creatures, bending the stubborn will, prostrating the ignorant pride of the mind, enlightening, purifying, and exalting human nature, until every appetite is controlled, every lawless passion subdued, every defilement cleansed, every earthly particle that clings to us so long, and parts with such reluctance, is swept away, and the mind becomes a glorious heaven within, bright with the presence and the power of the Lord, and man stands forth as in the day of his elder glory—upright, untroubled, pure and almost passionless, the hallowed image of that most high and holy God from whose hands we originally came.

Yes, "God is wonderful in his Saints." In these He has shown the power and extent of His grace. His spirit has gone forth, and the might of God is

seen in the countless forms of holiness with which His spiritual kingdom abounds. In some, the spirit dwells from their earliest youth, and, by an all-directing Providence, they pass through this world without contracting one stain of mortal guilt, and scarcely exhibiting a stain of human infirmity. Others are destined to feel, through life, the whole weakness and corruption of nature, and to pass through the fiery ordeal of every temptation that can subdue the mind or seduce the heart. Some possess what the prophet desired, "the wings of the dove," and they fly to the presence of Him "whose delight is to be with the children of men." To the eye of man they walk upon earth, but their conversation is in heaven, and they breathe and live before the throne of their God. Some are called to witness the truth of religion, to the very outpouring of their blood; and others are fated to undergo the more painful and protracted martyrdom of "dwelling in the tents of sinners," of witnessing their contradictions, and bearing the sneer and the sarcasm of the proud, the profligate, and the worldly-minded. Some are called to sanctify themselves in the performance of the ordinary duties of life, passing through this world without notice and without name, though great before their God; whilst others are destined not to live for themselves alone, "separated for the gospel of God," made a spectacle to men and angels," called to coöperate with God in the work of man's salvation; fated to bear their own burdens, and commanded to bear the burdens of others; the "salt of the earth," to save it from corruption, the "lights of the world," to illuminate its

darkness ; tongues of fire, kindled by the inspiring breath of God, and destined to reanimate, throughout the long succession of ages, the expiring embers of Christian faith and charity. Of these latter, some are chosen from "the weak of this world, to beat down the strong, and from the foolish, to confound the wise," that no flesh may glory, and no tongue ascribe to man what the hand of the Lord alone could perform. Others are selected from the most exalted rank of human intellect, that no ground of objection should be left to human pride ; and that the loftiest understanding should be edified by the faith and the rational submission of minds fitted to investigate, and disposed to reject, if investigation did not lead to the most satisfactory and convincing results. Such minds have been selected in every age, and in every portion of the Church, and exhibited to this world, as the necessity of the Church, and the edification of her children, required.

—*Archdeacon O'Keefe.*

LESSON XLIV

FILIAL LOVE

FILIAL love ! the morality of instinct, the sacrament of nature and duty,—or rather let me say, it is miscalled a duty ; for it flows from the heart without effort, and is its delight, its indulgence, its enjoyment. It is guided not by the slow dictates of reason ; it awaits not encouragement from reflec-

tion or from thought ; it asks no aid of memory ; it is an innate, but active consciousness of having been the object of a thousand tender solitudes, a thousand waking, watchful cares, of meek anxiety and patient sacrifices, unremarked and unrequited by the object. It is a gratitude founded upon a conviction of obligations, not remembered, but the more binding because not remembered ; because conferred before the tender reason could acknowledge, or the infant memory record them,—a gratitude and affection, which no circumstances can subdue, and which few can strengthen ; an affection which can be increased only by the decay of those to whom we owe it, and which is then most fervent when the tremulous voice of age, resistless in its feebleness, inquires for the natural protector of its cold decline.

If these are the general sentiments of man, what must be their depravity, what must be their degeneracy, who can blot out and erase from the bosom the virtue that is deepest rooted in the human breast, and twined within the cords of life itself ! Surely, no language can fully portray the enormity of their guilt, or express the depth of their degradation, if they do thus crush this instinct of nature, and obliterate from their hearts this handiwork of the Almighty.

—*Sheridan.*

LESSON XLV

HAPPINESS SOUGHT IN WEALTH

GOLD many hunted, sweat and bled for gold ;
Waked all the night, and laboured all the day.
And what was the allurements dost thou ask ?
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god ; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less ;
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity ; good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life ;
And, to complete the horrid, murderous rite,
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them—what?—an hour of dreaming joy,
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of woe.

Most, for the luxuries it bought, the pomp,
The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown,
This yellow phantom followed and adored.
But there was one in folly further gone,
With eye awry, incurable, and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian angel quite given up,—
The miser, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse. Ill-guided wretch !
Thou mightst have seen him at the midnight hour,

When good men slept, and in light winged dreams
Ascended up to God,—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags,—
Thou mightst have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold ;
And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
And in his old decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping this yellow earth
To make it sure. Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased ;
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with Death.
Illustrious fool ! nay, most inhuman wretch !
He sat among his bags, and, with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed, and midst abundance died,
Sorest of evils ! died of utter want.

—*Pollok.*

LESSON XLVI

FAME

OF ALL the phantoms fleeting in the midst
Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought, but gabbled on ;

Applauding most what least deserved applause:
The motive, the result, was nought to her:
The deed alone, though dyed in human gore,
And steeped in widow's tears, if it stood out
To prominent display, she talked of much,
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.
As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
Perpetually; and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.

Such was her nature, and her practice such.
But, oh! her voice was sweet to mortal ears,
And touched so pleasantly the strings of pride
And vanity, which in the heart of man
Were ever strung harmonious to her note,
That many thought, to live without her song
Was rather death than life. To live unknown,
Unnoticed, unrenowned! to die unpraised,
Unepitaphed! to go down to the pit,
And moulder into dust among vile worms,
And leave no whispering of a name on earth!
Such thought was cold about the heart, and chilled
The blood. Who could endure it? who could choose,
Without a struggle, to be swept away
From all remembrance, and have part no more
With living men? Philosophy failed here,
And self-approving Pride. Hence it became
The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win
A name, to leave some vestige as they passed,
That following ages might discern they once
Had been on earth, and acted something there.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.
The man of science to the shade retired,

And laid his head upon his hand, in mood
Of awful thoughtfulness, and dived, and dived
Again, deeper and deeper still, to sound
The cause remote; resolved, before he died,
To make some grand discovery, by which
He should be known to all posterity.

And in the silent vigils of the night,
When uninspired men reposed, the bard,
Ghastly of countenance, and from his eye
Oft streaming wild unearthly fire, sat up,
And sent imagination forth, and searched
The far and near, heaven, earth, and gloomy hell,
For fiction new, for thought, unthought before;
And when some curious, rare idea peered
Upon his mind, he dipped his hasty pen,
And by the glimmering lamp, or moonlight beam,
That through his lattice peeped, wrote fondly down
What seemed in truth imperishable song.

And sometimes too, the reverend divine,
In meditation deep of holy things,
And vanities of Time, heard Fame's sweet voice
Approach his ear, and hung another flower,
Of earthly sort, about the sacred truth;
And ventured whiles to mix the bitter text,
With relish suited to the sinner's taste

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.
And awful oft the wickedness they wrought.
To be observed, some scrambled up to thrones,
And sat in vestures dripping wet with gore.
The warrior dipped his sword in blood, and wrote
His name on lands and cities desolate.
The rich bought fields, and houses built, and raised
The monumental piles up to the clouds,

And called them by their names ; and, strange to tell !
Rather than be unknown, and pass away
Obscurely to the grave, some, small soul,
That else had perished unobserved, acquired
Considerable renown by oaths profane ;
By jesting boldly with all sacred things ;
And uttering fearlessly what'er occurred ;
Wild, blasphemous, perditionable thoughts,
That Satan in them moved ; by wiser men
Suppressed, and quickly banished from the mind.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.
But all in vain. Who grasped at earthly fame,
Grasped wind ; nay worse, a serpent grasped, that
through

His hands slid smoothly, and was gone ; but left
A sting behind which wrought him endless pain :
For oft her voice was old Abaddon's lure,
By which he charmed the foolish souls to death.

—*Pollok.*

LESSON XLVII

BOSSUET ON HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND

ALAS ! that it should fall to my lot to render this funeral duty to the most high and most potent princess, Henrietta Anne, of England, Duchess of Orleans. Alas ! that she, whom I had seen so attentive, while I rendered the same duty to the queen, her mother, was to be, so soon after, the subject of a similar discourse, and that my sad

voice should be reserved for this sorrowful ministry. O vanity! O nothingness! O mortals, ignorant of their destinies! Would she have believed it six months since? And you, my hearers, would you have thought, while she wept so many bitter tears in this place, that she was so soon to re-assemble you, to lament over herself? O Princess, worthy object of the admiration of two great kingdoms, was it not enough that England mourned your absence, without being yet reduced to mourn your death? And France, that saw you again with so much joy, environed with a new renown, had she now no other pomps, no other triumphs for you, on your return from that memorable voyage, whence you had brought back so much glory and hopes so fair? "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity." These are the only words suited to the occasion; the only theme which, in so strange an occurrence, a grief so just and sensible permits me to use. Nor have I searched the sacred volumes to find in them a text which I could apply to this princess. I have taken without study or selection the first words which Ecclesiastes presents to me, in which, although vanity has been so often named, it still appears to me, not too often for my design. I wish, in one single misfortune, to deplore all the calamities of the human race; and in a single death, to show the frailty and the nothingness of all human grandeur.

This text, which suits all the conditions and events of life, becomes by a special reason, suitable to my melancholy subject; for never have the vanities of the earth been so clearly exposed, nor so mightily confounded. No; after what we have just

seen, health is but a name, life but a dream, glory but a phantom, accomplishments and pleasures, but dangerous amusements; all is vain to us, except the acknowledgement which we make of our vanities before God, and the conviction which makes us sincerely despise all that we are.

But, do I speak the truth? Is man, whom God has made to his image, only a shade? Is that, which Jesus Christ has come from heaven to seek on earth; that, which He has thought it no degradation to purchase with all his blood, a mere nothing? Let us recognize our error. This sad spectacle of human vanities has, doubtless, imposed upon us, and the sudden frustration of the public hope, which the death of this princess has caused, has carried us too far. Man must not be permitted altogether to despise himself; lest, believing with the impious, that life is but a game directed only by chance, he follows, without rule or guidance, the will of his blind desires. Therefore it is that Ecclesiastes, after having commenced his divine work by the words which I have just cited, after having filled its pages with the contempt of human things, wishes at last to show to man something more solid, and concludes his whole discourse by these words, "Fear God and keep His commandments: for this is all man; and all things that are done, God will bring into judgment for every error, whether it be good or evil." Thus, all is vain in man, if we regard what he gives to the world; but, on the contrary, all is important, if we consider what he owes to God. Once more, all is vain in man, if we regard the course of his mortal life; but all is precious, all

is important, if we contemplate the term at which it ends, and the account which he must render of it. Let us meditate, then, to-day, in spite of this altar and of this tomb, the first and the last words of Ecclesiastes; the first, which show the nothingness of man; the last, which establish his greatness. Let this tomb convince us of our nothingness, provided that this altar, on which a Victim of so great price is daily offered for us, at the same time instruct us in our immortal dignity.

—Bossuet.

LESSON XLVIII

MELROSE ABBEY

IF THOU wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die,
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,

Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

* * *

Again on the knight look'd the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was
high:—
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start,
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clench'd postern-door
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small.
The keystone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, which cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight and osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;

Full in the midst, his cross of red,
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LESSON XLIX

ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES

DURING the gloomy and disastrous centuries which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, Italy had preserved, in a far greater extent than any other part of Western Europe, the traces of ancient civilization. The night which descended upon her was the night of an Arctic summer—the dawn began to reappear before the last reflection of the preceding sunset had faded from the horizon. It was in the time of the French Merovingians, and of the Saxon Heptarchy, that ignorance and ferocity seem to have done their worst. Yet even then the Neapolitan provinces, recognizing the authority of the Eastern Empire, preserved something of Eastern knowledge and refinement. Rome, protected by the sacred character of its pontiffs, enjoyed at least comparative security and repose. Even in those regions where the sanguinary Lombards had fixed their monarchy, there was incomparably more of wealth, of information, of physical com-

fort, and of social order, than could be found in Gaul, Britain, or Germany.

That which most distinguished Italy from the neighbouring countries was the importance which the population of the towns, from a very early period, began to acquire. Some cities, founded in wild and remote situations, by fugitives who had escaped from the rage of the barbarians (such were Venice and Genoa), preserved their freedom by their obscurity till they became able to preserve it by their power. Others seem to have retained, under all the changing dynasties of invaders, under Odoacer and Theodoric, Narses and Albion, the municipal institution which had been conferred on them by the liberal policy of the great Republic. In provinces in which the central government was too feeble either to protect or to oppress, these institutions first acquired stability and vigor. The citizens, defended by their walls, and governed by their own magistrates and their own by-laws, enjoyed a considerable share of republican independence. Thus a strong democratic spirit was called into action. The generous policy of Otho encouraged it. In the twelfth century it attained its full vigour, and after a long and doubtful conflict, it triumphed over the abilities and courage of the Swabian princes.

Liberty revisited Italy; and with liberty came commerce and empire, science and taste, all the comforts and all the ornaments of life. The Crusades brought the rising commonwealth of the Adriatic and Tyrrhene Seas a large increase of wealth, dominion and knowledge. Their moral and their geo-

graphical position enabled them to profit alike by the barbarism of the West and the civilization of the East. Their ships covered every sea. Their factories rose on every shore. Their money-changers sat their tables in every city. Manufactures flourished. Banks were established. The operations of the commercial machine were facilitated by many useful and beautiful inventions. We doubt whether any country of Europe has at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy had attained four hundred years ago. Historians rarely descend to these details from which alone the real state of a community can be collected. Hence posterity is too often deceived by the vague hyperboles of poets and rhetoricians, who mistake the splendours of a court for the happiness of a people. Fortunately John Villani has given us an ample and precise account of the state of Florence in the earlier part of the fourteenth century. The revenue of the republic amounted to three hundred thousand florins a sum which, allowing for the depreciation of the precious metals, was at least equivalent to six hundred thousand pounds sterling; a larger sum than England and Ireland, two centuries ago, yielded annually to Elizabeth—a larger sum than, according to any computation which we have seen, the Grand Duke of Tuscany now derives from a territory of much greater extent. The manufacture of wool alone employed two hundred factories and thirty thousand workmen. The cloth annually produced sold, at an average, for twelve hundred thousand florins; a sum fairly equal in exchangeable value, to two mil-

lions and a half of our money. Four hundred thousands florins were annually coined. Eighty banks conducted the commercial operations, not of Florence only, but of all Europe. The transactions of these establishments were sometimes of a magnitude which may surprise even the contemporaries of the Barings and the Rothschilds. Two houses advanced to Edward the Third of England upwards of three hundred thousand marks, at a time when the mark contained more silver than fifty shillings of the present day, and when the value of silver was more than quadruple of what it now is. The progress of elegant literature and of the fine arts was proportioned to that of the public prosperity. Under the despotic successors of Augustus all the fields of the intellect had been turned into arid wastes, still marked out by formal boundaries, still retaining the traces of old civilization, but yielding neither flowers nor fruit. The deluge of barbarism came. It swept away all the landmarks. It obliterated all the signs of former tillage. But it fertilized while it devastated. When it receded, the wilderness was as the garden of God, rejoicing on every side, laughing, clapping its hands, pouring forth in spontaneous abundance everything brilliant, or fragrant, or nourishing. A new language, characterized by simple sweetness and simple energy, had attained its perfection. No tongue ever furnished more gorgeous and vivid tints of poetry; nor was it long before a poet appeared who knew how to employ them. Early in the fourteenth century came forth the "Divine Comedy," beyond comparison the greatest work of imagination which had appeared

since the poems of Homer. The following generation produced, indeed, no second Dante; but it was eminently distinguished by general intellectual activity.

From this time the admiration of learning and genius became almost an idolatry among the people of Italy. Kings and republics, cardinals and doges, vied with each other in honouring and flattering Petrarch. Embassies from rival states solicited the honour of his instructions. His coronation agitated the Court of Naples and the people of Rome as much as the most important political transaction could have done. To collect books and antiques, to found professorships, to patronize men of learning, became almost universal fashions among the great. The spirit of literary research allied itself to that of commercial enterprise. Every place to which the merchant princes of Florence extended their gigantic traffic, from the bazaars of the Tigris to the monasteries of the Clyde, was ransacked for medals and manuscripts. Architecture, painting, and sculpture were munificently encouraged. Indeed it would be difficult to name an Italian of eminence during the period of which we speak, who, whatever may have been his general character, did not at least affect a love of letters and of the arts. Knowledge and public prosperity continued to advance together. Both attained their meridian in the age of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

The Roman Pontiffs exhibited in their own persons all the austerity of the early anchorites of Syria. Paul IV. brought to the Papal throne the same fervent zeal which had carried him into the Theatine

Convent. Pius V., under his gorgeous vestments, wore day and night the hair shirt of a simple friar : walked barefoot in the streets at the head of processions ; found, even in the midst of his most pressing avocations, time for private prayer ; often regretted that the public duties of his station were unfavourable to growth in holiness, and edified his flock by innumerable instances of humility, charity, and forgiveness of personal injuries ; while, at the same time, he upheld the authority of his See, and the unadulterated doctrines of his Church with all the vehemence of Hildebrand. Gregory XIII. exerted himself to imitate Pius in the severe virtues of his sacred profession.

It is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened states of Italy—to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort and luxury, the manufactories swarming with artisans, the Appennines covered with rich cultivation up to their very summits ; the Po wafting the harvests of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the palaces of Milan. With peculiar pleasure, every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence, on the halls which rung with the mirth of Pulci, the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian, the statues on which the young eye of Michael Angelo glared with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration.

—*Macaulay.*

LESSON L

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

THE secretary stood alone. Modern dégénérecy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity; his august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved of his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow systems of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sank beneath him; with one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other hand the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished, always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by foresight.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent, those sensations which soften, and allure, and vulgarize, were unknown to him; no domestic difficulties, no domestic weaknesses reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life,

and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents; his eloquence was an era in the senate; peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom—not like the torrents of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, forever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Yet he was not always correct nor polished; on the contrary, he was sometimes ungrammatical, negligent, and unenforcing; for he concealed his art, and was superior to the knack of oratory. Upon many occasions he abated the vigour of his eloquence; but even then, like the spinning of a cannon ball, he was still alive with fatal, unapproachable activity.

Upon the whole, there was in this man some-

thing that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its history.

—Grattan.

LESSON LI

HOPE

UNFADING hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour;
Oh, then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye;
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day,—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!
Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless
spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er,—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven unclouded by a blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight
 still—
Watched on the holy towers of Zion's hill!

* * * * *

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of
 Time,

Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed,

When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;

Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

—*Thomas Campbell.*

LESSON LII

FORGIVENESS

IT is not by mere submission and constrained obedience that the Almighty requires us to keep His command of forgiving our enemies ; He would influence us to pardon the offences of our fellow-creatures by motives of gratitude, and our God interests Himself in their behalf as our benefactor and father, rather than as our lawgiver and sovereign. Had He enjoined us to love and forgive our enemies for their own sake, the command might appear harsh and rigorous ; for when we consider the character of an enemy abstractedly, we find nothing that is not offensive, that does not tend to irritate our minds and fill us with rancour. How, then, does God act ? He presents Himself before us, and withdrawing our eyes from a painful object, commands us to fix them on Himself. He does not require us to pardon for the sake of the offender, but for His own sake. He does not say to you, "Forgive your enemies because they deserve your forgiveness" ; but He says, "Forgive them because I deserve your compliance with my will." It is not

His precept, that you should consider what is owing to your enemies, but rather what is due to Himself, and what He has done for them. Thus the children of Jacob moved the heart of Joseph, their brother, whom they had basely sold; thus they obtained his pardon of a crime almost unpardonable, and which was prompted by their envy. "Thy father did command before he died, saying: 'So shall ye say unto Joseph, forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin; for they did unto thee evil.'" At the remembrance of Jacob, of that beloved, that tender, that affectionate father, Joseph felt his bowels yearn; his tears flowed; and instead of reproaching his sanguinary brethren with their inhumanity, or uttering an angry word, he endeavoured to console them; nay, he became their apologist. "Fear not; ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good." He even promised them and their families his protection and support: "I will nourish you and your little ones."

Christians! it is not in the name of an earthly father, nor of a man like ourselves; it is in the name of your heavenly Father, in the name of your Creator and Redeemer, that I address you. How often, when meditating on his goodness, have you, like David, with renewed zeal and piety, exclaimed, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" How many times have you ardently wished for an opportunity of giving infallible marks of your love? That opportunity is afforded you, as soon as you pardon offences for the sake of God. To a mind that retains any susceptibility of religious impressions, I can imagine nothing more

influential nor more consolatory than this argument. The greatest consolation I can possess on earth is to believe, with all the certainty attainable in this life, that I love God; that I love Him with a genuine, not a seeming and doubtful love; for as far as I am conscious of loving God, so far am I convinced that I possess His love, and am the object of His grace. Of all the evidences which I can desire on this subject, not one is less equivocal than the forgiveness of an enemy, because nothing but the love of God, the most entire love, can induce me to grant that forgiveness. Nature will not furnish me with motives of a virtue which it directly opposes, nor will the world produce in me that disposition which is repugnant to all its maxims. How animating, how delightful, is that consciousness which enables us to say, I know that I love God, that I love Him with sincerity; I perform for the sake of God, that which I can do for His sake alone; therefore I am convinced that my motive is pure. With what joy is such a reflection accompanied!

But here lies the evil: without considering God in our fellow-creature, we regard our fellow-creature alone; hence those tedious and vain declamations on the unworthy treatment we have received, on the audacity of one, on the perfidy of another, on numberless circumstances, which we frequently misrepresent, exaggerate, and portray in the darkest colours. Allowing, however, my brethren, that your opinions and representations are just, can you not comprehend that this will by no means weaken our argument? When we exhort you to forgive, we do not profess to exculpate the transgressor; for if he

were innocent, you would have no occasion to pardon him. What, then, do we require? That you should rise above the creature; that you should give to God what you would refuse to man; that you should know that God will consider Himself honoured and glorified by the forgiveness of your enemy. The moment this important, this fundamental truth is impressed on your minds, what effort will appear too arduous—what power too great to impede your progress?

—*Père Bourdaloue.*

LESSON LIII

MICHAEL ANGELO

THE gardens of Lorenzo de' Medici are frequently celebrated by the historian of the painters, as the nursery of men of genius, but if they had produced no other artist than Michael Angelo, they would sufficiently have answered the purposes of their founder. It was here that this great man began to imbibe that spirit, which was destined to effect a reformation in the arts, and which he could perhaps have derived from no other source.

Of a noble but reduced family, he had been placed by his father, when young, under the tuition of the painter Ghirlandajo, from whom Lorenzo, desirous of promoting his new establishment, requested that he would permit two of his pupils to pursue their studies in his gardens, at the same time

expressing his hopes that they would there obtain such instruction, as would not only reflect honour on the institution, but also on themselves and on their country. The students who had the good fortune to be thus selected were Michael Angelo and Francesco Granacci.

On the first visit of Michael Angelo, he found in the gardens his future adversary, who, under the direction of Bertoldo, was modelling figures in clay. Michael Angelo applied himself to the same occupation, and his work soon afterwards attracted the attention of Lorenzo, who, from these early specimens, formed great expectation of his talents.

Encouraged by such approbation, he began to cut in marble the head of a faun, after an antique sculpture, which, though unaccustomed to the chisel, he executed with such skill as to astonish Lorenzo; who, observing that he had made some intentional deviations from the original, and that in particular he had represented the lips smoother, and had shown the tongue and teeth, remarked to him, with his accustomed jocularities, that he should have remembered that old men seldom exhibit a complete range of teeth.

The docile artist, who paid no less respect to the judgment than to the rank of Lorenzo, was no sooner left to himself, than he struck out one of the teeth, giving to the part the appearance of its having been lost by age. On his next visit, Lorenzo was equally delighted with the disposition and the genius of his young pupil, and sending for his father, not only took the son under his particular protection, but made such a provision for the old man, as

his age and the circumstances of his numerous family required.

From this time till the death of Lorenzo, which included an interval of four years, Michael Angelo constantly resided in the palace of the Medici, and sat at the table of Lorenzo, among his most honoured guests, where by a commendable regulation, the troublesome distinctions of rank were abolished, and every person took his place in the order of his arrival. Hence the young artist found himself at once associated, on terms of equality, with all that was illustrious and learned in Florence, and formed these connections and friendships which, if they do not create, are at least necessary to promote and reward superior talents.

His leisure hours were passed in contemplating the intaglios, gems and medals, of which Lorenzo had collected an astonishing number, whence he imbibed that taste for antiquarian researches, which was of essential service to him, in his more immediate studies, and which he retained to the close of his life.

The history of Michael Angelo forms that of all the arts which he professed. In him sculpture, painting, and architecture, seem to have been personified. Born with talents superior to his predecessors, he had also a better fate. Ghiberti, Donatello, Verocchio, were all men of genius, but they lived during the gentile state of the art. The light had now arisen, and his young and ardent mind, conversant with the finest of antiquity, imbibed, as its genuine source, a relish for their excellence.

With the specimens of ancient art, the deposi-

tories of ancient learning were unlocked to him, and of these also he made no inconsiderable use. As a poet he is entitled to rank high amongst his countrymen; and the triple wreaths of painting, sculpture, and architecture, with which his disciples decorated his tomb, might, without exaggeration, have been interwoven with a fourth.

But the chief merit of this great man is not to be sought for in the remains of his pencil, nor even in his sculptures, but in the general improvement of the public taste which followed his astonishing productions. If his labours had perished with himself, the change which they effected in the opinions and the works of his contemporaries would still have entitled him to the first honours of the art.

Those who, from ignorance or from envy, have endeavoured to depreciate his productions, have represented them as exceeding in their forms and attitudes the limits and the possibilities of nature—as a race of beings, the mere creatures of his own imagination; but such critics would do well to consider whether the great reform to which we have alluded could have been effected by the most accurate representations of common life, and whether anything short of that excellence which only he knew how to embody, could have accomplished so important a purpose.

The genius of Michael Angelo was a lever which was to operate on an immense and heterogeneous mass, the salt intended to give a relish to insipidity itself; it was therefore active, penetrating, energetic, so as not only effectually to resist the con-

tagious effects of a depraved taste, but to communicate a portion of its spirit to all around.

—*Roscoe.*

LESSON LIV

PART I—STAGE ORATORY

Hamlet:

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o’erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

* * *

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature ; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of

playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or Turk, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

—*Shakespeare.*

PART II—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

TO BE, or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die:—to sleep,—
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die:—to sleep,—
To sleep!—perchance to dream:—ay, there's the
 rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who'd these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

—*Shakespeare.*

LESSON LV

LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE

ALTHOUGH the work of our new light and knowledge did not go to the length that, in all probability, it was intended it should be carried; yet I must think that such treatment of any human creatures must be shocking to any but those who are made for ac-

complishing revolutions. But I cannot stop here. Influenced by the inborn feeling of my nature, and not being illumined by a single ray of this new-sprung modern light, I confess to you, sir, that the exalted rank of the persons suffering, and particularly the sex, the beauty, and amiable qualities of the descendant of so many kings and emperors, with the tender age of royal infants, insensible only through infancy and innocence of the cruel outrages to which their parents were exposed, instead of being a subject of exultation, adds not a little to my sensibility on that most melancholy occasion.

I hear that the august person, who was the principal object of our preacher's triumph, though he supported himself, felt much on that shameful occasion. As a man, it became him to feel for his wife and children, and the faithful guards of his person, that were massacred in cold blood about him; as a prince, it became him to feel for the strange and frightful transformation of his civilized subjects; and to be more grieved for them than solicitous for himself. It derogates little from his fortitude while it adds infinitely to the honour of his humanity. I am very sorry to say it, very sorry, indeed, that such personages are in a situation in which it is not unbecoming to praise the virtues of the great.

I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady, the other object of the triumph, has borne that day (one is interested that beings made for suffering should suffer well), and that she bears all the succeeding days, that she bears the imprisonment of her husband and her own captivity, and the exile

of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a sovereign distinguished for her piety and her courage; that like her she has lofty sentiments; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron; that in the last extremity she will save herself from the last disgrace; that if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble hand.

It is now sixteen or eighteen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and fall! Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophists, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we be-

hold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone; that sensibility of principle, chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness. —*Edmund Burke.*

LESSON LVI

PART I—THE OCEAN

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

* * *

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

—*Byron.*

PART II—MORNING HYMN TO MONT BLANC

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bold awful head, O sovereign Blanc !

The Arv and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:—
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstacy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:

Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing
 peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
 serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

—Coleridge.

LESSON LVII

BATTLE OF WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No: 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall,
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They
come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-
man's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent!

—Byron.

LESSON LVIII

WORK OF NATURE

NATURE never deceives us—the rocks, the mountains, the streams, always speak the same language: a shower of snow may hide the verdant woods in spring, a thunder-storm may render the blue limpid streams foul and turbulent; but these effects are rare and transient;—in a few hours, or at least days, all the sources of beauty are renovated. And Nature affords no continued trains of misfortune and miseries, such as depend upon the constitution of humanity; no hopes forever blighted in the bud; no beings full of life, beauty, and promise, taken from us in the prime of youth. Her fruits are all balmy, bright, and sweet: she affords none of those blighted ones so common in the life of man, and so like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea—fresh and beautiful to the sight, but, when tasted, full of bitterness and ashes.

The operations of Nature, though slow, are sure; however man may for a time usurp dominion over her, she is certain of recovering her empire. He converts her rocks, her stones, her trees, into forms of palaces, houses, and ships; he employs the metals found in the bosom of the earth as instruments of power, and the sands and clays which constitute its surface, as ornaments and resources of luxury; he imprisons air by water, and tortures water by fire, to change, to modify, or destroy the natural forms

of things. But, in some lustrums, his works begin to change; and, in a few centuries, they decay and are in ruins; and his mighty temples, framed, and his were, for immortal and divine purposes; and his bridges formed of granite, and ribbed with iron; and his walls for defence, and the splendid monuments by which he has endeavoured to give eternity even to his perishable remains—are gradually destroyed; and these structures, which have resisted the waves of the ocean, the tempests of the sky, and the stroke of the lightning, shall yield to the operation of the dews of heaven, of frost, rain, vapour, and perceptible atmospheric influences; and as the worms devour the lineaments of man's mortal beauty, so the lichens, and the moss, and the most insignificant plants, shall feed upon his columns and his pyramids; and the most humble and insignificant insects shall undermine and sap the foundations of his colossal works, and make their habitations amongst the ruins of his palaces, and the falling seats of his earthly glory.

Time is almost a human word, and Change entirely a human idea; in the system of nature we should rather say progress than change. The sun appears to sink in the ocean in darkness, but it rises in another hemisphere: the ruins of a city fall, but they are often used to form more magnificent structures; even when they are destroyed so as to produce only dust, Nature asserts her empire over them; and the vegetable world rises in constant youth, in a period of annual successions, by the labours of man—providing food, vitality, and beauty,

upon the wrecks of monuments which were raised for purposes of glory, but which are now applied to objects of utility.

—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

LESSON LIX

RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS

THE rosary which you see suspended around my neck, is a memorial of sympathy and respect for an illustrious man. I was passing through France, in the reign of Napoleon, by the peculiar privilege granted to a *savant*, on my road to Italy. I had just returned from the Holy Land, and had in my possession two or three of the rosaries which are sold to pilgrims at Jerusalem, as having been suspended in the Holy Sepulchre. Pius VII. was then in imprisonment at Fontainebleau. By a special favour, on the plea of my return from the Holy Land, I obtained permission to see this venerable and illustrious pontiff. I carried with me one of my rosaries. He received me with great kindness. I tendered my services to execute any commissions, not political ones, he might think fit to entrust me with, in Italy, informing him that I was an Englishman; he expressed his thanks, but declined troubling me. I told him that I was just returned from the Holy Land, and, bowing, with great humility, offered to him my rosary from the Holy Sepulchre. He received it with a smile, touched it with his lips, gave

his benediction over it, and returned it into my hands, supposing, of course, that I was a Roman Catholic. I had meant to present it to his Holiness; but the blessing he had bestowed upon it, and the touch of his lips, made it a precious relic to me; and I restored it to my neck, round which it has ever since been suspended. * * * “We shall meet again; adieu”; and he gave me his paternal blessing.

It was eighteen months after this interview, that I went out, with almost the whole population of Rome, to receive and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious Father of the Church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova; and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received; it was impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and of rapture sent up to heaven by every voice. And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was a universal prostration, a sobbing, and marks of emotion and joy, almost like the bursting of the heart. I heard everywhere around me cries of “The Holy Father! the Most Holy Father! His restoration is the work of God!” I saw tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women about me, many of whom were sobbing hysterically, and old men were weeping as if they were children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occasion, and repeatedly touched with my lips that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerable pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed feeling, as a memorial of a man whose sanctity, firmness, meekness, and benevolence, are an honour to his church, and to human nature; and it has not only

been useful to me, by its influence on my own mind, but it has enabled me to give pleasure to others, and has, I believe, been sometimes beneficial in insuring my personal safety. I have often gratified the peasants of Apulia and Calabria, by presenting them to kiss, a rosary from the Holy Sepulchre, which had been hallowed by the touch of the lips and benediction of the Pope; and it has even been respected by, and procured me a safe passage through, a party of brigands, who once stopped me in the passes of the Appennines.

—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

LESSON LX

ODE TO THE PASSIONS

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, his skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.
Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire
In lightings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled,—
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad by fits; by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,—
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
hair.

And longer had she sung, but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe:

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;
And now it courted Love, now, raving, call'd on
Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retir'd ;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew.

Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung;
The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known!
The oak-crown'd sisters and their chaste-eyed
 queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd:
But, soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
—Collins.

LESSON LXI

THE PRESENCE OF GOD

OF ALL the exercises of a Christian life, there is not one on which the saints set so high a value, or which they have more strongly recommended, than

that of the presence of God. It is important for us to know well its obligation, its utility, and its practice.

The obligation of this exercise is founded on these two principles of faith—God is in all places, and God sees all things. He is in all places: then we owe him respect in all places. We ought in all places to remember the preëminence of His being and our dependence. There is no place in the universe which is not consecrated by the presence of His Majesty; and wheresoever I am, I may say with Jacob, “This place is holy, and I knew it not,” or rather, I did not think of it, I did not reflect on it. Thus, the exercise of the presence of God is the legitimate homage and worship which we render to His immensity. St. Augustine figured it to himself as a vast ocean, in which all creatures are swallowed up and penetrated with the essence of God, without ever being able to disengage themselves from Him, because they are present to Him by the necessity of their being. Is it not just, then, that man, who is an intelligent and rational creature, should make it a religious duty to be also present to Him in mind and heart, considering himself continually in God, and considering God in him, since there are such essential ties between them? God being everywhere at the same time, sees all things, and observes all things. We ought then, as far as in our power, have Him continually in view, and walk always as having Him for witness, not only of our actions, but of our most secret intentions—that God, whose penetration is infinite, to whom, in spite of ourselves, we serve as a continual spectacle, and from

whose knowledge nothing can conceal itself or escape. "Where shall I go, Lord," says David, "to hide myself from Thy divine understanding, and where shall I fly from before Thy face?"

The utility of the exercise of the presence of God consists in its being a sovereign preservative against sin, and a short and abridged way to arrive at perfection. A sovereign preservative against sin—for there is nothing more proper to restrain us than to think we are before God; nothing more efficacious to repress the motions of passion, to make us triumph over the most violent temptations than to remember that we are in the presence of our Judge; of Him who is about to condemn us, and who is ready to pronounce sentence against us, if we be so rash as to offend Him. There is no temptation which this reflection will not surmount; no passion so violent which it will not check; no frailty, no fall, from which it will not preserve. Our sins are, for the most part, occasioned by our losing sight of God, and we would scarcely ever sin, if we had Him continually before us. "To sin against God," says St. Augustine, "is a crime; but he who sins with God in his view is a monster; and there are few sinners who would be audacious enough to go so far, if they were but pre-occupied with this sentiment—*God sees me.*" The presence of God is an abridged way of arriving at perfection. This is what God Himself taught to Abraham when He said to him, "Walk before me and be perfect." The true perfection of the Christian consists in doing all his actions well; not carelessly, but with application and fervour. Now what is there that can inspire

us with this fervour in all our actions, what can animate us more, and correct in us the disorder of a slothful and negligent life, than the remembrance of God's presence? He sees us; we have Him as a continual spectator of our actions. Can I, then, be tepid and languishing in His service, and in what I do for Him? This presence of God is, moreover, a source of consolation for just souls, and a support in all the efforts and struggles which the care of their perfection costs them. What can be sweeter than this thought: God is with me—God as He is, He applies Himself to me, and is employed about me? Is not this thought alone more than sufficient to soften all the pains that may present themselves, and to fortify us in all the combats we may have to encounter? Such is the fruit of the presence of God. "Let the just," says the Scripture, "be filled with a holy joy"; and how could it be otherwise, "since they have had God always before them, and since they are continually under his eyes"?

—*Bourdaloue.*

LESSON LXII

LIES OF HISTORY

ABSTRACTEDLY from all the influences which we have sustained in common with the rest of the civilized commonwealth, our British disparagement of the Middle Ages has been exceedingly enhanced by our grizzled ecclesiastical or church historians of

the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These "standard works," accepted and received as Canonical Books, have tainted the nobility of our national mind. An adequate parallel to their bitterness, their shabbiness, their shrinking, their habitual disregard of honour and veracity, is hardly afforded even by the so-called "Anti-Jacobin" during the revolutionary and Imperial wars. The history of Napoleon, his generals, and the French nation, collected from these exaggerations of selfish loyalty, rabid aversion, and panic terror, would be the match of our popular and prevailing ideas concerning Hildebrand, or Anselm, or Becket, or Innocent III., or mediæval Catholicity in general, grounded upon our ancestral traditionary "standard ecclesiastical authorities," such as Burnet's *Reformation*, or Fox's *Book of Martyrs*.

The scheme and intent of mediæval Catholicity was to render Faith the all-actuating and all-controlling vitality. So far as the system extended, it had the effect of connecting every social element with Christianity. And Christianity being thus wrought up into the mediæval system, every mediæval institution, character, or mode of thought afforded the means or vehicle for the villification of Christianity. Never do these writers, or their school, whether in France or in Great Britain, Voltaire or Mably, Hume, Robertson, or Henry, treat the Clergy of the Church with fairness; not even with common honesty. If historical notoriety enforces the allowance of any merit to a priest, the effect of this extorted acknowledgment is destroyed by a clever insinuation, or a coarse innuendo. Consult, for example, Hume when compelled to notice

the Archbishop Hubert's exertions in procuring the concessions of the Magna Charta; and Henry, narrating the communications which passed between Gregory the Great and Saint Austin.

—*Sir Francis Palgrave.*

LESSON LXIII

ROMAN WAR COUNCIL

CATO.—Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summoned us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still
 fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS.—My voice is still for war.
Shall then a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose—slavery or death?

No; let us rise at once, gird on your swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from
bondage.

Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and avenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains!
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unavenged amongst us!

CATO.—Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants and that wisdom guides:
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.—My thoughts, I must confess, are
turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels filled the world
With widows and with orphans; Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome;
'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.

It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers—
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair),
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome:
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use; our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our
 hands,
And bids us not to delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do
Is done already; heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, then we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.—This smooth discourse and mild
 behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor. Something whispers me,
All is not right;—Cato, beware of Lucius.

CATO.—Let us appear not rash nor diffident;
Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment e'er her time?
No; let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last;

So shall we gain still one day's liberty ;
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

—*Addison.*

LESSON LXIV

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinkling lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath;
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequestr'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at moontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss’d him on the ’custom’d hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him
borne;—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain’d from Heaven (’t was all he wish’d)
a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—Gray.

LESSON LXV

THE CHURCH AND SOCIETY

THE kingdom of Jesus Christ is His Church, one and universal, and by it He exercises His sovereignty over the nations. The commission of His Apostles was to found a universal kingdom, which should never be destroyed; of which the prophet has said, "It shall not be delivered up to another people!" Empires have passed from people to people, kingdoms have vanished from off the face of the earth; but the kingdom of Jesus Christ can never pass to any hand from that which was pierced on Calvary. His kingdom shall endure to all eternity. The Church of God on earth is a true kingdom, reigning by its own right. It has a right to its own existence, to its own possessions, to its own legislature, to its own executive, and to its own tribunals. It receives these prerogatives neither from king, nor prince, nor people; and no human authority can circumscribe its limits. Nay, it circumscribes the limit of all other authority, and is itself subject to none but God only. When the Church came into this world, it suffered its ten per-

secutions. The world, if it had been possible, would have been stifled in its own blood ; but an indefectible life cannot perish. For three hundred years it spread, and penetrated and pervaded the whole civil society of the world ; it entered into households, and peoples, and nations, and cities, and kingdoms. It reached, at last, to the palace of the Cæsars ; it took possession of the imperial family ; it converted the emperor on his throne ; and when it had pervaded the senate, and the tribunals, and the whole civil life of Rome, the empire was elevated above itself. It became regenerated by grace, and lived a new life, and was guided by new laws, and confirmed by new authorities ; and the civil society of the world was born again. That which God has created in the natural state was elevated, by its union with the Church, to the supernatural order ; the members of it were regenerated by water and the Holy Ghost, and became members of the kingdom of God, illuminated by faith under the guidance of the pastors of the Universal Church and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Then came to pass a change so terrible, that the world does not contain in history anything more fearful. Rome, which had governed the world by its laws, and its warfare, and its civilization, was purged by fire and by blood. The kingdom of Jesus Christ then took possession of the civil society of the world. Then passed away the old civilization, which was corrupt to the very marrow ; so corrupt, that nothing could have changed it but the baptism of fire, by which it was cleansed. The most terrible judgments of God fell upon Rome, upon the city, and upon the provinces of the Roman

Empire. They were purged by wars, massacres, and pestilence; the old world was burned down to the roots, that the new civilization and the new Christian world might spring from the earth purified by fire.

And nothing could be more beautiful, nothing more like to the vision of the Heavenly City, than the rise of this Christian civilization. When, in the love of God, slavery began to melt away; when fathers with horror cast from them the power of life and death over their children and their slaves as a thing too hideous for Christian men; when husbands renounced with thanksgiving to their Redeemer the power of life and death over wives; when the horrors, and injustice, and abominations of the pagan domestic life gave place to the charities of Christian homes, then the whole world was lifted to a higher sphere. It had come under the light and jurisdiction of the sovereignty of Jesus Christ. Such was the growth of the world; beginning, I will say, from the time of St. Gregory the Great, the apostle of our Christianity, who reigned with a patriarchal sway over the three-and-twenty patrimonies of the Church—over Italy and the north of Africa, and the coasts of the Adriatic and the south of France, and Sicily, and the islands of the Mediterranean. This new Christian world was the germ of modern Europe. The Pontiffs laid the foundations of a world which is now passing away—a Christian commonwealth of nations, about which men vaunt themselves as if they were its saviours, though they never cease to destroy it.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

LESSON LXVI

PART I—LOOK HOME

RETIRED thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye:
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all morals summed lie;
Of fairest forms and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To nature's patterns adding higher skill
Of finest works wit could improve the state,
If force of wit had equal pow'r of will.
Device of man in working hath no end;
What thought can think, another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might:
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And to discern this bliss a native light,
To frame God's image as His word required,
His might, his skill, his word, and will conspired.

All that he had, his image should present;
All that it should present, he could afford;
To that he could afford, his will was bent;
His will was follow'd with performing word.
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest,
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

—Southwell.

PART II—MARRULUS'S SPEECH TO THE MOB

WHEREFORE rejoice? What conquest brings he
home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones! you worse than senseless
things,

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

—*Shakespeare.*

LESSON LXVII

THE STREAM OF LIFE

THE stream that hurries by yon fixed shore
Returns no more ;
The wind that dries at morn yon dewy lawn,
Breathes and is gone ;
Those wither'd flow'rs to summer's ripening glow
No more shall blow ;
Those fallen leaves that strew yon garden bed,
For aye are dead.

Of laugh, of jest, of mirth, of pleasure past,
Nothing shall last ;
On shore, on sea, on hill, on vale, on plain,
Nought shall remain ;
Of all for which poor mortals vainly mourn.
Nought shall return ;
Life hath its hour in heaven and earth beneath,
And so hath death.

Not all the chains that clank in eastern clime,
Can fetter time ;
For all the phials in the doctor's store
Youth comes no more ;
No drug on Age's wrinkled cheek renews
Life's early hues ;
Not all the tears by pious mourners shed
Can wake the dead.

For all Spring gives, and Winter takes again,
 We grieve in vain ;
Vainly for sunshine fled, and joys gone by,
 We heave a sigh ;
On, ever on, with unexhausted breath,
 Time hastes to death.
Even with each word we speak a moment flies,
 Is born, and dies.

If thus through lesser Nature's empire wide
 Nothing abide ;
If wind, and wave, and leaf, and sun, and flow'r,
 Have each their hour—
He walks on ice, whose dallying spirit clings
 To earthly things ;
And he alone is wise, whose well-taught love
 Is fixed above.

Truths firm as bright, but oft to mortal ear
 Chilling and drear ;
Harsh as the raven's croak the sounds that tell
 Of pleasure's knell.
Pray, reader, that at least the minstrel's strain
 Not all be vain ;
And when thou bend'st to God the suppliant knee.
 Remember me !

—*Gerald Griffin.*

LESSON LXVIII

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man !
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me,
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man !
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me!

* * *

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the Commons hear this testament;
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read.)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

* * *

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through,
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

* * *

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
 mouths,
And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

—*Shakespeare.*

LESSON LXIX

THE ACTION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN UP- ROOTING SLAVERY

WHILE Christianity broke down the contempt with which the master had regarded his slaves, and planted among the latter a principle of moral regeneration which expanded in no other sphere with an equal perfection, its action in procuring the freedom of the slaves was unceasing. The law of Constantine, which placed the ceremony under the su-

perintendence of the clergy, and the many laws that gave special facilities of manumission to those who desired to enter the monasteries or the priesthood, symbolized the religious character the act had assumed.

It was celebrated on Church festivals, especially on Easter. St. Melania was said to have emancipated 8,000 slaves; St. Ovidus, a rich martyr of Gaul, 5,000; Chromatius, a Roman prefect under Diocletian, 1,400; Hermes, a prefect of the reign of Trajan, 1,250; Pope St. Gregory, and many of the clergy of Hippo, under the rule of St. Augustine, and great numbers of private individuals, freed their slaves as an act of piety. It became customary to do so on occasions of national or personal thanksgiving, on recovery from sickness, on the birth of a child, at the hour of death, and above all, in testamentary bequests. Numerous charters and epitaphs still record the gift of liberty to slaves throughout the middle ages. In the thirteenth century, when there were no slaves to emancipate in France, it was usual in many churches to release caged pigeons on the ecclesiastical festivals in memory of the ancient charity, and that prisoners might still be freed in the name of Christ.

Closely connected with the influence of the Church in destroying hereditary slavery, was its influence in redeeming captives from servitude. In no other form of charity was its beneficial character more continually and more splendidly displayed. During the long and dreary trials of the barbarian invasions, when the whole structure of society was dislocated, when vast districts and mighty cities

were, in a few months, almost depopulated, and when the flower of the youth of Italy were mowed down by the sword or carried away into captivity, the bishops never desisted from their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners. St. Ambrose, disregarding the outcries of the Arians, who denounced his act as atrocious sacrilege, sold the rich church ornaments of Milan to rescue some captives who had fallen into the hands of the Goths, and this practice—which was afterwards formally sanctioned by St. Gregory the Great—became speedily general.

When the Roman army had captured, but refused to support, seven thousand Persian prisoners, Acacius, Bishop of Amida, undeterred by the bitter hostility of the Persians to Christianity, sold all the rich church ornaments of his diocese, rescued the unbelieving prisoners, and sent them back unharmed to their king. During the horrors of the Vandal invasion, Deogratias, Bishop of Carthage, took a similar step to ransom the Roman prisoners. St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, St. Cæsarius of Arles, St. Exuperius of Tolouse, St. Hilary, St. Remi, all melted down or sold their church vases to free prisoners. St. Cyprian sent a large sum for the same purpose to the Bishop of Nicomedia. St. Epiphanius and St. Avitus, in conjunction with a rich Gaulish lady named Syagria, are said to have rescued thousands. St. Eloi devoted to this object his entire fortune. St. Paulinus of Nola displayed a similar generosity. When, long afterward, the Mohammedan conquests in a measure reproduced the calamities of the barbarian invasions, the same unwearied charity was displayed. The Trinitarian

monks, founded by John of Matha, in the twelfth century, were devoted to the release of Christian captives, and another society was founded with the same object by Peter Nolasco in the following century.

—*Lecky.*

LESSON LXX

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH

IN THE silence and grandeur of midnight I tread
Where savannahs in boundless magnificence spread,
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fern-tree waves o'er me, the fire-fly's red light
With its quick-glancing splendour illumines the
night,

And I read in each line of the skies and the earth
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,
Bright Cross of the South!—and beholding thee
shine,

Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main,
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazon'd in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the ocean's unknown,
Where all was mysterious and awful and lone,
Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when
 the deep
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep!

As the vision that rose to the Lord of the world,*
When first his bright banner of faith was unfurl'd;
Even such to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou.

And to me, as I traverse the world of the west,
Through deserts of beauty in stillness that rest;
By forests and rivers untamed in their pride,
Thy beams have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on—my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not,
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they
 may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts art a pure-blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes, and of visions divine;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

LESSON LXXI

PART I—THE MAIL CARRIER

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
locks;

News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill.
But oh! the important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? Have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmur of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
—*Cowper.*

PART II—EVENINGS AT HOME

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and the craggy ridge
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,

Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets;
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.

Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice that makes man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble, at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all,
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck.
Ascend his top-mast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

—Cowper.

LESSON LXXII

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE

THE Catholic Church is not the enemy of the Bible. I affirm it, and I shall prove it. She has not been its enemy. She has been the guardian of its purity, and the preserver of its existence, through the chances and changes of eighteen hundred years. In the gloom of the Catacombs, and the splendour of the Basilica, she cherished it with equal reverence. When she saw the seed of Christianity sown in the blood of the martyrs, and braved the persecutions of the despots of the world—and when those despots bowed before the symbol of redemption, and she was lifted from her earthly humbleness, and “reared her mitred head” in court and palaces, it was equally the object of her unceasing care. She gathered together its scattered fragments—separated the true word of inspiration from the spurious inventions of presumptuous and deceitful men—made its teachings and its history familiar to her children in her noble liturgy—translated it into the language which was familiar to every one who could read at all—asserted its divine authority in her councils—maintained its canonical integrity against all gainsayers—and transmitted it, from age to age, as the precious inheritance of the Christian people.

The saints whom she most reveres were its sagest commentators, and of the army of her white-robed martyrs, whom she commemorates on her festal days, there are many who reached their im-

mortal crowns by refusing, on the rack and in the flames, to desecrate or deny the Holy Book of God. And when time passed on, and barbarism swept over the earth from its northern fastnesses, and the landmarks of the old civilization vanished away, and rude violence and savage ignorance threatened to crush forever the intellect of Europe, the Bible found its shrine in her cathedrals, and its sanctuary in her cloisters:—there it took refuge, and was saved. Whilst savage conquerors did homage to the defenceless majesty of her pontiffs, and her sacred voice sounded above the din of battles, bringing order from the chaos of convulsed nations, proclaiming the advent of a new social state, giving security to property, supremacy to law, dignity to woman, freedom to slave—during all that painful birth-time of our modern world, the monks of old, holy and labourious, and unselfish men—men like the monk you see before you, branded as a blasphemer of the new revelation of his Master—laboured by day and by night, in their cells and their scriptoria, and multiplied copies of the record of that revelation, adorning them with rare illumination and gorgeous blazonry, and perpetuating and diffusing them throughout the earth.

And the scholars of those times were adepts in Holy Writ, for, as is testified by the Rev. Dr. Maitland, the very learned librarian of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, “the writings of the dark ages are made of the scriptures * * * the writers thought, and spoke and wrote the thoughts, and words, and phrases of the Bible, and did this constantly and habitually as the natural mode of ex-

pressing themselves." And men of action, then, who, abounding in literary knowledge, were rich in love and faith and knightly honour and Christian chivalry, vied with the scholar and the monk in deep reverence for the Word of God, and testified that reverence, as best they might, by lavishing their wealth upon it, and clothing it with silver, and gold, and precious stones, and placing it in the open library of the monastery, and beside the high altar of the church, that all might have free access to its divine teachings. Of the whole mediæval time the learned Protestant, whom I have already cited, strongly says: "I do not recollect any instances in which it is recorded that the Scriptures, or any part of them, were treated with indignity or with less than profound respect." So far, the Catholic Church did not prove herself the enemy of the Bible, when there was unity in Christendom, and none presumed to check the development of her true policy and the manifestation of her real spirit. She had no reason for subterfuge or management. She was supreme and unassailable, and, in her freedom and her power, she guarded that which, by excellence, she named "The Book," through the gloom of ignorance, the fury of civil strife, the wreck of dynasties, and the revolutions of the world. So, and so only, the Bible was preserved, in the cloister and the school, and by the endless labours of devoted men, until printing came to give wings to thought and universality to knowledge. And how did the Catholic Church then deal with the Sacred Word? As if to consecrate the birth of the wondrous art, its earliest employment of importance was devoted to the preparation

of editions of the Scriptures, which, to this hour, are matchless in their splendour, and unequalled in their worth. The first great work undertaken after the invention of printing was the Holy Bible. The *editio princeps* of the Latin Vulgate, known among bibliographers as the "Mazarine Bible," was issued before the practice of affixing dates to printed works had arisen, certainly between 1450 and 1455; and if, in the middle of the fifteenth century, this noble volume commanded the wondering approval of learned men, at the close of that century, the great Complutensian Polyglot, devised by the magnificent Ximenes, far more than eclipsed its fame. The presses of Europe teemed with editions of the Scriptures. France, Belgium, Italy and Spain were rich in them. Two hundred editions of the Vulgate appeared after the invention of printing, and before the completion of Luther's Bible, and more than fifty editions in the vernacular tongues of the various nations were circulated during the same period. Surely these facts, and they are only a very few out of the multitude, demonstrate that the Catholic Church has not been the enemy of the Bible—has not regarded it with dislike or apprehension—has been, through all time, its loving, earnest and reverent protector.

—Lord O'Hagan.

LESSON LXXIII

ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME

BUT lo! the dome! the vast and wondrous dome,
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
 Christ's mighty shrine, above his martyr's tomb!
 I have beheld th' Ephesian's miracle—
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
 Th' hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
 Their glitt'ring mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
 Its sanctuary, the while th' usurping Moslem
 pray'd.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee;
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
 Since Sion's desolation, when that He
 Forsook His former city, what could be
 Of earthly structures in His honour piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode, wherein appeared enshrined

Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize
All musical in its immensities ;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air, with earth's chief structures, though their
fame
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds
must claim.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
And, as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts, until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and enroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.

Not by its fault—but thine ; our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and, as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice

Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies, at first, our nature's littleness;
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

Then pause and be enlighten'd; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe, which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could praise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great concep-
tions can.

—Byron.

LESSON LXXIV

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-
horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, through destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! Our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm:
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death!—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered
spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;

The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

* * *

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn.

—*Campbell.*

LESSON LXXV

PERORATION TO THE INVECTIVE AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS

BEFORE I come to the last magnificent paragraph, let me call the attention of those who, possibly, think themselves capable of judging of the dignity and character of justice in this country;—let me call the attention of those who, arrogantly perhaps, presume that they understand what the features, what the duties of justice are here in India;—let them learn a lesson from this great statesman, this enlarged, this liberal philosopher:—"I hope I shall not depart

from the simplicity of official language in saying, that the Majesty of Justice ought to be approached with solicitation, not descend to provoke or invite it, much less to debase itself by the suggestion of wrongs, and the promise of redress, with the denunciation of punishment before trial, and even before accusation." This is the exhortation which Mr. Hastings makes to his counsel. This is the character which he gives of British justice.

But I will ask your lordships, do you approve of this representation? Do you feel that this is the true image of Justice? Is this the character of British Justice? Are these her features? Is this her countenance? Is this her gate or mien? No; I think even now I hear you calling upon me to turn from this vile libel, this base caricature, this Indian pagod, formed of guilty and knavish tyranny, to dupe the heart of ignorance—to turn from this deformed idol to the true Majesty of Justice here. *Here*, indeed, I see a different form, enthroned by the sovereign hand of Freedom—awful, without severity—commanding, without pride—vigilant and active, without restlessness or suspicion—searching and inquisitive, without meanness or debasement—not arrogantly scorning to stoop to the voice of afflicted innocence, and in its loftiest attitude when bending to uplift the suppliant at its feet.

It is by the majesty, by the form of that Justice, that I do conjure and implore your lordships to give your minds to this great business; that I exhort you to look, not so much to words, which may be denied or quibbled away, but to the plain facts,—to weigh and consider the testimony in your own minds. We

know the result must be inevitable. Let the truth appear, and our cause is gained. It is this—I conjure your lordships, for your own honour, for the honour of the nation, for the honour of human nature, now entrusted to your care—it is this duty that the commons of England, speaking through us, claim at your hands.

They exhort you to it by everything that calls sublimely upon the heart of man—by the Majesty of that Justice which this bold man has libelled—by this wide fame of your own tribunal—by the sacred pledge by which you swear in the solemn hour of decision, knowing that that decision will then bring you to the highest reward that ever blessed the heart of man—the consciousness of having done the greatest act of mercy for the world that the earth has ever yet received from the hands of heaven. My lords, I have done.

—*Sheridan.*

LESSON LXXVI

THE TRAVELLER

REMOTE, unfriendly, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;

Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain,
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share—
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care—
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Looked downward where a hundred realms appear :
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine.
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd ;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's heir—the world, the world is mine !
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;
Thus, to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heav'n to man supplies ;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave ;
Such is the patriot's boast—where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

—*Goldsmith.*

LESSON LXXVII

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN

O THOU, that with surpassing glory crown'd
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world!—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads!—to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless
King:

Ah! wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom He created what I was
In that bright eminence; and with His good
Upbraided none; nor was His service hard.
What could be less than to afford Him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay Him thanks,
How due! Yet all His good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from Him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
Oh! had His pow'rful destiny ordain'd

Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition ! Yet why not ? some other pow'r
As great might have aspired ; and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part ; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken ; from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand ?
Thou hadst ; whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
Be, then, his love accursed ! since, love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe !
Nay, cursed be thou ! since, against His, thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

—Milton.

LESSON LXXVIII

THE EVIDENCES OF RELIGION

WHEN, from this centre of our religion, I cast my view in any direction, I behold an unbounded prospect, independent of any natural or political horizon. Under every climate, under every variety of government, I can discover myriads who daily recite the same act of faith, and perform the same acts of worship as myself ; who look up to the same objects and institutions with reverence, and acknowledge the supreme power, under whose more immediate authority I now address you. I see on every side the missionaries of this religion advanc-

ing, from day to day, farther into unconquered territories, treading the dark forests of the western hemisphere, or distinguishing themselves in the populous cities of the East; in both directions daily adding new subjects to the kingdom of the Lord. I see this society, at once coherent and united, though vast and ever-extending, wherever it becomes known, instantly becomes distinguished and conspicuous.

Powerful monarchies, whose interests on every other point seem necessarily to jar, boast that they only form integrant portions of its vast empire; men of daring, talent, and varied learning, who are eager on every other subject to frame new systems, or to distinguish themselves from others by the originality of their views, are docile as children to its doctrine, and fearful of differing in the least from the belief of the most ignorant among the faithful; bold and aspiring characters, nay, whole populations, jealous of their liberties, and impatient of almost the mildest restraint, bow to its yoke with cheerfulness, and glory in obedience to its commands, and even where it exists in a more depressed and humble state, it is still the object of universal attention and curiosity, from the splendour of its worship, the uniformity of its doctrines, and the constant increase of its members.

And if, instead of directing my looks abroad for these characterizing marks, I cast an eye upon the ground whereon I stand, I find still more speaking evidence of their existence here, with the additional quality which alone is wanting to designate fully the kingdom of Christ, all that demonstration

of an imperishable construction which centuries of duration can afford. For when I follow back, through every age, the ecclesiastical monuments which surround me, and find that they conduct me to the very foundation of the Christian Church; when I see myself kneeling before the very altars which a Sylvester annointed, and where a Constantine adored; above all, when standing in the sublimest temple which the hands or even the imagination of men ever raised to his Creator, I behold myself placed, at once, between the shrine of the prince of the Apostles, and the throne of his successor in a direct lineal descent, and can thence trace with my eye almost every link which unites these two extremes through the ashes that repose beneath the tombs and altars that surround me, oh! will any one ask me why I cling, with a feeling of pride and of affection, to the religion which alone carries me back to the infancy of Christianity, and unites, in unbroken connection, through ages of fulfilment and prophecy, the creed which I profess, with the inspired visions of the earlier dispensations?

—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

LESSON LXXIX

PART I—THE SISTER OF CHARITY

SHE once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health,
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:

Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de
Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That called her to live for her suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ball room that figure we meet;
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame:
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and
gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice, that once echo'd the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and
pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets, a bead ;
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed ;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned
 head ;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees ;
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease :
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin con-
 fined.

Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapours of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him !

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your
 days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.

Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen.
How stands in the balance your eloquence weigh'd
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?
—*G. Griffin.*

PART II—PERNICIOUS READING

A FIRE has blazed through Europe for more than a half century, and it threatens to set the whole world in flames before long. This fire arises in the minds and hearts of men; it spreads by words; it communicates itself to whole nations; it burns at the foundations of states and at the roots of social order; it undermines thrones and altars, changes the earth into one immense volcano, and seems destined to destroy the world at last in one universal conflagration. Is it from hell that the first sparks of that flame have come forth? Yes; most certainly. It is *set on fire by hell*. Have wicked men served as instruments to the powers of darkness, to diffuse and extend its ravages? Yes; most certainly. Have the seditious and corrupting discourses of these men, their impious and furious declamations, been, as it were, the torches and brands with which they have set all around them on fire? Yes; the universe is a witness of their act; and they boast of it themselves; it is their tongue that has set the world in a blaze. But let us explain ourselves, my brethren. If they had nothing else to produce such disastrous effects except the tongue and voice which they have received from nature, the mischief which

they might cause would be very circumscribed, and of necessity limited to the narrow circle of hearers by whom they may be surrounded; they require another tongue which is far more powerful—a tongue which never tires—another voice much louder than their own—a voice which may be heard at the same time in every place—another mouth besides their own, which may ever open to circulate and vomit afar off the burning and ever succeeding waves of their calumnies and their blasphemy. This indefatigable tongue, my brethren, is their pen; this voice, which is everywhere heard, issues from their books; this mouth, which continually vomits forth the fiery torrent with which it covers the whole earth, is the press, which, at the present day, is so prolific, so criminal, so formidable to governments, to religion and morality. In plain language, bad books and their pernicious circulation are the fire which has come forth from the abyss—the fire which has caused such frightful devastation, and wrapped the two hemispheres in one destructive blaze. Bad books, multiplied almost to infinity—translated into every language—circulated with unlimited profusion throughout every country—filling every library—finding their way into every human habitation, from the rich man's palace and the philosopher's closet to the labourer's cottage, the tradesman's workshop, and the poor man's hut—corrupting every age, every sex, every condition, every people;—this is the *world of iniquity* of which the apostle speaks, and which it is impossible to mistake. Bad books, breathing revolution and war against the God of heaven and against all the lawful

powers of this earth—disturbing the Church, the state, the private circle, and every other society of man—exciting and inflaming every violent and vindictive passion—provoking discord and wars, and the revolution of empires;—this is the *unquiet evil* which spreads universal agitation and terror, and no longer leaves any spot undisturbed throughout the world. Bad books, insulting truth and modesty at every page—teaching the science of evil, the detestable trade of falsehood—perverting every intellect by their sophisms—defiling every imagination with their lascivious descriptions—destroying the rising seeds of virtue in the heart, and planting every wickedness and abomination in their place; this is the source of the deadly poison which fills the whole world with infection and death. All the guilt which we see around us, and which we cannot too earnestly deplore—crimes the most unprecedented and enormous, becoming ordinary events, which no longer occasion the least surprise—the most horrible catastrophes exhibited as daily spectacles to a cold curiosity which has now ceased to be excited by such atrocities, the eternal foundations of social order overturned—injustice converted into right—and licentiousness styled law—all that generations have revered as sacred for the last six thousand years consigned to ridicule and contempt—the most monstrous paradoxes of libertinism and infidelity converted into maxims and doctrines—morality abandoned, faith almost extinguished, and the ties of humanity itself forgotten, these are the fruits of bad books—the new poisoned branch which has sprung from the tree of

knowledge, and which having, as it were, produced the fruit of a second original sin, has once more perverted and degraded the human race.

—*Abbe McCarthy.*

LESSON LXXX

WILLIAM TELL TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS

YE CRAGS and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are, how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose
smile

Makes glad—whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow,
O'er the abyss: his broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,

By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow : yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about ; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatned him.—I could not shoot—
'Twas liberty ! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away !

Heavens ! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And think the land was free. Yes, it was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys without asking leave ;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was I then ! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have often sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake—
The stars went out, and down the mountain-gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
—On the wild jutting cliff, o'ertaken oft
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along :
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
Then I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there ;—the thought that mine was
free

Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

—*J. S. Knowles.*

LESSON LXXXI

THE GLORY OF THE CROSS

THERE appeared, in this world of misery and crime, a symbol of glory and virtue: in this world, where violence had enthroned itself by the side of slavery, a symbol of eternal justice and holy freedom; in this world of incessant grief, a symbol of everlasting consolation. He who called himself the Son of Man, bequeathed the instrument of His passion to mankind, and for eighteen centuries mankind have reverentially bent over that sacred legacy. Until His time, the rich and the powerful alone had standards and banners; He gave one to the poor, and the rich and powerful flung aside theirs to adore it. The Cross of Christ has presided over all the destinies of the modern world; it is connected with all its adversities and all its glory. It has served as the basis of its laws, and as the standard of its armies. It hallowed the most showy magnificence of civilization and the most hidden emotions of piety. It has sanctified the palaces of emperors and the cabins of peasants. In every age and every country, mankind have placed under its shelter all their glory and all their virtue.

Having served as an ornament to our virgins

and a decoration to our warriors, it receives our expiring sighs, and at last covers our bier. Bequeathed by a dying God to His Church, it has passed from hand to hand, even to his Vicar of the present day, and for the two hundred and fifty-eighth time,* it has just been lifted, amidst countless blessings, above the city and the world. It was from the arms of the Cross that the world received the first lesson of that liberty which alone is real, of that equality which alone is possible. It is the summary of our history, the code of our duties, the guarantee of our rights, the emblem of our civilization, the proof of our freedom, the seal of our future destiny.

—*Count Montalembert.*

*Written in the pontificate of Pius VII.

LESSON LXXXII

PART I—LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the moon those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
—*Cardinal Newman.*

PART II—WORDSWORTH'S TRIBUTE TO THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY

MOTHER, whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman, above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast:
Purer than foam on central ocean tossed,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her vane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls on earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible power, in which did blend,
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

PART III—HOLY CROSS ABBEY

NOT dead, but living still and militant,
With all things death-doom'd wrestling in conquering war,
More free for chains, more fair for every scar,
How well, huge pile, that forehead gray and gaunt
Thou lift'st our world of fleeting shapes to daunt!

The past in thee surviveth petrified :
Like some dead tongue art thou, some tongue that
 died
To live ;—for prayer reserved, of flatteries scant.
The age of Sophists takes on thee no hold :
From thine ascetic breast no hollow jibe
Falls flat, and cavil of the blustering scribe :
Thine endless iron winter mocks the gold
Of our brief autumns. God hath press'd on thee
The impress of His own eternity.

—*Aubrey De Vere.*

LESSON LXXXIII

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar

The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
More near from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's long cry ; and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses, beyond the time-worn breach,
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot,—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through level battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths ;
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—
But the Gladiator's bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries ;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

'Twas such a night !

'T is strange that I recall it at this time ;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order

—Byron.

LESSON LXXXIV

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

EDEN stretched her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained:
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath engulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mould high-raised
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And, now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,

Rolling on orient pearls and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrownd the noontide bowers: thus was this
place

A happy rural seat of various views;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
balm;

Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable (Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only) and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap

Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,

Knit with the Graces and the Hours, in dance
Led on the eternal Spring.

—Milton.

LESSON LXXXV

THE STARRY HEAVENS

STARS teach, as well as shine.

This prospect vast,—what is it?—Weighed aright,
'Tis Nature's system of divinity,

And every student of the night inspires :

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand.

Why from yon arch,—that infinite of space,
With infinite lucid orbs replete,

Which set the living firmament on fire,—

At the first glance, in such an overwhelm

Of wonderful, on man's astonished sight

Rushes Omnipotence? To curb our pride,

Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Power

Whose love lets down these silver chains of light,

To draw up man's ambition to Himself,

And bind our chaste affections to His throne.

And see! Day's amiable sister sends

Her invitation, in the softest rays

Of mitigated lustre;—courts thy sight,

Which suffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.

Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,

Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye:

With gain and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.

Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe

Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,

And deep reception, in the entendered heart.

This theatre!—what eye can take it in?

By what divine enchantment was it raised,

For minds of the first magnitude to launch

In endless speculations, and adore?

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,

And light us deep into the Diety ;
How boundless in magnificence and might !
Oh ! what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !
Nor tarries there ; I feel it in my heart :
My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts ;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies !
Who sees it unexalted or unawed ?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen ?
Material offspring of Omnipotence !
Inanimate, all-animating birth !
Work worthy Him who made it !—worthy praise !
All praise !—praise more than human ! nor denied
Thy praise divine !

But though man, drowned in sleep,
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake ;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this His universal temple, hung
With lustres,—with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul ; at once
The temple and the preacher ! Oh ! how loud
It calls Devotion !—genuine growth of Night !

—*Dr. Young.*

LESSON LXXXVI

PART I—LETTER TO A SCIENTIFIC APOSTATE

“You have been kind and generous to our old comrade,” adds the writer, “and he is grateful and will pray for you. And I, too, unworthy as I am, I will pray for you, since you wish it. Oh! what touching memories that word brings back to me. The sweetness of that Christmas night, those conversations with you and Lallier, when, young and in love with nothing but truth, we conversed together on eternal things. Let me speak out, my friend. * * * Who knows? Perhaps the moment is come to do so. You have sought, in the sincerity of your heart, to solve your difficulties, and you have not succeeded; but, my dear friend, the difficulties of religion are like those of science—there are always some that remain. It is a great thing to settle a few of them; no single life would suffice to exhaust them all. To decide all the questions that may arise about the Scriptures, one should know thoroughly all the Oriental languages. To answer all the objections of Protestants, one would require to study the history of the Church in its minutest details, or rather the universal history of modern times. You never could, therefore, occupied as you are in other ways, answer all the doubts that your active and ingenious imagination is forever evoking for the greater torment of your heart and mind. Fortunately God has not put certainty at such a price. What, then, are we to do? We are to do in religion as we do in

science—satisfy ourselves of the proofs of a given number of truths, and then abandon the rest to the investigation of the learned. I believe firmly that the earth goes round. I know, nevertheless, that this doctrine has its difficulties, but astronomers explain them, and, if they don't explain them all, the future will do the rest. So it is with the Bible; it is beset with difficult questions. Some have been solved long ago; others, hitherto considered insoluble, have been answered in our own day; there remain still many to be solved, but God permits this to keep the human mind on the alert, and to exercise the activity of future ages.

“No! God cannot exact that religious truth, that is to say, essential food of every soul, should be the fruit of a long research, impossible to the great number of the ignorant, and difficult to the most learned. Truth must be within reach of the lowliest, and religion must rest upon evidence accessible to the most insignificant.

“For my own part, after experiencing many doubts, after having drenched my pillow many and many a night with tears of despair, I rested my faith upon an argument which any mason or coal-heaver may take hold of. I said to myself that since every people have a religion, good or bad, it is clear that religion is a universal, perpetual, and consequently legitimate want of humanity. God, who created this want, has consequently pledged Himself to satisfy it; there must, therefore, be a true religion. Now, amongst the multitude of creeds that divide the world, without going into the study or discussion of facts, who can doubt but that Christianity is su-

premely preferable, and the only one that leads man to his moral destiny? But again, in Christianity there are three Churches—the Protestant, the Greek, and the Catholic—that is to say, anarchy, despotism, and order. The choice is not difficult, and the truth of Catholicism requires no other demonstration.

“This, my dear friend, is the brief chain of reasoning which opened to me the doors of the faith. But once entered, I was suddenly illuminated with a new flood of light, and much more deeply convinced of the internal evidences of Christianity. By this I mean the daily experience which enables me to find in the faith of my childhood all the strength and light of my mature manhood, the sanctification of my domestic joys, the solace of all my troubles. If the whole earth were to abjure Christ, there is in the unutterable sweetness of our communion, in the sweet tears that it gives rise to, a force of conviction that would suffice to make me cling to the Cross and defy the unbelief of the whole world. But I am far from such a trial, and, on the contrary, how powerful amongst men is the action of this faith in Christ, which is represented as dead! You do not know, perhaps, to what an extent the Saviour of this world is still loved, the virtues that He still evokes, the self-sacrifices, equal to the early ages of the Church, that He still inspires! I need only point to the young priests I see starting from the Seminary of Foreign Missions to go and die at Tonquin, as St. Cyprian and St. Irene did; to those converted Anglican ministers who give up splendid incomes to come to Paris to try to get bread for their wives and children by giving lessons. No! Catholicism

is not bereft of heroism in the days of Monseigneur Affre, nor of eloquence in the days of Lacrodaire, nor of any kind of glory or authority in an age which has seen Napoleon, Royer Collard, and Chateaubriand die Christians!"

—*Frederic Ozanam.*

LESSON LXXXVII

PART II—LETTER TO A SCIENTIFIC APOSTATE

"INDEPENDENTLY of this eternal evidence, I have been for the last ten years studying the history of Christianity, and every step I take in this direction strengthens my convictions. I read the Fathers, and I am filled with delight by the moral beauties they unfold to me, the philosophical lights with which they dazzle me. I plunge into the barbarous ages, and I see the wisdom of the Church and her magnanimity. I do not deny the disorders of the Middle Ages, but I have convinced myself that Catholic truth struggled single-handed against the evil, and evolved out of this chaos those prodigies of virtue and genius which we admire. I am passionately enamoured of the legitimate conquests of the modern mind; I love liberty, and I have served it, and I believe that it is to the Gospel that we owe liberty, equality, and fraternity. I have had leisure and opportunity to study all these problems, and so they were made clear to me. But I did not want this; and if other duties had hindered me from those

historical researches in which I found such intense interest, I should have reasoned about them as I do about exegetical studies, whose access is closed to me. I believe in the truth of Christianity; consequently, if there be any objections, I believe that sooner or later they will be explained. I believe even that some may never be explained, because Christianity treats of the relations of the finite with the infinite, and that we shall never understand the infinite. All that my reason has a right to exact is that I should not compel it to believe in the absurd. Now, there can be no philosophical absurdity in a religion which satisfied the intelligence of Descartes and Bossuet, nor any moral absurdity in a creed which sanctified St. Vincent de Paul, nor any philological absurdity in an interpretation of Scriptures which satisfied the vigorous mind of Sylvester de Sacy. Certain men of modern times cannot bear the dogma of eternal punishment; they consider it inhuman. Do they fancy they love humanity more, and that they have a finer perception of the just and the unjust, than St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Francis of Sales? It is not because they love humanity more; it is because they have a less lively sense of the horror of sin and the justice of God! Oh! my dear friend, let us not waste our time in endless discussions. We have not two lives, one to search out the truth, and the other to practise it. This is why God does not need to be searched after. He reveals himself in this living Christian society which surrounds you; He is before your eyes; He urges you * * * You will soon be forty years of age; it is time you de-

cided. Yield to the Saviour, who is entreating you; give yourself up to Him as your friends have done, you will then find peace. Your doubts will vanish as mine vanished. You want so little to be an excellent Christian! you want nothing but one act of the will; to believe is to will. *Will* once for all; *will* at the feet of a priest, who will call down the sanction of Heaven on your trembling act. Have but this courage, my friend, and the faith that you so admire in poor L., and which supports him under so great a misfortune, will add its untold sweetness to your prosperity."

—*Frederic Ozanam.*

LESSON LXXXVIII

THE FLAG AND THE CROSS

LIFT up the flag, yes, set it high beside yon gleaming
Cross,
Close to the standard of the cause that never shall
know loss.
Lift praising voice, life pledging hand; the world
must hear and see
The soldiers of the Cross of Christ most leal, dear
flag, to thee.
But wherefore speak of loyalty? Who fears a
watching world?
When have we flinched or fled from thee since first
thou wert unfurled?
Carroll and Moylan spake for us, and Barry on the
seas,
And a third of thy sturdy cradle guard—no Arnold
among these.

And yet they call us aliens, and yet they doubt our
faith—

The men who stood not with our hosts when test
of faith was death;

Who never shed a drop of blood when ours was
shed like rain,

That not a star should fall from thee nor thy great
glory wane.

O Meagher, Meade, and Sheridan; O rank and file
as brave!

Rise in your hundred thousands—rise, and shame
the shallow knave.

Yea, mine own graves, give up your dead, hearts
strong in battle wild;

Bleed with my blood, wide wounds, once more—I
am a soldier's child.

Lift up the flag beside the Cross. Will freedom
shrink to be

Forever guarded by His sign who died to make us
free?

“In this sign shall ye overcome,” flamed forth from
heaven of old;

Yea, in the Cross the weak are strong, the fainting
heart is bold.

O mother State! O native land! O sacred flag!
Again

We pledge you sonship, yea, and sword, in sight of
God and men.

The Cross is seal upon our oath, which angels glo-
rify,

And, soldiers of the Cross of Christ, for you we'll
live and die.

LESSON LXXXIX

PART I—CARACTACUS

CLOSE your gates, O priests of Janus! close your
brazen temple gates!

For the bold Ostorius Scapula invokes the peaceful
fates;

And the brave Britannic legion at the Arch of Tri-
umph waits.

Bold Ostorius—home returning—for the island war
is o'er;

And the wild Silurian rebels shall arise in arms
no more:

Captive stands their savage monarch on the Tiber's
golden shore.

Crowded are the banks of Tiber, crowded is the
Appian way;

And through all the Via Sacra ye may mark the
dense array

Of the tramping throngs who celebrate a Roman
gala-day.

Caractacus! Caractacus! Oh! full many a Roman
child

To its mother's breast at midnight has been caught
in terror wild,

When some fearful dream of Britain's chief her
sleeping sense beguiled.

Thrice in battle sank our eagles—shame that Romans lived to tell!

Thrice three years our baffled legions strove this rebel chief to quell:

Vain were all our arms against him, till by treachery he fell.

Now, behold, he is our captive! in the market-place he stands,

And around him are the lictors and the stern Pretorian bands—

Stands he like a *king* among them, lifting high his shackled hands.

Sure he sees the steel-clad cohorts, and he marks the lictors nigh,

Yet he stands before the monarch with a glance as proudly high

As if *he*, in truth, were Cæsar, and 't were Claudius that should die.

Gazes he o'er prince and people, with a glance of wondering light,—

O'er the Rostra, o'er the Forum, up the Palatinian height,

O'er the serried ranks of soldiers stretching far beneath his sight.

Tramping onward move the legions, tramping on with iron tread,

While Ostorius, marching vanward, proudly bends his martial head—

Proudly bends to the ovation, meed of those whom valour led.

Statue-like, in savage grandeur, stands the chief of
Britain's isle;

And his bearded lip is wreathing, as with silent
scorn, the while,

"Bold barbarian! dost thou mock us, mock us with
that bitter smile?

"Lo! thou standest in the Forum, where the stran-
ger's voice is free,

Where the captive may bear witness—thus our Ro-
man laws decree!

Lift thy voice, O chief of Britons! 'Tis the Cæsar
speaks to thee!

"Lift thy voice, O wondering stranger! thou hast
marked our Roman state;

All the terrors, all the glories, that on boundless
empire wait!

Boldly speak thy thought, O Briton, be it framed
in love or hate!"

—*Bernard Barton.*

LESSON XC

PART II—CARACTACUS

THUS our monarch to the stranger. Then, from off
his forehead fair,

Backward, with a Jove-like motion, flung the chief
his golden hair:

And he said, "O king of Romans! freely I my
thought declare.

“Vanquished is my warlike nation, stricken by the
Roman sword;
Lost to me my wife and children, long have I their
fate deplored;
They are gone—but gloomy Hertha still enthrals
their hapless lord.

“Yet I murmur not, but *wonder*—wonder, as in
Jotna dreams,
At each strange and glittering marvel that before
my vision gleams;
At the blaze of Roman glory which upon my senses
streams.

“Romans! even as gods ye prosper, boundless are
your gifts and powers!
Ye have fields with grain o’erladen, gardens thick
with fruits and flowers,
Halls of shining marble builded, cities strong with
battling towers.

“I have marked your gorgeous dwellings and your
works of wondrous art:
Bridges high in air suspended, columned shrine, and
gilded mart,
And I marvelled—much I marvelled—in my poor
barbarian heart.

“For this day I saw your mighty gods beneath the
Pantheon dome,—
Gods of gold, and bronze, and silver,—and I mar-
velled, King of Rome,
That such wealthy gods should envy me my poor
barbarian home!”

Ceased the chief, and on the pavement sadly sank
his tearful eyes,
And the wondering crowds around him held their
breath in mute surprise;
Held their breath—and then outbursting, clove the
air with sudden cries:

“Cæsar, he hath spoken bravely! Claudius, he hath
spoken well!”
Not unmoved the brow of Cæsar—it had lost the
Claudian frown;
And a tear upon his royal cheek is slowly trickling
down:
Never purer gem than Pity’s tear enriched a mon-
arch’s crown!

Yet he speaks in anger’s accents: “Ho! advance the
fasces now;
Lictors! close ye round the scorner! Ha! barba-
rian, smilest thou?
There is one beneath whose glances even thy
haughty soul shall bow!”

Thus spoke Claudius, and the soldiers, opening
round the curule chair,
Half revealed a form majestic mid the lictors bend-
ing there,—
Half revealed a stately woman, mantled by her ra-
diant hair.

Flashed the captive's eye with sunlight; burned his
cheeks with new-born life—
Hope, and fear, and doubt, and gladness, held by
turns their eager strife—
Then two hearts and voices mingled, murmuring,
“Husband!” answering, “Wife!”

—*Barton.*

LESSON XCI

THE MIDDLE AGES

WE OFTEN think of, and represent to ourselves, the Middle Ages as a blank in the history of the human mind—an empty space between the refinement of antiquity and the illumination of modern times. We are willing to believe that art and science had entirely perished, that their resurrection, after a thousand years' sleep, may appear something more wonderful and sublime. Here, as in many other of our customary opinions, we are at once false, narrow-sighted, and unjust; we give up substance for gaudiness, and sacrifice truth to effect. The fact is, that the substantial part of the knowledge and civilization of antiquity never was forgotten, and that for very many of the best and noblest productions of modern genius, we are entirely indebted to the inventive spirit of the Middle Ages. It is upon the whole extremely doubtful whether those periods which are the richest in literature, possess the greatest share either of moral excellence

or political happiness. We are well aware that the true and happy age of Roman greatness long preceded that of Roman refinement and Roman authors, and I fear there is but too much reason to suppose, that in the history of the modern nations we may find many examples of the same kind. But even if we should not at all take into our consideration these higher and more universal standards of the worth and excellence of ages and nations, and although we should entirely confine our attention to literature and intellectual cultivation alone, we ought still, I imagine, to be very far from viewing the period of the Middle Ages with the fashionable degree of self-satisfaction and contempt. If we consider literature, in its widest sense, as the voice which gives expression to human intellect—as the aggregate mass of symbols in which the spirit of an age or the character of a nation is shadowed forth; then, indeed, a great and accomplished literature is, without doubt, the most valuable possession of which any nation can boast. If, however, we allow ourselves to narrow the meaning of the word literature, so as to make it suit the limits of our own prejudices, and expect to find in all literatures the same sort of excellences and the same sort of forms, we are sinning against the spirit of all philosophy, and manifesting our utter ignorance of all nature. Everywhere, in individuals as in species, in small things as well as in great, the fulness of invention must precede the refinements of art; legend must go before history, and poetry before criticism. If the literature of any nation has had no such poetical antiquity before arriving at

its period of regular and artificial development, we may be sure that this literature can never attain to a national shape and character, or come to breathe the spirit of originality and independence. The Greeks possessed such a period of poetical wealth in those ages, certainly not very remarkable for their refinement either in literature, properly so called, or in science, which elapse between the Trojan adventures and the times of Solon and Pericles, and it is to this period that the literature of Greece was mainly indebted for the variety, originality, and beauty of its unrivalled productions. What this period was to Greece, the middle age was to modern Europe; the fulness of creative fancy was the distinguished characteristic of them both. The long and silent process of vegetation must precede the spring; and the spring must precede the maturity of the fruit. The youth of individuals has been often called their spring-time of life; I imagine we may speak so of whole nations with the same propriety as of individuals. They also have their seasons of unfolding intellect and mental blossoming. The age of crusades, chivalry, romance, and minstrelsy, was an intellectual spring among all the nations of the West.

—Schlegel.

LESSON XCII

ARRIVAL OF CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES AMONGST THE
INDIANS

O'ER the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?
Or the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,

Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar!

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:

“Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!”

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
“It is well,” they said, “O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!”

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
“It is well,” they said, “O brother,
That you come so far to see us!”

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
Told his message to the people,

Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

—*Longfellow.*

LESSON XCIII

DEPARTURE OF HIAWATHA

FROM his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis.
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,

Did not wake the guests, that slumbered :

“I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them ;
See that never harm comes near them ;
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha !”

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise :

“I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey ;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning !”

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting ;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;

Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said: "Farewell for ever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed: "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed: "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed: "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,

In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

—*Longfellow.*

LESSON XCIV

ADVERSITY

IT WAS a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that, “the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.” Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), “It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a god.” This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed; and the poets, indeed, have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian, “that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus, (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or

pitcher"; lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

—Bacon.

LESSON XCV

STUDIES

STUDIES serve for pastimes, for ornaments, for abilities; their chief use for pastimes is in privateness and retiring; for ornaments in discourse; and for ability in judgment; for expert men can execute, but learned men are more fit to judge and censure. To spend too much time in them is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are themselves perfected by experience; crafty men condemn them, wise men use them, simple men admire them; for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation. Read not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready, and writing an exact man; therefore, if a man write little, he hath need of a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not know. Histories make wise men; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend.

—*Bacon*;

APOPHTHEGMS FROM BACON

One of the seven was wont to say, that laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.

Cato the elder, what time many of the Romans had statues erected in their honour, was asked by one in a kind of wonder, why he had none? He answered, he had much rather men should ask and wonder why he had no statue, than why he had a statue.

The same Plutarch said of men of weak abilities set in great place, that they were like little statues set on great bases, made to appear the less by their advancement.

LESSON XCVI

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING

I HAVE often wondered at the extreme fecundity of the press, and how it comes to pass that so many heads; on which Nature seems to have inflicted the curse of barrenness, should teem with voluminous productions. As a man travels on, however, in the journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus have I chanced, in my peregrinations about this great metropolis, to blunder upon a scene which un-

folded to me some of the mysteries of the book-making craft, and at once put an end to my astonishment.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great saloons of the British Museum, with the listlessness with which one is apt to saunter about a museum in warm weather; sometimes lolling over the glass cases of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with nearly equal success, to comprehend the allegorical paintings on the lofty ceilings. Whilst I was gazing about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to a distant door, at the end of a suit of apartments. It was closed, but every now and then it would open, and some strange-favored being, generally clothed in black, would steal forth, and glide through the rooms, without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that strait, and to explore the unknown regions beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight-errant. I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice, were arranged a great number of black-looking portraits of ancient authors. About the room were placed long tables with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale studious personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among mouldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. A hushed

stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, and occasionally the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the page of an old folio; doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research.

Now and then one of these personages would write something on a small slip of paper, and ring a bell, whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall, tooth and nail, with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene reminded me of an old Arabian tale, of a philosopher shut up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mountain, which opened only once a year; where he made the spirits of the place bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge, so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and to control the powers of Nature.

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me. A few words were sufficient for the purpose. I found that these mysterious personages, whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of

manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading room of the great British Library, an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read: one these sequestered pools of obsolete literature to which modern authors repair, and draw buckets full of classic lore, or "pure English, undefiled," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought.

Being now in possession of the secret, I sat down in a corner, and watched the process of this book manufactory. I noticed one lean, bilious-looking wight, who sought none but the most worm-eaten volumes, printed in black letter. He was evidently constructing some work of profound erudition, that would be purchased by every man who wished to be thought learned, placed upon a conspicuous shelf of his library, or laid open upon his table—but never read. I observed him, now and then, draw a large fragment of biscuit out of his pocket, and gnaw; whether it was for his dinner, or whether he was endeavoring to keep off that exhaustion of the stomach produced by much pondering over dry works, I leave to harder students than myself to determine.

There was one dapper little gentleman in bright-colored clothes, with a chirping, gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his book-seller. After considering him attentively, I recognized in him a diligent getter-up of miscellaneous works, which bustled off well with the trade. I was curious to see how he manufactured his wares. He made more stir and show of business than any of the

others; dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth. It was here a finger and there a thumb, toe of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip poured in like "baboon's blood," to make the medly "slab and good."

—*Washington Irving.*

LESSON XCVII

THE END OF THE YEAR

I WAS awakened by a hand taking mine, and opening my eyes, I recognized the doctor. After having felt my pulse, he nodded his head, sat down at the foot of my bed, and looked at me, rubbing his nose with his snuff-box. I have since learned that this was a sign of satisfaction with the doctor. "Well, so we worked old snub-nose to carry us off?" said M. Lambert, in his half-joking, half-scolding way. "What the deuce of a hurry we were in! It was necessary to hold you back with both arms at least!" "Then you gave me up, doctor?" asked I, rather alarmed. "Not at all," replied the old physician. "We can't give up what we have not got; and I made it a rule never to have any hope. We are but instruments in the hands of Providence, and

each of us should say with Ambroise Poré, 'I tend him, God cures him!'

"May He be blessed, then, as well as you," cried I, "and may my health come back with the New Year." M. Lambert shrugged his shoulders. "Begin by asking yourself for it," resumed he bluntly. "God has given it you, and it is your own sense, and not chance, that must keep it for you. One would think, to hear people talk, that sickness comes upon us like rain or the sunshine, without one having a word to say in the matter. Before we complain of being ill, we should prove that we deserve to be well." I was about to smile, but the doctor looked angry. "Ah! you think that I am joking," resumed he, raising his voice, "but tell me, then, which of us gives his health the same attention that he gives his business? Do you economise your strength as you economise your money? Do you avoid excess and imprudence on the one side, with the same care as extravagance and foolish speculation on the other? Do you keep as regular account of your mode of living as you do of your income? Do you consider every evening what has been wholesome or unwholesome for you, with the same care as you bring to the examination of your expenditures? You may smile; but have you not brought this illness on yourself by a thousand indiscretions?" I began to protest against this, and asked him to point out these indiscretions. The old doctor spread out his fingers and began to reckon on them one by one.

"Primo," he said, "want of exercise. You live here like a mouse in a cheese, without air, motion or change. Consequently the blood circulates badly,

the fluids thicken, the muscles, being inactive, do not claim their share of nutrition, the stomach flags, and the brain grows weary. Secundo. Irregular food. Caprice is your cook; your stomach a slave who must accept what you give it, but who presently takes a sullen revenge, like all slaves.

"Tertio. Sitting up late. Instead of using the night for sleep, you spend it in reading; your bedstead is a bookcase, your pillow a desk. At the time when the wearied brain asks for rest, you lead it through those nocturnal orgies, and you are surprised to find it the worse for them the next day.

"Quarto. Luxurious habits. Shut up in your attic, you insensibly surround yourself with a thousand effeminate indulgences. You must have a list for your door, a blind for your window, a carpet for your feet, an easy chair stuffed with wool for your back, your fire lit at the first sign of cold, and a shade to your lamp; and, thanks to all these precautions, the least draught makes you catch cold, common chairs give you no rest, and you must wear spectacles to support the light of day. You thought you were acquiring comforts and you have only contracted infirmities.

"Quinto"—

"Oh! enough, enough, doctor!" cried I. "Pray do not carry your examination further; do not attach a sense of remorse to each of my pleasures." The old doctor rubbed his nose with his snuff-box. "You see," he said more gently and rising at the same time, "you would escape from the truth. You shrink from inquiry, a proof that you are guilty. But at least, my friend, do not go

on laying the blame on Time, like an old woman." Thereupon he again felt my pulse and took his leave, declaring that his function was at an end and that the rest depended upon myself.

—*Emile Souvestre.*

LESSON XCVIII

THE END OF THE YEAR (CONTINUED)

WHEN the doctor was gone, I set about reflecting on what he had said.

Although his thoughts were too sweeping, they were not the less true in the main. How often we accuse chance of an illness, the origin of which we should seek in ourselves! Perhaps it would have been wise to let him finish the examination he had begun.

But is there not another of more importance—that which concerns the health of the soul? Am I so sure of having neglected no means of preserving that, during the year which is now ending? Have I, as one of God's soldiers upon earth, kept my courage and my arms efficient? Shall I be ready for the great review of souls which must pass before Him who is in the dark valley of Jehoshaphat?

Darest thou examine thyself, O my soul, and see how often thou hast erred?

First, thou hast erred through pride; for I have not duly valued the lowly, have drunk too deeply of

the intoxicating wines of genius, and have found no relish in pure water. I have disdained those words which had no other beauty than their sincerity; I have ceased to love men solely because they are men—I have loved them for their endowments; I have contracted the world within the narrow compass of a pantheon, and my sympathy has been awakened by admiration only. The vulgar crowd, which I ought to have followed with friendly eye because it is composed of my brothers in hope or grief, I have let pass by me with as much indifference as if it were a flock of sheep. I am indignant with him who rolls in riches and despises the man poor in worldly wealth; and yet, vain of my trifling knowledge, I despise him who is poor in mind. I scorn the poverty of intellect as others do that of dress. I take credit for a gift which I did not bestow on myself, and turn the favour of fortune into a weapon with which to attack others.

Ah, if, in the worst days of revolutions, ignorance has revolted and raised a cry against genius, the fault is not alone in the envious malice of ignorance, but comes in part, too, from the contemptuous pride of knowledge. Alas! I have too completely forgotten the fable of the sons of the magician of Bagdad.

One of them, struck by an irrevocable decree of destiny, was born blind, whilst the other enjoyed all the delights of sight. The latter, proud of his own advantages, laughed at his brother's blindness, and disdained him as a companion. One morning the blind boy wished to go out with him. "To what purpose," said he, "since the gods have put nothing

in common between us? For me creation is a stage, where a thousand charming scenes and wonderful actors appear in succession; for you it is only an obscure abyss, at the bottom of which you hear the confused murmur of an invisible world. Continue, then, alone in your darkness, and leave the pleasures of light to those upon whom the day star shines." With these words he went away, and his brother left alone, began to cry bitterly. His father, who heard him, immediately ran to him, and tried to console him by promising to give him whatever he asked.

"Can you give me sight?" asked the child. "Fate does not permit it," said the magician. "Then," cried the blind boy eagerly, "I ask you to put out the sun!"

Who knows whether my pride has not provoked the same wish on the part of some one of my brothers who does not see.

—*Emile Souvestre.*

LESSON XCIX

THE CARNIVAL

FEBRUARY 20th. What a noise out of doors! What is the meaning of those shouts and cries? Oh! I recollect, this is the last day of the carnival, and the maskers are passing. Christianity has not been able to abolish the noisy bacchanalian festivals of pagan times, but it has changed the names. That

which it has given to these "days of liberty" announces the ending of the feasts, and the month of fasting which should follow. "*Carn-a-val*," means literally, "*down with flesh meat*." It is a forty days' farewell to the "blessed pullets and fat hens," so celebrated by Pantagrue's minstrel. Man prepares for privation by satiety, and finishes his sin thoroughly before he begins to repent. Why, in all ages and among every people, do we meet with some one of those mad festivals? Must we believe that it requires such an effort for men to be reasonable, that the weaker ones have need of rest at intervals? The monks of La Trappe, who are condemned to silence by their rule, are allowed to speak once in a month, and on this day they all talk at once from the rising to the setting of the sun. Perhaps it is the same in the world. As we are obliged all the year to be decent, orderly and reasonable, we make up for such a long restraint during the carnival. It is a door opened to the incongruous fancies and wishes which have hitherto been crowded back into a corner of the brain. For a moment the slave becomes the master, as in the days of the Saturnalia, and everything is given up to the "fools of the family."

The shouts in the square redouble; the troops of masks increase—on foot, in carriages, and on horseback. It is now who can attract the most attention by making a figure for a few hours, or by exciting curiosity or envy. To-morrow they will all return, dull and exhausted, to the employments and troubles of yesterday. Alas! thought I with vexation, each of us is like these masqueraders,

our whole life is often but an unsightly carnival! And yet man has need of holidays to relax his mind, rest his body, and open his heart. Can he not have them, then, without these coarse pleasures? Economists have been long enquiring what is the best disposal of the industry of the human race. Ah! if I could only discover the best disposal of its leisure! It is easy enough to find it work, but who will find it relaxation? Work supplies the daily bread, but it is cheerfulness which gives it relish. O philosophers! go in quest of pleasure! find us amusement without brutality, enjoying without selfishness; in a word, invent a carnival which will please everybody and bring shame to no one.

Three o'clock.—I have just shut my window and stirred up my fire. As this is a holiday for everybody, I will make it one for myself, too. So I lit the little lamp over which, on grand occasions, I make a cup of the coffee that my portress's son brought from the Levant, and I look in my book-case for one of my favorite authors.

—*Emile Souvestre.*

LESSON C

DIES IRÆ

ON THAT great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away,
Thus the sibyl song of old,
Thus hath Holy David told.

There shall be a deadly fear,
When the Avenger shall appear,
And unveiled before his eye
All the works of man shall lie.
Hark! to the great trumpet's tones
Pealing o'er the place of bones;
Hark! it waketh from their bed
All the nations of the dead,—
In a countless throng to meet,
At the eternal judgment seat.
Nature sickens with dismay,
Death may not retain his prey;
And before the Maker stand
All the creatures of His hand;
The great book shall be unfurled,
Whereby God shall judge the world,
What was distant shall be near,
What was hidden shall be clear.
To what shelter shall I fly?
To what guardian shall I cry?
Oh, in that destroying hour,
Source of goodness, source of power,
Show Thou of Thine own free grace,
Help unto a helpless race.
Though I plead not at thy throne,
Aught that I for Thee have done.
Do not Thou unmindful be,
Of what Thou hast borne for me;
Of the wandering, of the scorn,
Of the scourge, and of the thorn,
Jesus, hast Thou borne the pain,
And hath all been borne in vain?
Shall Thy vengeance smite the head,

For whose ransom Thou hast bled?
Thou, whose dying blessing gave
Glory to a guilty slave.
Thou who from the crew unclean
Did'st release the Magdalene;
Shall not mercy vast and free
Evermore be found in Thee?
Father turn on me thine eyes,
See my blushes, hear my cries;
Faint though be the cries I make,
Love me for Thy mercy's sake;
From the worm and from the fire,
From the torment of Thine ire;
Fold me with the sheep that stand
Pure and safe at Thy right hand;
Hear Thy guilty child implore Thee,
Rolling in the dust before thee;
Oh, the horrors of that day!
When this frame of sinful clay,
Starting from its burial place,
Must behold Thee face to face;
Hear and pity, hear and aid,
Spare the creatures Thou hast made;
Mercy, mercy, save, forgive,
Oh! who shall look on Thee and live?

—*Translated by Macaulay.*

LESSON CI

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

(PART I)

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts and manywinged wounds
Aim'd at her heart, was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young: for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal past assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk: whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit sur-
pass'd.

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.

The common hunt, though from her rage restrain'd
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd;
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.

'Tis true she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

The bloody Bear, an independent beast,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.

Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.

Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
Mimic'd all sects, and had his own to choose:

Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.

The bristled Baptist Boar, impure as he
(But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,)

With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race;

So first rebellion founded was in grace.

But since the mighty ravage which he made

In German forests, had his guilt betray'd,

With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,

He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;

So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile

False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:

The graceless beast by Athanasius first

Was chased from Nice! then by Socinus nursed,

His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,

And nature's King through nature's optics view'd.

Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,

Nor in an infant could a god descry:

New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?

But, gracious God! how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!

Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.

Oh, teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
And search no further than Thyself revealed;

But her alone for my director take,

Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!

My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;

My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,

Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was
gone,

My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.

Such was I, such by nature still I am;

Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.

Good life be now my task: my doubts are gone:

What more could fright my faith, than Three in
One?

Can I believe Eternal God could lie

Disguised in mortal mould and infancy?

That the great Maker of the world could die?

And after that, trust my imperfect sense,

Which calls in question His omnipotence?

Can I my reason to my faith compel?

And shall my sight, and touch, and taste, rebel?

Superior faculties are set aside;

Shall their subservient organs be my guide?

Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,

And winking tapers show the sun his way;

For what my senses can themselves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who say the Host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified?
Impassable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before His train confess'd in open sight
For since thus wonderously he pass'd, 'tis plain
One single place two bodies did contain.
And sure the same omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp Infinity?

—*John Dryden.*

LESSON CII

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

(PART 2)

'Tis urged again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief, must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.

Were all those wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the Eternal Son.
God thus asserted, man is to believe
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit,
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take the unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is played into another hand;
Why choose we then, like bilanders, to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could He His Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent; ~~THE~~
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if we can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what His clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what He made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums and to compound the small:
For who would break with Heaven, and would not
break for all?

Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed :
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss ;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.

—*John Dryden.*

LESSON CIII

RELIGIO LAICI

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul : and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight ;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been

led

From cause to cause to nature's secret head ;
And found that one first principle must be :
But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE ;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmoved ; yet making, moving all ;
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance ;
Or this great all was from eternity ;

Not even the Stagirite himself could see :
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.
As blindly groped they for a future state
As rashly judged of providence and fate ;
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of human kind ;
For happiness was never to be found,
But vanished from 'em like enchanted ground.
One thought Content the good to be enjoy'd ;
This every little accident destroy'd :
The wiser madman did for Virtue toil,
A thorny or at best a barren soil :
In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
But found their line too short, the well too deep ;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul :
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end :
How can the less the greater comprehend ?
Or finite reason reach Infinity ?
For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground ;
Cries, Eureka—the mighty secret's found :
God is that spring of good ; supreme, and blest ;
We, made to serve, and in that service blest :
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven ;
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray :
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay :
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.

Yet since the effects of Providence, we find,
Are variously dispensed to human kind ;
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear ;
Our reason prompts us to a future state ;
The last appeal from fortune and from fate ;
Where God's all-righteous ways shall be declared ;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would
soar,

And would not be obliged to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred !
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropp'd from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Revealed Religion first inform'd thy sight,
And reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source ;
'Tis revelation that thou think'st discourse :
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear ?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found :
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?
Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero ?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
(When arms and art did Greece and Rome adorn,)
Knew no such system ; no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe :

But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe :
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence ;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah ! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin :
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile
By offering his own creatures for a spoil !

—*John Dryden.*

LESSON CIV

THE CHINESE PHILOSOPHER IN ENGLAND

FROM the funeral solemnities of the Daures, who think themselves the politest people in the world, I must take a transition to the funeral solemnities of the English, who think themselves as polite as they. The numberless ceremonies which are used here when a person is sick, appear to me so many evident marks of fear and apprehension. Ask an Englishman, however, whether he is afraid of death, and he boldly answers in the negative ; but observe his behaviour in circumstances of approaching sickness, and you will find his actions give his assertions the lie.

The Chinese are very sincere in this respect ; they hate to die, and they confess their terrors ; a great part of their life is spent in preparing things proper for their funeral. A poor artisan shall spend half his income in providing himself a tomb twenty years before he wants it, and denies himself the

necessaries of life, that he may be amply provided for when he shall want them no more.

But people of distinction in England really deserve pity, for they die in circumstances of the most extreme distress. It is an established rule, never to let a man know that he is dying; physicians are sent for, the clergy are called, and everything passes in silent solemnity round the sickbed. The patient is in agonies, looks round for pity, yet not a single creature will say that he is dying. If he is possessed of fortune, his relations entreat him to make his will, as it may restore the tranquillity of his mind. He is desired to undergo the rites of the Church, for decency requires it. His friends take their leave only because they do not care to see him in pain. In short, a hundred stratagems are used to make him do what he might have been induced to perform only by being told, *Sir, you are past all hopes, and had as good think decently of dying.*

Besides all this, the chamber is darkened, the whole house echoes to the cries of the wife, the lamentations of the children, the grief of the servants, and the sighs of friends. The bed is surrounded with priests and doctors in black, and only flambeaux emit a yellow gloom. Where is the man, how intrepid soever, that would not shrink at such a hideous solemnity? For fear of affrighting their expiring friends, the English practise all that can fill them with terror. Strange effect of human prejudice, thus to torture, merely from mistaken tenderness!

You see, my friend, what contradictions there are in the tempers of those islanders: when

prompted by ambition, revenge, or disappointment, they meet death with the utmost resolution: the very man who in his bed would have trembled at the aspect of a doctor, shall go with intrepidity to attack a bastion, or deliberately noose himself up in garters.

The passion of the Europeans for magnificent interments, is equally strong with that of the Chinese. When a tradesman dies, his frightful face is painted up by an undertaker, and placed in a proper situation to receive company: this is called lying in state. To this disagreeable spectacle, all the idlers in town flock, and learn to loathe the wretch dead, whom they despised when living. In this manner, you see some would have refused a shilling to save the life of their dearest friend, bestow thousands on adorning their putrid corpse. I have been told of a fellow, who, grown rich by the price of blood, left it in his will that he should lie in state; and thus unknowingly gibbeted himself into infamy, when he might have, otherwise, quietly retired into oblivion.

When the person is buried, the next care is to make his epitaph: they are generally reckoned best which flatter most; such relations, therefore, as have received most benefits from the defunct, discharge this friendly office, and generally flatter in proportion to their joy. When we read those monumental histories of the dead, it may be justly said, that *all men are equal in the dust*; for they all appear equally remarkable for being the most sincere Christians, the most benevolent neighbors, and the honestest men of their time. To go through

a European cemetery, one would be apt to wonder how mankind could have so basely degenerated from such excellent ancestors. Every tomb pretends to claim your reverence and regret: some are praised for piety in those inscriptions who never entered the temple until they were dead; some are praised for being excellent poets, who were never mentioned, except for their dulness, when living; others for sublime orators, who were never noted except for their impudence; and others still, for military achievements, who were never in any other skirmishes but with the watch. Some even make epitaphs for themselves, and bespeak the reader's good-will. It were indeed to be wished that every man would early learn in this manner to make his own; that he would draw it up in terms as flattering as possible, and that he would make it the employment of his whole life to deserve it.

I have not yet been in a place called Westminster Abbey, but soon intend to visit it. There, I am told, I shall see justice done to deceased merit; none, I am told, are permitted to be buried there, but such as have adorned as well as improved mankind. There, no intruders, by the influence of friends or fortune, presume to mix their unhalloved ashes with philosophers, heroes, and poets. Nothing but true merit has a place in that awful sanctuary. The guardianship of the tombs is committed to several reverend priests, who are never guilty, for a superior reward, of taking down the names of good men, to make room for others of equivocal character, nor ever profane the sacred

walls with pageants that posterity cannot know, or shall blush to own.

I always was of opinion, that sepulchral honours of this kind should be considered as a national concern, and not trusted to the care of the priests of any country, how respectable soever, but from the conduct of the reverend personages, whose disinterested patriotism I shall shortly be able to discover, I am taught to retract my former sentiments. It is true, the Spartans and the Persians made a fine political use of sepulchral vanity; they permitted none to be thus interred who had not fallen into the vindication of their country. A monument thus became a real mark of distinction; it nerved the hero's arm with tenfold vigour, and he fought without fear who only fought for a grave. Farewell.

—*Goldsmith.*

LESSON CV

CHINESE PHILOSOPHER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(PART 1)

I AM just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inspirations, and all the venerable remains of deceased merit, inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous pro-

fusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statutes, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas! I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all: they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. If any monument, said he, should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands. I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this," continued I, "be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest

lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations, so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest; that, said I to my guide, I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king, who has saved his country from ruin, or law-giver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection. It is not requisite, replied my companion, smiling, to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice. *What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score of towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?* Gaining battles, or taking towns, replied the man in black, may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege. *This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality?* No, sir, replied my guide, the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none for himself. *Pray tell me then in a word, said I peevishly, what is the great man who lies here particularly*

remarkable for? Remarkable, sir! said my companion; why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey. *But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company, where even moderate merit would be like infamy?* I suppose, replied the man in black, the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

LESSON CVI

CHINESE PHILOSOPHER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(PART 2)

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple. There, says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, that is the poet's corner; there you see the monuments of Shakspeare, and Milton, and

Prior, and Drayton. Drayton! I replied; I never heard of him before: but I have been told of one Pope; is he there? It is time enough, replied my guide, these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet. Strange, cried I, can any be found to hate a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures? Yes, says my guide, they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out Dunce, and Scribbler; to praise the dead, and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes the dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies; he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here, and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety.

Has this been the case with every poet I see here? cried I. Yes, with every mother's son of them, replied he, except he happened to be born a mandarine. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple.

But are there not some men of distinguished

taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dullness?

I own there are many, replied the man in black; but, alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish; thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarine's table.

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand; and asked the man whether the people of England kept a *show*? whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour? As for your questions, replied the gate-keeper, to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them; but, as for that there threepence, I farm it from one,—who rents it from another,—who hires it from a third,—who leases it from the guardian of the temple, and we all must live. I expected, upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with much surprise: but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some

few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told a hundred lies: he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity. Look ye there, gentleman, says he, pointing to an old oak chair, there's a curiosity for ye; in that chair the kings of England were crowned: you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow. I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise, than if I should pick a stone from the streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magician of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. This armour, said he, belonged to General Monk. *Very surprising that a general should wear armour.* And pray, added he, observe the cap, this is General Monk's cap. *Very strange, indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also!* Pray, friend, *what might this cap have cost originally?* That, sir,

says he, I don't know ; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble. A very small recompense, truly, said I. Not so very small, replied he, for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money. *What, more money! still more money!* Every gentleman gives something, sir. I'll give thee nothing, returned I ; the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure, the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate ; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more clerical beggars.

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean in the occurrences of the day.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

LESSON CVII

DIVERSITY OF TALENT

WE cannot agree in opinion with those who imagine that nature has been equally favourable to all men, in conferring upon them a fundamental capacity which may be improved to all the refinement of taste and criticism. Every day's experience convinces us of the contrary. Of two youths educated under the same preceptor, instructed with the

same care, and cultivated with the same assiduity, one shall not only comprehend, but even anticipate the lessons of his master, by dint of natural discernment, while the other toils in vain to imbibe the least tincture of instruction. Such indeed is the distinction between genius and stupidity, which every man has an opportunity of seeing among his friends and acquaintance. Not that we ought too hastily to decide upon the natural capacities of children, before we have maturely considered the peculiarity of disposition, and the bias by which genius may be strangely warped from the common path of education. A youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the classics, may nevertheless make great progress in mathematics; nay, he may have a strong genius for the mathematics without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid; because his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is so intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view, that it cannot perceive it in any other. We have known an instance of a boy, who, while his master complained that he had not capacity to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power of his genius, formed a mathematical system of his own, discovered a series of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction. Besides, in the education of youth, we ought to remember, that some capacities are like the *pyra præcopia*; they soon blow, and soon attain to all that degree of maturity which they are capable of acquiring; while, on the other hand, there are

genuises of slow growth, that are late in bursting the bud, and long in ripening. Yet the first shall yield a faint blossom and insipid fruit; whereas the produce of the other shall be distinguished and admired for its well-concocted juice and excellent flavour. We have known a boy of five years of age surprising everybody by playing on the violin in such a manner as seemed to promise a prodigy in music. He had all the assistance that art could afford; by the age of ten his genius was at the acme; yet, after that period, notwithstanding the most intense application, he never gave the least signs of improvement. At six he was admired as a miracle of music; at six-and-twenty he was neglected as an ordinary fiddler. The celebrated Dean Swift was a remarkable instance in the other extreme. He was long considered as an incorrigible dunce, and did not obtain his degree at the University but *ex speciali gratia**; yet, when his powers began to unfold, he signalized himself by a very remarkable superiority of genius. When a youth, therefore, appears dull of apprehension, and seems to derive no advantage from study and instruction, the tutor must exercise his sagacity in discovering whether the soil is absolutely barren, or sown with seed repugnant to its nature, or of such a quality as requires repeated culture and length of time to set its juices in fermentation. These observations, however, relate to capacity in general, which we ought carefully to distinguish from taste. Capacity implies the power of retaining what is received; taste is the power of relishing or rejecting whatever is offered for the

**Ex speciali gratia*—through a special favor.

entertainment of the imagination. A man may have capacity to acquire what is called learning and philosophy; but he must have also sensibility, before he feels those emotions with which taste receives the impressions of beauty.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

LESSON CVIII

PART I—THOU ART, O GOD

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreaths
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

—*Thomas Moore.*

PART II—THE BIRD, LET LOOSE

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Alóft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;—
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

—*Thomas Moore.*

LESSON CIX

PART I—OH, THOU! WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S
TEAR

OH, THOU! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

—*Thomas Moore.*

PART II—IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER?

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the Spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourn'd for here?

Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wonder, asking
Of earth and heaven where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Bless'd, and thinking bliss would stay?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger
Pointing to th' eternal Home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas,—alas!—doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh, if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a heaven,
Where all we love shall live again?

—*Thomas Moore.*

LESSON CX

ANTI-CATHOLIC RIOTS, PHILADELPHIA

(PART I)

As HIS petition to the controllers of the public schools had been misrepresented, and made the motive for a violent pamphlet, the Bishop of Philadelphia, in a card issued on the 12th of March, said: "Catholics have not asked that the Bible be excluded from the public schools. They have merely desired for their children the liberty of using the Catholic version, in case the reading of the Bible be prescribed by the controllers or directors of the schools. They only desire to enjoy the benefit of the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, which guarantees the rights of conscience, and precludes any preference of sectarian modes of worship. They ask that the school laws be faithfully executed and that "the religious predilections of the parents be respected. * * * They desire that the public schools be preserved from all sectarian influence, and that education be conducted in a way that may enable all citizens equally to share in its benefits without any violence being offered to their religious conviction." The Bishop further stated that he expressed the views of the Catholic community, but that the holding of public meetings had been avoided, "lest Catholics should share in any degree the responsibility of the public excitement, which has been caused most unnecessarily on this subject."

But it was impossible to present the question so

that the public would view it calmly. The Native American party, already organized, caught readily at the opportunity. Meetings were held in which Protestant ministers took an active part, and thousands were induced to believe that Catholics wished to prevent Protestant children from reading their own Bible, when, in fact, Catholics asked merely that the Protestant Bible should not be forced upon Catholic children.

To set themselves right, however, on record, the Catholics and the Bishop of Philadelphia again addressed the board, clearly stating what they considered their grievances; but the board would not concede to Catholic children the use of the Catholic Bible.

As the election time approached, a plot was evidently formed to provoke a disturbance in Philadelphia, and under cover of it, to destroy the Catholic churches. In pursuance of the scheme of the conspirators to create a serious riot, a Native American meeting was called on May 6th, and a platform was erected adjoining the schoolhouse. The proceedings were violent against the Irish, but not in acts, until a storm of rain compelled those assembled to take refuge in a neighboring market-house. In the rush, collisions took place, blows were struck, and firearms used. The meeting continued and finally closed. But at ten o'clock at night, the Native Americans gathered a mob and began an attack on the houses on Franklin and Second streets occupied by Irish families. The inmates fled, and the mob, after destroying all they could, set fire to the buildings, which were soon

consumed. Some attempt was made by those attacked to defend their lives and property, and here the first of the rioters was slain. Then the cry was raised: "To the nunnery!" A rush was made by the mob, and the house which had been occupied by a little community endeavoring to organize like Sisters of Charity, on the corner of Second and Phoenix streets, was next attacked by the Native Americans, but a volley from a few defenders drove them off for a time. The riot thus far had resulted in the death and wounding of several and the wanton destruction of property.

Ever a friend of peace, Bishop Kenrick had the following printed, and posted conspicuously throughout the city on the following day:

To the Catholics of the City and County of Philadelphia:

The melancholy riot of yesterday, which resulted in the death of several of our fellow-beings, calls for our deep sorrow, and it becomes all who have had any share in this tragical scene to humble themselves before God and to sympathize deeply and sincerely with those whose relatives and friends have fallen. I earnestly conjure you all to avoid all occasions of excitement, and to shun all public places of assemblage, and to do nothing that in any way may exasperate. Follow peace with all men, and have that CHARITY without which no man can see God.

+FRANCIS PATRICK,
Bishop of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, May 7, 1844.

—*John Gilmary Shea.*

LESSON CXI

ANTI-CATHOLIC RIOTS, PHILADELPHIA

(PART 2)

BUT those who entered upon the conspiracy had no wish for peace. The Native Americans tore down this placard wherever they could. They called a meeting of their adherents that day in the State House yard, which, after being roused to the highest pitch of violence by the speakers, moved in a body to Kensington; there they attacked the Hibernia hose house, which was soon destroyed, with its contents; and the houses inhabited by Irish people were set on fire, till twenty-nine, and the neighboring market, were in flames.

Such was the condition of affairs when the First Brigade and two companies of the Third Brigade, under General Cadwalader, appeared on the scene, and further violence was prevented, but the fire department made no effort to save the burning houses.

The next day a mob gathered at St. Michael's Church, and about two o'clock Captain Fairlamb, in command of a detachment of militia, demanded of Rev. William Loughran, the pastor, the keys of the church and pastoral residence. Finding that there was no one there to defend it, the military, instead of protecting the church, allowed three of the mob to enter the church and set it on fire. The house was then broken into, the furniture demolished and the house fired. No attempt was made by the

militia or firemen to check the fire or preserve the property.

St. Augustine's Church in Fourth street had been threatened. Here some show of protection was made. Mayor Scott stationed the city watch in front, and took up his position in the rear with a posse of citizens. Undeterred by these, the mob gathered and in a short time an attack was made with bricks, stones and other missiles. The Mayor was knocked down senseless, and the watch and posse were scattered. Only then did the military appear. The First City Troop rode by at a gallop, but made no effort to disperse the mob. The church was fired and the cupola was soon encircled with flames, which wreathed around the old State House bell that first rang out the tidings that the Declaration of Independence had been made by the Continental Congress. The appearance of the destroying flames was hailed with cheers, which redoubled when the cross fell. Firemen were present, but made no effort to save the church or the adjoining houses of Catholics, though they exerted themselves to save those of other denominations. The rectory and an adjacent building used by the Augustinian Fathers as a residence, seminary and library, the building which Rev. Dr. Hurley had voluntarily devoted as a hospital in the days of cholera, were given to the flames, and the valuable library of five thousand volumes was used by the rioters to spread the element of destruction.

Between four and five o'clock the mob gathered again and renewed the attack on the house of the

Sisters at Second and Phoenix streets, where the pious women had attended Protestant and Catholic alike in the days of pestilence. That building too was soon a blazing mass. Houses occupied by Catholics were set on fire and destroyed.

The authorities then placed guards to protect St. Mary's Church, as they had at St. John's. The sacred vessels, the vestments, and other sacred objects were removed from St. Joseph's Church and the Church of the Holy Trinity to private houses. The Bishop, with the seminarians and many of the clergy, sought shelter in the houses of friends. Even the orphan asylums, with their helpless inmates, were not deemed safe from the mob, which pretended to be impelled by religious motives.

The next morning detachments of troops were sent to protect St. John's Church, St. Philip Neri's, St. Mary's, Trinity, and the orphan asylums. Proclamations from Governor, Mayor and Sheriff followed, but with his flock threatened in their very homes, with the menace of destruction hanging over every church in the city, Bishop Kenrick felt it a duty to do what no religious body had ever done in this country, suspend generally its public services.

To the Catholics of the City and County of Philadelphia:

Beloved Children: In the critical circumstances in which you are placed, I feel it my duty to suspend the exercises of public worship in the Catholic churches which still remain, until it can be resumed with safety, and we can enjoy our constitutional right to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. I earnestly conjure you to practise unalterable patience under the trials to which it has pleased Divine Providence to subject you;

and remember that affliction will serve to purify us, and render us acceptable to God through Jesus Christ, who patiently suffered the cross.

+FRANCIS PATRICK,
Bishop of Philadelphia.

May 10, 1844.

Such was the condition of the Catholic body in Philadelphia. If in the troubles in Kensington, provoked by men bitterly hostile to the Catholic Church, any Catholics were guilty, the offenders should have been arrested and punished. It did not appear that any of those implicated even worshipped at the churches or occupied the houses wantonly destroyed; but that a peaceful community, numbering thousands, should be deprived of their churches, and of every opportunity of assembling for the exercises of religion, in a State professing equal rights in all denominations, is something that no sophistry can ever explain. It was the last great effort of Protestantism in America to crush the Church of God by open violence; but on the blackened walls of St. Augustine's Church stood out, clear and distinct, the words: "The Lord seeth." As soon as calm was restored, the Catholics began to rebuild their ruined churches. By the Feast of Holy Trinity, June 2d, Rev. T. J. Doneghoe had a temporary chapel, measuring 45 by 70 feet, erected on the site of St. Michael's parsonage, with bricks taken from the ruins caused by sectarian hatred and intolerance.

A grand jury was packed to consider the riots. Its finding falsely ascribed them to "the efforts of a portion of the community to exclude the Bible from the public schools." It represented those killed

while burning houses as “unoffending citizens,” and never mentioned the fact that two Catholic churches and a seminary had been burned. The utter mendacity of their statement in regard to the schools was proved by the testimony of the controllers and teachers.

—*John Gilmary Shea.*

LESSON CXII

HELL

(PART I)

FROM the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which, a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands,
Grinning with ghastly feature; he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around;
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
Alway a numerous throng; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurl'd.

“O thou! who to this residence of woe

Approachest!" when he saw me coming, cried
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
"Look how thou enter here; beware in whom
Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad
Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide:

"Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way
By destiny appointed; so 'tis will'd,
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more,"

Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groan'd
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirl'd round and dash'd amain with sore annoy.
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.

I understood, that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemn'd, in whom
Reason by lust is sway'd. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.
On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them; hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretch'd out in long array; so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who
Are these, by the black air so scourged?" "The first

'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,
"O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice
Of luxury was so shameless, that she made
Liking be lawful by promulged decree,
To clear the blame she had herself incurred.
This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,
That she succeeded Ninus, her espoused,
And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.
The next in amorous fury slew herself,
And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith;
Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."
There mark'd I Helen, for whose sake so long
The time was fraught with evil; there the great
Achilles, who with love fought to the end.
Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,
A thousand more he show'd me, and by name
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.

—*Dante.*

LESSON CXIII

HELL

(PART 2)

MY SENSE reviving, that erewhile had droop'd
With pity for the kindred shades, whence grief
O'ercame me wholly, straight around I see
New torments, new tormented souls, which way
Soe'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.
In the third circle I arrive, showers
Ceaseless, accursed, heavy and cold, unchanged

Forever, both in kind and in degree.
Large hail, discolor'd water, sleety flaw
Through the dun midnight air stream'd down amain :
Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell,
Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide threefold throat barks as a dog
Over the multitude immersed beneath.
His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,
His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with which
He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs
Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, as curs
Under the rainy deluge, with one side
The other screening, oft they roll them round,
A wretched, godless crew. When that great worm
Descried us, savage Cerberus, he oped
His jaws, and the fangs show'd us ; not a limb
Of him but trembled. Then my guide, his palms
Expanding on the ground, thence fill'd with earth
Raised them, and cast it in his ravenous maw.
E'en as a dog, that yelling bays for food
His keeper, when the morsel comes, lets fall
His fury, bent alone with eager haste
To swallow it ; so dropp'd the loathsome cheeks
Of demon Cerberus, who thundering stuns
The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain.

We, o'er the shades thrown prostrate by the burnt
Of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet
Upon their emptiness, that substance seem'd.

They all along the earth extended lay,
Save one, that sudden raised himself to sit,
Soon as that way he saw us pass. "Oh thou!"
He cried, "who through the infernal shades art led,
Own, if again thou know'st me. Thou wast framed

Or ere my frame was broken." I replied:
"The anguish thou endurest perchance so takes
Thy form from my remembrance, that it seems
As if I saw thee never. But inform
Me who thou art, that in a place so sad
Art set, and in such torment, that although
Other be greater, none disgusteth more."
He thus in answer to my words rejoin'd:
"The city, heap'd with envy to the brim,
Aye, that the measure overflows its bounds,
Held me in brighter days. Ye citizens
Were wont to name me Ciacco. For the sin
Of gluttony, damned vice, beneath this rain,
E'en as thou seest, I with fatigue am worn;
Nor I sole spirit in this woe; all these
Have by like crime incurred like punishment."

—*Dante.*

LESSON CXIV

PURGATORY

(PART I)

MEANWHILE traverse along the hill there came,
A little way before us, some who sang
The "Miserere" in responsive strains.
When they perceived that through my body I
Gave way not for the rays to pass, their song
Straight to a long and hoarse exclaim they changed;
And two of them, in guise of messengers,
Ran on to meet us, and inquiring ask'd:

“Of your condition we would gladly learn.”
To them my guide: “Ye may return and bear
Tidings to them who sent you, that his frame
Is real flesh. If, as I deem, to view
His shade they paused, enough is answered them:
Him let them honor; they may prize him well.”

Ne'er saw I fiery vapors with such speed
Cut through the serene air at fall of night,
Nor August's clouds athwart the setting sun,
That upward these did not in shorter space
Return; and, there arriving, with the rest,
Wheel back on us, as with loose rein a troop.

“Many,” exclaimed the bard, “are these, who
throng
Around us; to petition thee, they come.
Go therefore on, and listen as thou go'st.”

“O spirit! who go'st on to blessedness,
With the same limbs that clad thee at thy birth,”
Shouting they came: “a little rest thy step.
Look if thou any one amongst our tribe
Hast e'er beheld, that tidings of him there
Thou may'st report. Ah, wherefore go'st thou on?
Ah, wherefore tarriest thou not? We all
By violence died, and to our latest hour
Were sinners, but then warn'd by light from heaven;
So that, repenting and forgiving, we
Did issue out of life at peace with God,
Who with desire to see Him fills our heart.”

—Dante.

PURGATORY

(PART 2)

Ghost:

I AM thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

—*Shakspeare.*

HAMLET, Act I, Scene V.

LESSON CXV

PARADISE

“FORTH from the last corporeal are we come
Into the heaven, that is unbodied light;
Light intellectual, replete with love;
Love of true happiness, replete with joy;

Joy, that transcends all sweetness of delight.
Here shalt thou look on either mighty host
Of Paradise ; and one in that array,
Which in the final judgment thou shalt see."

As when the lightning, in a sudden spleen,
Unfolded, dashes from the blinding eyes
The visive spirits, dazzled and bedimm'd ;
So, round about me, fulminating streams
Of living raidance play'd, and left me swathed
And veil'd in dense impenetrable blaze.
Such weal is in the love, that stills this heaven ;
For its own flame the torch thus fitting ever.

No sooner to my listening ear had come
The brief assurance, than I understood
New virtue into me infused, and sight
Kindled afresh, with vigor to sustain
Excess of light, however pure, I look'd ;
And, in the likeness of a river, saw
Light flowing, from whose amber-seeming waves
Flash'd up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks, on either side, painted with spring,
Incredible how fair ; and, from the tide,
There ever and anon, outstarting, flew
Sparkles instinct with life ; and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold :
Then, as if drunk with odors, plunged again
Into the wondrous flood ; from which, as one
Re-enter'd, still another rose. "The thirst
Of knowledge high, whereby thou art inflamed,
To search the meaning of what here thou seest,
The more it warms thee, pleases me the more,
But first behooves thee of this water drink,
Or e'er that longing be allay'd." So spake

The day-star of mine eyes ; then thus subjoined :
“This stream ; and these, forth issuing from its gulf,
And diving back, a living topaz each ;
With all this laughter on its bloomy shores ;
Are but a preface, shadowy of the truth
They emblem : not that, in themselves, the things
Are crude ; but on thy part is the defect,
For that thy views not yet aspire so high.”

—*Dante.*

LESSON CXVI

AMERICA'S DEBT TO THE CHURCH

THE following extract from the address of Lawyer Eastabrook, of Omaha, shows that there are some Protestants who recognize how much this country owes to the Catholic Church : “Do you believe,” said Mr. Eastabrook, “that Catholics would destroy or suffer others to destroy this American Republic, which, except for them, would never have existed ? Why, America was discovered by a Catholic—Christopher Columbus. If you say that Columbus was not its discoverer, then what was the late Columbian Exhibition intended to celebrate ? Did Ericsson discover America ? Be it so. Ericsson was a Catholic. But Columbus and Ericsson only touched upon our borders. It was left for other Catholics, missionaries and explorers, to press onward to the interior. The northern lakes were

discovered and made known by Champlain, a Catholic.

“The Mississippi valley and all this fertile western country might not, even yet, have been opened to you and me and our children after us, were it not for the intrepidity and self-sacrifice of such men as Hennepin, Duluth, Joliet, Marquette, LaSalle—Catholics, every one of them. One of the greatest republican clubs in this country, the Marquette Club of Chicago, was named after Marquette, the Catholic missionary and explorer. Catholic missionaries were preaching to the American Indians as early as 1526, long before a Protestant had ever set his foot on American soil. It was a full hundred years later that our Pilgrim Fathers landed in the Mayflower—honest, hard-headed, obstinate, opinionated, uncomfortable old duffers, from whose loins I have the honor to be descended. They were constitutionally opposed to being happy themselves or permitting anybody else to be happy.

“At the battle of Bunker Hill, the first real test of heroic patriotism, there were engaged on the American side 1,500 troops, and of these 20 per cent. at least were Irish Catholics. Why, America’s first commodore was a Catholic, who, to the demand of a British man-of-war as to who or what he was, sang out: ‘I’m Jack Barry, half Irish and half Yankee. Who are you?’ But American patriotism, American valor, American prowess, enlisted as they were in a righteous cause, could not of themselves have brought our Republic into being. Those were times to try men’s souls. Freedom staggered and groped widely in the dark. Her naked feet left their bloody

imprint in the snows of Valley Forge. Patrick Henry, with the trumpet voice of a prophet, had declared to the Virginia delegates, "We shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. What is a friend, my countrymen? Some one has said that **a friend is the first one who comes in when all the world goes out.** That friend of America, of liberty, of God—write it on your hearts, my countrymen!—that friend was France—Catholic France!"

LESSON CXVII

WAS SHAKSPEARE A CATHOLIC?

THE elucidation of the question, "Was Shakspeare a Catholic?" was undertaken by Mr. John Hand, of the Liverpool School Board, at a meeting of the Liverpool Catholic Literary Society. The chair was taken by Mr. Edmund Kirby. Mr. Hand remarked that there was no other writer of whom so much has been written as Shakspeare, and yet in the whole history of literature there was no one within even measurable distance in ability, excepting Homer, of whom so little was known. How to account for this has been the puzzle of all his commentators. There was one way to account for it, however, but singular to relate, this way out of the crux had never seriously suggested itself to those sapient gentlemen who had burned the midnight

oil so plentifully and wasted so much thought and ink anent the subject. Suppose Shakspeare to have been a Catholic and they had the whole *raison d'être* accounted for to a tittle. Let them consider what to be a Catholic meant in the latter days of Elizabeth and in the reign of James I., and, still further, what it would undoubtedly mean were a Catholic to put himself prominently in evidence at that period.

Shakspeare's father need not have been a Protestant to have held the positions he did at Stratford. He was chosen a burgess, and also one of the four constables in 1557, under Mary. The father of Shakspeare's mother was a Catholic of Catholics, and it was fairly safe to credit her with remaining in the church in which she was born and in which she had been married. The essayist detailed the trials of the Ardens and Sommervilles, who were related to his mother, and pointed out that Shakspeare must have had ocular demonstration of what was being done to hound down Catholics, and to hunt up evidence against his relatives. At the school of Stratford-on-Avon, which Shakspeare may have attended from 1570 to 1578, the teachers included Walter Roche, a man with an unmistakable Irish name. Would the fact of his schoolmaster being an Irishman account for the other fact that throughout his voluminous work not one word of disparagement of Ireland or of an Irishman was to be found? This was a point worthy of attention, and it did not seem to have presented itself to any editor or commentator of Shakspeare.

Ben Jonson had two children to one of whom

Shakspeare stood godfather. Jonson was then a Catholic, as was also his wife. Was Jonson likely to have had a Protestant acting as godfather?

In dealing with the sentiments in Shakspeare's works, Mr. Hand said there were innumerable passages throughout the work bearing on Catholic observances which only a writer imbued with the spirit of Catholic teaching could ever have penned. And then consider the risk he ran and what it would have gained him to have satirized and ridiculed Catholic teaching and worship. But this he never did. How dear to the heart of the great bard were nuns and friars! In "Measure for Measure" he introduces us to a nunnery, and how reverently he makes the Sisters speak! His reference to Catholic usage and prayers abounded in "Romeo and Juliet." He knew something of Confession, evidently, for he made the Friar Lawrence say to Romeo:

"Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift,
Riddling Confession gets but riddling shift."

Was Purgatory, which Catholics believed in, not pointed to when the Ghost in "Hamlet" said:

"My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself."

"I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away."

Wheeler, who edited the edition of Shakspeare which was published about 1820, said this was a

Romish Purgatory, and was rank Papistry. The Danes at the time, he adds, were pagans. But quotations innumerable might be adduced. Protestant writers had often pointed to Shakspeare as a product of the Reformation, and singled out for special reference his descriptions in "King John" of Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's legate, and his strong denunciation of Papal authority. It was true Shakspeare put into the mouths of his hearers speeches against the Pope and the legate which were, from a historical point of view, manifestly unjust. But though he did this, it was no proof he was a Protestant—indeed, he might be a good Catholic and do so. At the time of the Catholic veto affair Daniel O'Connell, who was a Catholic of the Catholics, inveighed against the Pope's interference, saying that they (the Irish people) would take their religion from Rome, but not their politics, and in the last few years Mgr. Persico, a legate from the Pope, was roundly abused in Ireland; and Leo XIII. came in for a good share of the invective. But would it be true to say that writers and speakers indulging in such language were not Catholics? Shakspeare, whatever he might have written of the Pope or Cardinals, never uttered one syllable that reflected in the slightest degree on Catholic doctrine. Nay, he had often gone out of his way to speak as he could of its sublime beauties. He might have been an indifferent Catholic, as indeed he likely was, but a Catholic they had every reason to believe he was, imbued with a true Catholic spirit and contemning in his heart the puritanism then rampant. Most remarkable was it that on the death of Elizabeth the

greatest poet of all, although publicly invited to do so, remained silent, and penned no tribute, in prose or verse, to the dead monarch, who was wont to patronize him. The Davies MSS., preserved at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, relating to Shakspeare, concludes thus: "From an actor of plays he became a composer. He died April 23, 1616, aged 53 years, probably at Stratford, for there he is buried and hath a monument, on which he lays a heavy curse upon any who shall remove his bones. He died a Papist." So said they as Catholics.

LESSON CXVIII

THE HOLY GRAIL

FROM noiseful arms, and acts of prowess done
In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale,
Whom Arthur and his knighthood call'd The Pure,
Had pass'd into the silent life of prayer,
Praise, fast, and alms; and leaving for the cowl
The helmet in an abbey for away
From Camelot, there, and not long after, died.

And one, a fellow-monk among the rest,
Ambrosius, loved him much beyond the rest,
And honor'd him, and wrought into his heart
A way by love that waken'd love within,
To answer that which came: and as they sat
Beneath a world-old vew-tree, darkening half

The cloisters, on a gustful April morn
That puff'd the swaying branches into smoke
Above them, ere the summer when he died,
The monk Ambrosius question'd Percivale:

“O brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke,
Spring after spring, for half a hundred years:
For never have I known the world without,
Nor ever stray'd beyond the pale: but thee,
When first thou camest—such a courtesy
Spake thro' the limbs and in the voice—I knew
For one of those who eat in Arthur's hall;
For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamp'd with the image of the King; and now
Tell me, what drove thee from the Table Round,
My brother? was it earthly passion crost?”

“Nay,” said the knight; “for no such passion mine
But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,
And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out
Among us in the jousts, while women watch
Who wins, who falls; and waste the spiritual
strength
Within us, better offer'd up to Heaven.”

To whom the monk: “The Holy Grail!—I trust
We are green in Heaven's eyes; but here too much
We moulder—as to things without I mean—
Yet one of your own knights, a guest of ours,

Told us of this in our refectory,
But spake with such a sadness and so low
We heard not half of what he said. What is it?
The phantom of a cup that comes and goes?"

"Nay, monk! what phantom?" answer'd Percivale,
"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd."

To whom the monk: "From our old books I know
That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,
And there the heathen Prince, Arviragus,
Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build;
And there he built with wattles from the marsh
A little lonely church in days of yore,
For so they say, these books of ours, but seem
Mute of this miracle, far as I have read,
But who first saw the holy thing to-day?"

"A woman," answer'd Percivale, "a nun,
And one no further off in blood from me
Than sister; and if ever holy maid

With knees of adoration wore the stone,
A holy maid ; tho' never maiden glow'd,
But that was in her earlier maidenhood,
With such a fervent flame of human love,
Which being rudely blunted, glanced and shot
Only to holy things ; to prayer and praise
She gave herself, to fast and alms. And yet,
Nun as she was, the scandal of the Court,
Sin against Arthur and the Table Round,
And the strange sound of an adulterous race,
Across the iron grating of her cell
Beat, and she pray'd and fasted all the more.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

LESSON CXIX

THE NATURE OF MYSTERIES

THERE is nothing beautiful, pleasing, or grand in life, but that which is more or less mysterious. The most wonderful sentiments are those which produce impressions difficult to be explained. Modesty, chaste love, virtuous friendship, are full of secrets. It would seem that half a word is sufficient for the mutual understanding of hearts that love, and that they are, as it were, disclosed to each other's view. Is not innocence, also, which is nothing but a holy ignorance, the most ineffable of mysteries? If infancy is so happy, it is owing to the absence of knowledge ; and if old age is so wretched, it is because it knows everything ; but, fortunately for the

latter, when the mysteries of life are at an end, those of death commence.

What we say here of the sentiments may be said also of the virtues: the most angelic are those which, emanating immediately from God, such as charity, studiously conceal themselves, like their source, from mortal view.

If we pass to the qualities of the mind, we shall find that the pleasures of the understanding are in like manner secrets. Mystery is of a nature so divine, that the early inhabitants of Asia conversed only by symbols. What science do we continually apply, if not that which always leaves something to be conjectured, and which sets before our eyes an unbounded prospect? If we wander in the desert, a kind of instinct impels us to avoid the plains, where we can embrace every object at a single glance; we repair to those forests, the cradle of religion,—those forests whose shades, whose sounds, and whose silence, are full of wonders,—those solitudes, where the first fathers of the Church were fed by the raven and the bee, and where those holy men tasted such inexpressible delights as to exclaim, “Enough, O Lord! I shall be overpowered if Thou dost not moderate Thy divine communications.” We do not pause at the foot of a modern monument; but if, in a desert island, in the midst of the wide ocean, we come all at once to a statue of bronze whose extended arm points to the regions of the setting sun, and whose base, covered with hieroglyphics, attests the united ravages of the billows and of time, what a fertile source of meditation is here opened to the traveller! There is nothing in the

universe but what is hidden, but what is unknown. Is not man himself an inexplicable mystery? Whence proceeds that flash of lightning which we call existence, and in what night is it about to be extinguished? The Almighty has stationed Birth and Death, under the form of veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the incomprehensible moment of life, which the other uses every exertion to destroy.

Considering, then, the natural propensity of man to the mysterious, it cannot appear surprising that the religions of all nations should have had their impenetrable secrets. The Selli studied the miraculous words of the doves of Dodona; India, Persia, Ethiopia, Scythia, the Gauls, the Scandinavians, had their caverns, their holy mountains, their sacred oaks, where the Brahmins, the Magi, the Gymnosophists, or the Druids, proclaimed the inexplicable oracle of the gods.

Heaven forbid that we should have any intention to compare these mysteries with those of the true religion, or the inscrutable decrees of the Sovereign of the Universe with the changing ambiguities of gods, "the work of human hands." We merely wished to remark that there is no *religion* without *mysteries*; these, with sacrifices, constitute the essential part of worship. God Himself is the great secret of Nature. The Divinity was represented veiled in Egypt, and the sphinx was seated upon the threshold of the temples.

—Chateaubriand.

LESSON CXX

THE CRITERION OF VICE AND VIRTUE

MOST of the ancient philosophers have marked the distinction between vices and virtues; but how far superior in this respect, also, is the wisdom of religion to the wisdom of men!

Let us first consider pride alone, which the Church ranks as the principal among the vices. Pride was the sin of Satan, the first sin that polluted this terrestrial globe. Pride is so completely the root of evil, that it is intermingled with all the other infirmities of our nature. It beams in the smile of envy, it bursts forth in the debaucheries of the libertine, it counts the gold of avarice, it is the companion of graceful effeminacy.

Pride occasioned the fall of Adam; pride armed Cain against his innocent brother; it was pride that erected Babel and overthrew Babylon. Through pride Athens became involved in the common ruin of Greece; pride destroyed the throne of Cyrus, divided the empire of Alexander, and crushed Rome itself under the weight of the universe.

In the particular circumstances of life, pride produces still more baneful effects. It has the presumption to attack even the Deity Himself.

Upon inquiring into the causes of atheism, we are led to this melancholy observation; the most of those who rebel against Heaven imagine that they find something wrong in the constitution of society or the order of nature; excepting, however, the

young who are seduced by the world, or writers whose only object is to attract notice. But how happens it that they who are deprived of the inconsiderable advantages which a capricious fortune gives or takes away, have not the sense to seek the remedy of this trifling evil in drawing near God? He is the great fountain head of blessing. So truly is He the quintessence itself of beauty, that His name alone, pronounced with love, is sufficient to impart something divine to the man who is the least favoured by nature, as has been remarked in the case of Socrates. Let atheism be for those who, not having courage enough to rise superior to the trials of their lot, display in their blasphemies naught but the first vice of man.

If the Church has assigned to pride the first place in the scale of human depravity, she has shown no less wisdom in the classification of the six other capital vices. It must not be supposed that the order of this arrangement is arbitrary; we need only to examine it to perceive that religion, with an admirable discrimination, passes from those vices which attack society in general to such as recoil upon the head of the guilty individual alone. Thus, for instance, envy, luxury, avarice, and anger, immediately follow pride, because they are vices which suppose a foreign object and exist only in the midst of society; whereas gluttony and idleness, which come last, are solitary and base inclinations, that find in themselves their principal gratification.

In the estimate and classification of the virtues, we behold the same profound knowledge of human nature. Before the coming of Jesus Christ the hu-

man soul was a chaos; the Word spoke, and order instantly pervaded the intellectual world, as the same *fiat* had once produced the beautiful arrangement of the physical world. This was the moral creation of the universe. The virtues, like pure fires, ascended into the heavens: some, like brilliant suns, attracted every eye by their glorious radiance; others, more modest luminaries, appeared only under the veil of night, which, however, could not conceal their lustre. From that moment an admirable balance between strength and weakness was established; religion hurled all her thunderbolts at Pride, that vice which feeds upon the virtues; she detected it in the inmost recesses of the heart, she pursued it in all its changes; the sacraments, in holy array, were marshalled against it; and Humility clothed in sackcloth, her waist begirt with a cord, her feet bare, her head covered with ashes, her downcast eye swimming in tears, became one of the primary virtues of the believer.

—*Chateaubriand.*

LESSON CXXI

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(PART I)

I LOOKED far back into other years, and lo! in bright
array,

I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,

And gardens with their broad green walks, where
 soft the footstep falls ;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow
 passed,
And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance
 cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the
 cloister dim
The tinkling of the silver bell, or sister's holy
 hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the or-
 chard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its
 prospects please ;
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at
 vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none
 more dear than theirs :
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy
 shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient
 Stuart line :
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in
 their flight,
And as they flew, they left behind a long-continu-
 ing light.

The scene was changed. It was the Court, the gay
 Court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand cour-
 tiers throng ;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I
 ween, to see

The land assemble all its wealth of grace and
chivalry!

But fairer far than all the rest who bask on for-
tune's tide,

Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made
bride!

The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep
love of one—

The hopes that dance around a life whose charms
are but begun—

They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er
her cheek,

They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled
joy bespeak:

Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through
all its brilliant hours,

She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sun-
shine and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark, that slowly
held its way,

And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of
evening lay;

And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful
eyes

Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and distant
rise.

No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land
on earth

She loved like that dear land, although she owed it
not her birth;

It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and
of friends—

It was the land where she had found for all her
griefs amends—

The land where her dead husband slept—the land
where she had known

The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendors
of a throne.

No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of
France—

The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!

The past was bright, like those dear hills so far
behind her bark;

The future, like the gathering night, was ominous
and dark!

One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair
France, to thee!"

The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious
sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and
surly mood,

And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with
the winds,

That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain
minds.

The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her
smile was sadder now,

The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on
her brow;

And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to
the field;

The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword*
she could not wield.

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams
of youth's brief day,

And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the
minstrel play

The songs she loved in early years—the songs of
gay Navarre,

The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gal-
lant Chatelar;

They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed
her into smiles,

They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce
domestic broils;

But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas'
battle-cry!

They come, they come!—and lo! the scowl of Ruth-
ven's hollow eye!

And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and
tears and words are vain—

The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Riz-
zio's slain!

Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the tears that trick-
ling fell:

“Now for my father's arm!” she said; “my woman's
heart, farewell!”

—H. G. Bell.

LESSON CXXII

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(PART 2)

THE scene was changed. It was a lake, with one
small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial
pile,
Stern men stood menacing their Queen, till she
should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from
her ancestral line.
“My lords, my lords!” the captive said, “were I
but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my
cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every
breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o’er my re-
morseless foes!”
A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her
rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a Queen
without a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal ban-
ner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smil-
ing Queen once more;

She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them
marching by—

She heard their shouts—she read success in every
flashing eye.

The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies
away;

And Mary's troops and banners now, and cour-
tiers—where are they?

Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless
and undone—

Alas! to think what she has lost, and all that guilt
has won!

—Away! Away! thy gallant steed must act no
laggard's part;

Yet vain his speed—for thou dost bear the arrow
in thy heart!

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen
headsman stood,

And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon
must drip with blood.

With slow and steady steps there came a lady
through the hall;

And breathless silence chained the lips and touched
the hearts of all.

I knew that queenly form again, though blighted
was its bloom—

I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for
the tomb!

I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so
brightly shone;

I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled
with every tone.

I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of
living gold ;
I knew that bounding grace of step—that sym-
metry of mould !
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent
aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy
smile—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon the bridal
morn !
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born !
Alas ! the change ! she placed her foot upon a triple
throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the
block—alone !
The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the
crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and
round her footsteps bowed !
—Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul
is passed away !
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece
of clay !
The dog is moaning piteously, and, as it gurgles
o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded
to the floor !
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-
blood of a Queen—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth
has seen—

Lapped by a dog! Go, think of it, in silence and
alone;

Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of
a throne!

—*H. G. Bell.*

LESSON CXXIII

PART I—MASS FOR THE DEAD

SUNSET again o'er Quebec

Spread like a gorgeous pall;

Again does its rich, glowing loveliness deck

River, and castle, and wall.

Follows the twilight haze,

And now the star-gemmed night;

And outburst the Recollet's church in a blaze

Of glittering, spangling light.

Crowds in the spacious pile

Are thronging the aisles and nave,

With soldiers from altar to porch, in file,

All motionless, mute, and grave.

Censers are winging around,

Wax-lights are shedding their glare,

And rolling majestic its volume of sound

The organ oppresses the air.

The chorister's sorrowing strain
 Sounds shrill as the winter breeze,
Then low and soothing, as when complain
 Soft airs in the summer trees.

The taper-starred altar before,
 Deep mantled in mourning black,
With sabre and plume on the pall spread o'er,
 Is the coffin of Frontenac.

Around it the nobles are bowed,
 And near are the guards in their grief,
Whilst the sweet-breathing incense is wreathing its
 cloud
Over the motionless chief.

But the organ and the singer have ceased,
 Leaving a void in the air,
And the long-drawn chant of the blazon'd priest
 Rises in suppliance there.

Again the deep organ shakes
 The walls with its mighty tone,
And through it again the sweet melody breaks
 Like a sorrowful spirit's moan.

A sudden silence now :
 Each knee has sought the floor ;
The priest breathes his blessing with upturned
 brow,
And the requiem is o'er.

—*Alfred B. Street.*

LESSON CXXIII

PART II—CHASTITY

SO DEAR to Heav'n is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

—Milton.

LESSON CXXIV

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

NO STIR in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from Heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbott of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay ;
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy on the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring ;
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float :
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound ;
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away ;
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day ;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand ;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"Oh, Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ;
He curs'd himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side ;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The devil below was ringing his knell.

—*Robert Southey.*

LESSON CXXV

THE FIRST LANGUAGE OF MAN

THE history of the comparative study of languages presents the same features in the moral sciences which chemistry does among physical pursuits. While the latter was engaged in a fruitless chase of the philosopher's stone, or a remedy for every disease, the linguists were occupied in the equally fruitless search after the primary language. In the course of both inquiries, many important and unexpected discoveries were doubtless made; but it was not till a principle of analytical investigation was introduced in both, that the real nature of their objects was ascertained, and results obtained far more valuable than had first caused and encouraged so much toilsome application.

The desire of verifying the Mosaic history, or the ambition of knowing the language first communicated by divine inspiration, was the motive or impulse of the old linguists' chimerical research. For, it was argued, if it can only be shown that there exists some language which contains, as it were, the germ of all the rest, and forms a centre whence all

others visibly diverge, then the confusion of Babel receives a striking confirmation; for that language must have been once the common speech of mankind.

But here such a host of rivals entered the lists, and their conflicting pretensions were advanced with such assurance, or such plausibility, as rendered a satisfactory decision perfectly beyond hope.

The Celtic language found a zealous patron in the learned Pezron; the claims of the Chinese were warmly advocated by Webb, and several other writers. Even in our own times—for the race of such visionaries is not yet extinct—Don Pedro de Astarloa, Don Thomas de Sorreguieta, and the Abbe d'Iharce-Bidassouet-d'Aroztegui, have taken the field as champions of the Biscayan, with equal success as, in former times, the very erudite and unwieldy Goropius Becanus brought up his native Low Dutch as the language of the terrestrial paradise.

Notwithstanding these ambitious pretensions, the Semitic languages, as they are called, that is, the languages of Western Asia, seemed to be the favoured claimants; but, alas! even here there was rivalry among the sisters. The Abyssinians boasted their language to be the mother stock, from which even Hebrew had sprung; a host of Syriac authors traced the lineal descent of their speech, through Heber, from Noah and Adam: but Hebrew was the pretender that collected the most numerous suffrages in its favour. From the Antiquities of Josephus, and the Targums, or Chaldee paraphrases of Onkelos and of Jerusalem, down to Anton in 1800,

Christians and Jews considered its pretensions as almost definitely decided; and names of the highest rank in literature—Lipsius, Scaliger, Bochart, and Vossius—have trusted the truth of many of their theories to the certainty of this opinion.

The learned and judicious Molitor, however, who has brought an immense store of Rabbinical literature to bear upon the demonstration of the Catholic religion, which he has embraced, acknowledges that “The Jewish tradition which makes Hebrew the language of the first patriarchs, and even of Adam, is, in its literal sense, inadmissible”; though he adds, very judiciously, that it is sufficient to acknowledge the inspiration of the Bible, for us to be obliged to confess that the language in which it is written is a faithful, though earthly, image of the speech of paradise; even as fallen man preserves some traces of his original greatness.

—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

LESSON CXXVI

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Geniæ of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between :
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold.

—Gray.

LESSON CXXVII

ODE ON ETON COLLEGE

YE DISTANT spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,

As, waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace ;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :

Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To sieze their prey, the murderous band:
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Undkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

—Gray.

LESSON CXXVIII

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen),
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.
—Gray.

LESSON CXXIX

THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK OF STRASBURG

(PART I)

WE HAVE lately heard and read much of improvements in machinery and in the useful arts; of the wonderful progress of steam navigation, of railroads and electric telegraphs, of Yankee clocks and other ingenious Yankee *notions*; but we must be permitted to think that modern art has yet produced nothing to compare with the famous astronomical clock of Strasburg. It is truly the prodigy of modern machinery, and one of the greatest wonders of the world. And we think that we cannot do anything more acceptable to our readers than simply to lay before them a summary description of this astonishing specimen of art. In doing so, we shall avail ourselves freely of the pamphlet mentioned below*, written by a son of the illustrious inventor and constructor of the clock.

Strasburg has been for centuries famous for its clocks. During the last five hundred years, its cathedral has been decorated with three famous clocks, of which the present is by far the most wonderful.

The first was commenced in the year 1352, and completed two years afterwards, under Bishop John de Lichtenberg. It was placed in the southern transept of the cathedral, directly opposite the site

*A Brief Description of the Astronomical Clock of the Cathedral of Strasburg, by Charles Schwieltguc. Strasburg, 1843. 12 mo.; pp. 70.

of the present clock. The case was made entirely of wood. The hands of this clock indicated the movements of the sun and moon, as well as the hours and their subdivisions. Near the summit, there was placed a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, before which, at the hour of noon on each day, three other small statues, representing the three *Magi*, or wise men, made an inclination of the head, while a cock, perched on the top, crowed, at the same time flapping his wings and opening his mouth. There was also attached to this clock a chime of bells, which was set in motion by the machinery itself. This oldest clock of Strasburg, which was certainly a prodigy for the time at which it was constructed, was styled *the clock of the three Magi*. It seems to have continued running for nearly two hundred years.

The second clock, called after the man who completed it, that of Dasypodius, was begun in 1547; but, owing to the troubled state of Europe at that time, and the death of its original projectors, Michael Heer, Nicholas Bruckner and Christian Heerlin, it did not begin to run till the 24th day of June, 1574.

Dasypodius was a disciple of Heerlin, and he associated with him in the work some of the most ingenious machinists and expert mathematicians of Europe. Two brothers, Isaac and Josias Habrecht, from Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, superintended the mechanism, while another distinguished Swiss, from the same city, was charged with the execution of the painting and sculptures which were to decorate the monument.

This clock was repaired for the first time in 1669, by Michael Issad Habrecht, the grandson of the associate of Dasypodius; it was repaired a second time in 1732, by James Straubhaar, and it ceased to run in 1789, two hundred and fifteen years after its completion. The cock perched on its summit, the only portion it had borrowed from the old clock of the *Magi*, continued to crow regularly at noon until 1640; but having then been struck by lightning, it thought proper from this date to crow only on Sundays and holidays; and it finally ceased to crow altogether in 1789, at the breaking out of the French revolution. It had crowed faithfully for *four hundred and thirty-five years!*

Our space will not permit us to enter into a detailed description of this clock, which may be viewed as a fair representation of the progress made by astronomical science in the middle of the sixteenth century. As we design giving a detailed account of the present clock, which contains all the excellencies of its two predecessors, without their defects, and which superadds to their machinery many things both new and wonderful, our readers will pardon us for dismissing the clock of Dasypodius with the simple remark that its *astrolabe* or *planetarium* was constructed after the system of Ptolemy, that of Copernicus not having as yet obtained general acceptance among the learned.

The *present* clock was commenced on the 24th of June, 1838; it commenced running on the 2d of October, 1842, on the occasion of the tenth scientific congress of France, held at Strasburg, and it was solemnly inaugurated on the 31st day of December

following. Its machinery is entirely new, and the only thing it retains of the old clock of Dasypodius are the case, some paintings, and a few small statues. It is entirely the invention of M. Schwielgue, and it is the noblest monument to his memory he could have left to posterity. The wonders of this clock almost stagger belief; but yet we are quite sure that there is no exaggeration in the "abridged description," which we must still further *abridge* for the benefit of our readers. We shall briefly describe each portion of the clock, beginning at the base, and proceeding to the summit; and, for the sake of method and clearness, we will number the different parts of our description. The clock consists of three distinct compartments, or towers, united at the base.

1. The base of the clock is surrounded by an iron grate, of a delicate and tasteful texture, so constructed as to enable the spectator to see the internal machinery, and, a little further out, by a wooden balustrade, of a proper height to serve as a support to visitors. The intermediate space is reserved for persons who wish to enter into a more minute examination of the internal machinery.

2. The first thing you notice at the base of the clock is a *celestial sphere*, with a dial or clock-face and hands to indicate the sidereal time. The sphere is constructed of copper, and rests upon four beautiful metallic columns. It is adjusted to the meridian of Strasburg. All the fixed stars of the firmament, down to the sixth magnitude, inclusive, numbering more than five thousand, are thereon represented in their true and relative positions in the

heavens; they are grouped together in one hundred and ten constellations, easily distinguishable from each other. The stars are painted on a blue ground, representing the blue vault of the heavens, and they are marked by Greek and Latin letters of the alphabet. The celestial sphere makes its revolution from east to west in a sidereal day, which is three minutes and fifty-six seconds less than a mean solar day.

In its gradual movements around its axis, the sphere carries along with it the various circles with which it is surrounded—namely, the equator, the ecliptic, and the colures, while the two circles of the meridian and the horizon remain stationary. By its motion, it indicates the precise moment of the rising and setting of all the fixed stars visible to the naked eye at Strasburg; and it, at the same time, points out the precise position in the heavens of each of them at any given hour.

But what is most remarkable about this sphere is the very nice machinery by which, in the revolutions of the equator and ecliptic, proper allowance is made for the precession of the equinoxes, a movement so very slow and almost imperceptible, that twenty-five thousand, eight hundred and four years would be required for a single revolution around the sphere! In no former instance, perhaps, has the mechanical art aimed at such exactness.

3. Immediately behind the celestial sphere is found the compartment consecrated to the *calendar*, one of the most interesting and remarkable in the clock. A metallic band, in the form of a ring only nine inches in breadth to nearly twenty-nine feet in circumference, bears, marked on a gilt ground, all

the indications of a *perpetual calendar*; the months, the dates, the dominical letters, the names of the saints, and all the fixed festivals of the Church. This ring, which is moveable, advances one division each day, the movement taking place exactly at the previous midnight.

A figure representing Apollo stands at the right of the calendar, and, with an arrow which it holds in the hand, points to the day of the year, and to the name of the saint whose festival occurs on that day. The figure on the other side, a mere pendant to the one just named, represents Diana, the goddess of night.

The calendar makes its annual revolution in three hundred and sixty-five or in three hundred and sixty-six days, according as the year is common or bissextile; and what is much more astonishing still, it reproduces the irregularity of the *secular* bissextiles—that is, it retrenches of itself three days in every four hundred years! Thus the date indicated by the calendar will always correspond with the *new*, or *Gregorian style*, introduced by Pope Gregory XIII. At midnight, between the 31st of December and the 1st of January, the calendar bears the inscription, *beginning of the common year*; but if the year about to begin be leap-year, the word *common* is dropped by the machinery, which at the same time intercalates a day between the 28th of February and the 1st of March!

These combination are for an indefinite time, and will continue to be reproduced as long as the material of the clock will endure.

—*Archbishop Spaulding.*

LESSON CXXX

THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK OF STRASBURG

(PART 2)

BUT the calendar is so constructed as to indicate not only the fixed festivals, but also the *moveable* feasts, such as Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity, Corpus Christi, etc. All these moveable feasts *place themselves* in their proper places on the calendar, each year at midnight before the 1st of January; and once they have taken their places, they retain them till the beginning of the next year! Besides these moveable feasts, which depend on Easter, a particular machinery serves also to indicate the beginning of Advent, the *quatre temps*, and the feast of St. Arbogastus, the patron of Strasburg, which is very irregular, and falls always on a Sunday within the last fortnight of July!

Four statues, perfectly characteristic, executed by the chisel of Tobias Stimmer, occupy the four corners of this compartment. They represent Persia, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, the four monarchies of ancient history supposed to have been referred to by Daniel in his prophecy.

4. The space within the annular calendar is entirely devoted to the indication of the *apparent time*—that is, of the time measured by the *apparent* movements of the sun and moon as we see them in the heavens. Every tyro in astronomy knows that the motion of the sun is not regular, or that the intervals between its successive passages of the merid-

ian are not the same throughout the year. From this well-known irregularity, it results that a well-regulated clock will not always correspond with the apparent time indicated by the sun. The difference may sometimes amount to about sixteen minutes.

The portion of the clock of which we are now speaking indicates the precise apparent time both of the sun and of the moon; and a mere glance at it and at the mean or clock time will show you the precise *equation of time*, or the difference between the mean and the apparent time. The dial-plate which denotes this apparent time points out,

1. The moment of the rising and setting of the sun.

2. The apparent time at any period of the day or night.

3. The apparent diurnal motion of the moon around the earth, with its apparent right ascension, and its passage of the meridian.

4. The phases of the moon.

5. Finally, the eclipses of the sun and moon.

The hours of the rising and setting of the sun are indicated by a moveable horizon, which divides into parts the circle of the sun's diurnal revolution, and which is so regulated by the machinery as to point out, on any day of the year, the precise length of the day and of the night. Thus at the equinoxes, or on the 21st of March and the 20th of September, the division is equal, and at the tropical seasons, the inequality is greatest. The whole is, of course, constructed for the meridian of Strasburg. Due allowance is also made for the refraction of light,

which may cause an irregularity in the apparent time amounting to nearly three minutes.

Two hands of the same color as the dial-plate upon which they are projected are terminated, one of them by a gilt disk surrounded by a halo of rays to represent the sun, and the other by a little globe of a silvery color to represent the moon. The size of these two representations is proportionate to that of the sun and moon as seen by the eye, or to the mean apparent size of these two heavenly bodies; and this circumstance renders them highly proper for the representation of eclipses both of the sun and of the moon.

For this effect, the centre of the dial is occupied by a figure representing with exactness the hemisphere of the earth, of which Strasburg is supposed to be the meridian or vertical point, which hemisphere is placed so as to suit exactly the meridian of that city. Now every one knows that an eclipse of the sun is occasioned by the intervention of the moon between the earth and the sun, and by the shadow of the moon thus cast upon the earth, or a portion of it; and that, on the contrary, an eclipse of the moon takes place, in consequence of the earth interposing between the sun and the moon, and casting its shadow on the latter. All these phenomena are most beautifully represented by the portion of the clock we are describing. The machinery, in fact, exhibits a miniature representation of all the phenomena connected with eclipses; and it enables us easily to trace all the causes of those phenomena. The abstruse calculations of astronomers have thus been successfully applied to mechanics, or rather

they have been embodied and rendered palpable by the mechanical art. And what is most astonishing, is that in this, as in other things, the clock is constructed for an indefinite period of time.

5. It would lead us into too many dry scientific details, and would swell this paper to an unwarrantable length, to unfold fully the basis, with the various complicated parts, of this truly wonderful mechanism. And we must make the same remark in reference to the next portion of the clock, occupying the two spaces adjoining the calendar, and devoted to all the intricacies of the ecclesiastical computation of Easter, and the other moveable feasts of the Church. This computation gave rise to many animated controversies in the olden time, and it has puzzled many a wise mathematical head. The irregularities of the lunar motion, which forms the basis of this computation, are many, and exceedingly intricate. But they did not for a moment deter the intrepid mechanical pioneer, Schwieltgus, who, without any hesitation, seized upon and unravelled, by his beautiful clock machinery, all that intricate and cumbrous complication of cycles, golden numbers, dominical letters, Roman indications, Julian periods, and epacts. There they are, all the singular elements of that curious computation, made visible to the eye, and plain to the lowest capacity!

6. For the reason just indicated, we must dismiss, with one or two words, that interesting portion of the clock placed on the other side of the calendar, to the right of the spectator, and devoted to the *solar and lunar equations*—that is, to the ex-

act computation of those irregularities of solar and lunar motion which we alluded to above. The mechanism here points out all the elements of these irregularities—namely, the equation of the centre, the evection, the variation, the annual equation, the reduction, and finally, the equation relative to the nodes of the moon. Those of our readers who understand astronomy will easily comprehend the meaning of these several technicalities, and will be able to appreciate the exceeding delicacy of the calculations they involve. To those who have not dipped much in astronomy, we would barely say that we have not time just now to go into the necessary details, and that we had better pass on at once to something they will find more interesting.

7. The portion immediately above the calendar is devoted to *the days of the week*.

On an azure ground, made to represent the heavenly vault, successively appear, surrounded by clouds, the seven pagan divinities after whom the ancient planets were named. These allegorical figures come forth, each on its own day of the week, in chariots of a light, graceful and classical form, bearing inscribed on the wheel the name of the divinity, and drawn by different animals, allegorical of the attributes ascribed to each one of the ancient poets. These cars move on a delicate aerial railroad of a circular form.

On Sunday, Apollo or Phœbus, the god of day, appears on a radiant car drawn by the horses of the sun.

On Monday, the chaste Diana, the emblem of

the moon, makes her appearance on a car drawn by a stag with timid step.

She is followed on Tuesday by Mars, the terrible god of war, whose car, drawn by a fiery charger, is ready to fly to the combat.

On Wednesday is seen Mercury, the fleet messenger of the gods, bearing the wand and the purse.

On Thursday appears Jupiter, the dread sovereign of the gods, and the thunderer of Olympus, with his emblematic thunderbolt in hand.

On Friday appears Venus, the goddess of beauty, accompanied by her son Cupid, in a light and coquettish car drawn by tender doves.

Finally, on Saturday appears Saturn, armed with a scythe, and on the point of devouring a child, a suitable emblem of time, which devours all things in its resistless and relentless course.

On the two other sides of the compartment dedicated to the days of the week are very appropriately placed, as correctives, several pious paintings, by Tobias Stimmer, representing the grand scenes of the creation, of the resurrection, of the last judgment, and of the final triumph of faith and virtue. Placed in the same compartment are two beautiful allegorical pictures, representing virtue and vice, under two female figures, strongly contrasting with each other. These paintings qualify the pagan emblems which they surround.

8. We are not yet half done with the wonders of this most wonderful clock. Ascending the case of the clock, we next come to the *gallery of lions*, so called from the circumstance that its extremities

are guarded by two massive lions, sculptured in wood, one holding in his claws the escutcheon, and the other the coat of arms of the city of Strasburg. These lions, taken from the old clock, seem never to have had any motion whatever.

The middle of this gallery is occupied by a small dial-plate, with hands indicating the mean time—that is, time composed of hours, all of equal length, and the exact arithmetical mean between those of the longest and those of the shortest days of the year.

These hands are moved directly by the central movement of the clock, while those indicating the sidereal and the apparent time above spoken of are moved by intermediate and special machinery, so constructed and arranged as to communicate to them the necessary irregularities of motion.

9. On this gallery of lions you see, seated on each side of the dial-plate just mentioned, two geni*i*. The one on the left of the spectator holds a sceptre in one hand, and in the other a little hammer, with which he strikes the first stroke of each quarter of the hour. He does this with admirable gravity and dignity, as a signal to the regular strikers, of whom more anon.

The genius seated on the other side holds in his two hands an hour-glass, filled with red sand, which he turns, with great ease and dexterity, every hour, just after the fourth quarter has struck.

—*Archbishop Spaulding.*

LESSON CXXXI

THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK OF STRASBURG

(PART 3)

TEN. Immediately above the gallery of lions is seen the *planetarium*, constructed according to the system of Copernicus. This exhibits all the apparent motions of the planets composing our system. The ground of the circular space occupied by it is azure, to represent the sky seen at a great distance. The centre is occupied by the sun, with his gilt disk, from which twelve rays proceed, indicating on the circumference of the dial the twelve signs of the zodiac. Seven small spheres, gilt, but differently shaded with clouds, placed at the proper relative distances from the sun, made of the proper relative sizes, and moving with the proper velocities, represent the seven planets visible to the naked eye, in their respective motions around the sun. The *planetarium* thus exhibits an exact miniature of the real *planetarium*, as displayed in the heavens, with all its movements and phenomena regulated by clock machinery! And that nothing might be wanting to its completeness, the motions of the moon are also included, both its motion around the earth and its motion around the sun along with the earth!

At the four angles of the *planetarium* are painted under the expressive emblems of the four ages of the human life, the four seasons of the year.

II. Immediately above the *planetarium* is seen,

placed in the starry heavens, a large globe, destined to represent, in a conspicuous manner, the phases of the moon. This globe turns on its axis in a lunar month, and, the axis having the proper inclination, its enlightened side increases or diminishes in its apparent size to the eye, so as to represent very accurately the lunar phases.

At the same elevation are found two emblematic paintings, the one representing the Christian Church under the form of a beautiful female, with the inscription, *Ecclesia Christi exulans*; the other representing anti-christ under the form of a hideous dragon, with seven heads, with the inscription, *Serpens antiquus antichristus*.

12. Next comes the portion of the clock most striking to the eyes of the superficial observer, consisting of various little emblematic statues, which are automata, having each its own appropriate office and motion. These little automata make their appearance in two distinct compartments, or ogee arcades, placed the one over the other.

In the lower compartment appear successively four small statues, representing the four ages of the human family, childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. They appear every quarter of an hour, as follows:

At the first quarter of each hour, immediately after the genius below has given the usual signal, the *child* makes his appearance, bearing a small javelin, with which he strikes the bell once. He is succeeded the next quarter by the *youth*, who, dressed as a hunter, strikes the half hour with his

arrow. Next comes the *man*, clad in a coat of mail, and armed with a sword, with which he strikes the three-quarters. Finally comes the *old man*, wrapped up in warm clothing, and bending over his crutch, which he, however, has strength enough to raise, in order to strike the four-quarters.

Each of these little figures, on leaving its place, makes two steps forward, in order to reach the bell suspended in the middle of the arcade; it then pauses only long enough to discharge its office, when it retraces its steps, to make room for its successor.

The hour is sounded by a hideous skeleton, representing *death*. This figure is stationary in the centre of the compartment, and is placed firmly on a strong footstool or pedestal. At each hour, immediately on the disappearance of the *old man*, this horrid spectre raises up its bony right hand, and strikes the hour slowly and heavily on the bell. It is armed with the appropriate scythe, and it pursues its work, day and night, with fearful regularity, while, by a singular freak in the machinery, the four ages suspend their operations during the night, to indicate the repose which is indispensable to all ages and classes of the human family! This suspension, which, like all the other wonderful evolutions of this most wonderful clock, is operated certainly, and without any noise, presents one of the most singular features in the mechanism.

13. The upper compartment, much more richly decorated, is occupied by a figure of Jesus Christ, seated upon a throne in the middle, holding in one

hand the glorious banner of the redemption, and extending the other in the act of imparting His benediction.

Each day, immediately after *death* has done striking the hour of twelve, twelve figures, representing the twelve apostles, each bearing the badge of his martyrdom, or some other distinctive emblem, form themselves into a procession, and present themselves at the feet of their divine Master, there making an appropriate salutation. On the departure of the last apostles, Christ gives His benediction in the form of a cross!

14. During the procession of the apostles, the cock, perched on the summit of the tower to the left of the spectator, entones his chant of victory, after first having flapped his wings, shaken his head and tail, and expanded his throat, like any other cock of them all! This cock is made after nature; it is as large as those which figured in the two previous clocks, and it crows three times each day at noon, in memory of the chant which recalled Peter to repentance!

15. The dome, which crowns the case of the clock, is as remarkable for the elegance of its form as for the richness of its ornaments. In the centre of it is placed a statue of Isaias the prophet, executed by the famous sculptor of Strasburg, M. Grass. Around it are grouped the statues of the four evangelists, accompanied by the four mysterious emblematical animals of Ezekiel the prophet. A little above are seen four seraphim, who, on different musical instruments, celebrate the praises of God.

16. The tower on the left, surmounted by the clock, is decorated with a number of paintings which belonged to the clock. The one highest up represents *Urania*, the muse which presides over astronomy; the second represents the huge *colossus* of Daniel the prophet, allegorical of the four monarchies; and the third is the portrait of *Nicholas Copernicus*, the Catholic priest to whom astronomy is so much indebted.

17. The total height of the central or principal tower of the clock is about sixty-four English feet, while that of the other two is somewhat less. The dial, which looks out on the cathedral square, is of the enormous circumference of about fifty-one feet English. The hands of this dial are moved by the clock within the cathedral; they are of a beautiful gothic structure, and they indicate the hours with their subdivisions, and also the days of the week, in such a manner as to be clearly visible to persons in any part of the square.

18. The clock is wound up once in eight days. It has but one PRINCIPAL MOVEMENT, which is governed by a regulator, that beats the seconds; which regulator, in its turn, is regulated by a pendulum, and by an escapement garnished with precious stones. This great central movement, notwithstanding the very small force which propels it, imparts direct motion to eight different departments of the clock—to-wit: 1. To the hands belonging to the dial denoting the mean time; 2. To those of the great Gothic dial; 3. To the planetarium; 4. To the globe representing the phases of the moon; 5. To the seven figures representing the

days of the week; 6. To the dial of the apparent time; 7. To the solar and lunar equations; and, 8. To the celestial sphere for the indication of the sidereal time!

19. The other secondary movements, five in number, derive their motion from that of the centre, in a regular series, and according to a most simple and harmonious arrangement. Everything in the whole complicated machinery thus moves smoothly and harmoniously. No piece of wood, or of any other frail material, was used in the structure of the clock; but on the contrary, those metals were selected which were the hardest and most durable.

20. Such are the principal wonders of the great clock of Strasburg, which we think our readers will agree with us in pronouncing the greatest triumph of modern mechanical art. To the Catholic, it must be a matter of honest pride, that this astonishing piece of mechanism is Catholic in its conception, Catholic in its emblems, Catholic in its characteristic features, and Catholic in its execution. It has immortalized the name of SCHWIELGUE.

—*Archbishop Spaulding.*

LESSON CXXXII

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on Shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night.

There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged Angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth,
For mortals to adore;
He bade the trembling Shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger
The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens
Appeared an Angel band,
(The while in reverent wonder
The Syrian Shepherds stand).
And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease,—
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace!

The vision in the heavens
Faded, and all was still,
And the wondering shepherds left their
flocks,
To feed upon the hill:
Towards the blessed city
Quickly their course they held,
And in a lowly stable
Virgin and Child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
Was the Maiden Mother mild,
And in her arms her Son divine,
A new-born Infant smiled.
No shade of future sorrow
From Calvary then was cast;
Only the glory was revealed,
The suffering was not passed.

The Eastern kings before him knelt,
And rarest offerings brought;
The Shepherds worshipped and adored
The wonders God had wrought:
They saw the crown for Israel's King,
The future's glorious part:—
But all these things the Mother kept
And pondered in her heart.

Now we that Maiden Mother
The Queen of Heaven call;
And the Child we call our Jesus,
Saviour and Judge of all.
But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings,
Of glory and of peace.

—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

LESSON CXXXIII

APOPTHEGMS

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Dr. Johnson and I [Boswell] took a sculler at the Temple Stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. *Johnson*. “Most certainly, sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it.” “And yet,” said I, “people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage without learning.” *Johnson*. “Why, sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.” He then called to the boy, “What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?” “Sir,” said the boy, “I would give what I have.” Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, “Sir,” said he, “a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.”—*Boswell, Life of Dr. Johnson*.

CANNING AND THE AMBASSADOR.—What dull coxcombs your diplomatists at home generally

are! I remember dining at Mr. Frere's once in company with Canning and a few other interesting men. Just before dinner, Lord —— called on Frere, and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French—all of us being genuine English—and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war; of none of those things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery and dress, and the like. At last he paused for a little—and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the deluge and the preservation of life in Genesis and the "Paradise Lost," and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton's description in his "Noah's Flood":

And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud,
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the ark leads down the lioness;
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
And to the ark brings on the fair-eyed cow, etc.

Hereupon Lord —— resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah's ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty and filled up the fore-

ground. "Ah! no doubt, my lord," said Canning. "Your elephants, wise fellows! stayed behind to pack their trunks!" This floored the ambassador for half-an-hour.—*Coleridge, Table Talk.*

HENRY MARTIN.—His speeches in the House were not long, but wondrous poignant, pertinent, and witty. He was exceedingly happy in apt instances; he alone had sometimes turned the whole House. Making an invective speech one time against the old Sir Harry Vane, when he had done with him he said, *But for young Sir Harry Vane*—and so sat him down. Several cried out, "What have you to say to young Sir Harry?" He rises up; *Why, if young Sir Harry lives to be old, he will be old Sir Harry!* and so sat down, and set the whole House a laughing, as he often times did. Oliver Cromwell once in the House called him, jestingly or scoffingly, *Sir Harry Martin*. H. M. rises and bows, "I thank *your* Majesty; I always thought when you were *king* that I should be knighted." A godly member made a motion to have all profane and unsanctified persons expelled the House. H. M. stood up, and moved that all fools should be put out likewise, and then there would be a thin House. He was wont to sleep much in the House (at least dog-sleep); Alderman Atkins made a motion that such scandalous members as slept and minded not the business of the House should be put out. H. M. starts up—"Mr. Speaker, a motion has been made to turn out the *Nodders*; I desire the *Noddees* may also be turned out."—*Aubrey's MSS.*

PERFECTION.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend, looking at his figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."—*Colton*.

CIVIL WAR.—When the civil war broke out, Lord Marshall had leave to go beyond the sea. Mr. Hollar went into the Low Countries, where he stayed till about 1649. I remember he told me, that when he first came into England (which was a serene time of peace) that the people, both rich and poor, did look cheerfully, but at his return, he found the countenances of the people all changed, melancholy, spiteful, as if bewitched.—*Aubrey's MSS.*

OCH CLO.—The other day I was what you would call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked that I said to him, "Pray, why can't you say, 'old clothes' in a plain way, as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say 'old clothes' as well as you can; but if you had to say

so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say, '*Och Clo,*' as I do now"; and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.—*Coleridge*.

PARLIAMENTARY DESPATCH. — Mr. Popham, when he was Speaker, and the Lower House had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what has passed in the Lower House?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."—*Bacon*.

OPINIONS.—Charles the Fifth, when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St. Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly with that of a watchmaker. He one day exclaimed, "What an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together."—*Colton*.

LESSON CXXXIV

QUARREL BETWEEN DEATH AND SATAN AT THE GATES
OF HELL

THE other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,

Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either ; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand ; and from his seat
The monster, moving onward, came as fast
With horrid strides ; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,
Admired, not feared ; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he, nor shunned ;
And with disdainful look thus first began :

“Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee :
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven.”

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied :
“Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s sons,
Conjured against the Highest ; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
And reckon’st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath’st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue

Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air:
So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

—Milton.

LESSON CXXXV

DR. JOHNSON AND HIS TIMES

THUS at the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word poet. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and spunging houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench Prison, and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him; and they well might pity him; for, if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another,—from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind

St. Martin's Church ; to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December ; to die in an hospital and be buried in a parish vault,—was the fate of more than one writer who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-cat or Scribblerus club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been intrusted with embassies to the High Allies—who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternoster Row.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults, vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of bookmaking were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night or well-received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while he was sleeping among the cinders and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyce, and

of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking champagne and tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste;— they knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gypsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untamable, as much wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken into the offices of social men than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, the poet was again pestering all his acquaintance for twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cook-shop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned

into bagnios and taverns. All order was destroyed; all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress, when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

A few eminent writers were more fortunate. Pope had been raised above poverty by the active patronage which, in his youth, both the great political parties had extended to his *Homer*. Young had received the only pension ever bestowed, to the best of our recollection, by Sir Robert Walpole, as the reward of mere literary merit. One or two of the many poets who attached themselves to the Opposition, Thomson in particular, and Mallet, obtained, after much severe suffering, the means of subsistence from their political friends. Richardson, like a man of sense, kept his shop, and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done. But nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men, who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these, Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From this time until he was three or four and fifty, we have little information respecting him—little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings

and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cock-lofts and six-penny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came amongst them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labor had risen; and those rising men of letters with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets for want of lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Wartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith and Churchill, were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. Almost all had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne. Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age, the last survivor of the genuine race

of Grub Street hacks ; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects ; but, if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streat-ham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with

moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but, when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyce. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that hope deferred which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command.

—Macaulay.

LESSON CXXXVI

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE TO DR. LAWRENCE

DEAR SIR:—At a time when all your friends ought to show their kindness, and with a character which ought to make all that know you your friends,

you may wonder that you have yet heard nothing from me.

I have been hindered by a vexatious and incessant cough, for which within these ten days I have been bled once, fasted four or five times, taken physic five times, and opiate, I think six. This day it seems to remit.

The loss, dear sir, which you have lately suffered, I felt many years ago, and know, therefore, how much has been taken from you, and how little help can be had from consolation. He that outlives a wife whom he has long loved, sees himself disjointed from the only mind that has the same hopes, and fears, and interest; from the only companion with whom he has shared much good or evil; and with whom he could set his mind at liberty, to retrace the past or anticipate the future. The continuity of being is lacerated; the settled course of sentiment and action is stopped; and life stands suspended and motionless, till it is driven by external causes into a new channel. But the time of suspense is dreadful.

Our first recourse in this distressed solitude is, perhaps for want of habitual piety, to a gloomy acquiescence in necessity. Of two mortal beings, one must lose the other; but surely there is a higher and better comfort to be drawn from the consideration of that Providence which watches over all, and a belief that the living and the dead are equally in the hands of God, who will reunite those whom he has separated; or who sees that it is best not to reunite.—I am, dear sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant,

—Sam Johnson.

LESSON CXXXVII

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD:—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty will suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of

favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in *Virgil* grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

—*Sam Johnson.*

LESSON CXXXVIII

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
Began the reverend sage ;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun
To wander forth, with me to mourn
The miseries of man !

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride ;—
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

“O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

“Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then age and want—oh! ill-match'd pair—
Show man was made to mourn.

“A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But oh! what crowds in ev'ry land.
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

“Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!

And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, oerlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppress'd, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

“O Death! the poor man’s dearest friend,
The kindest and the best;
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!”

—*Burns.*

LESSON CXXXIX

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

THE preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and, on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour.

All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from coöperation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind

either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the constitution were laid ; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The high court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus ; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings ; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers ; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment ; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage that has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order in their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled

for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.

There were seated around the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There the historian of the Roman empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too

often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation ; but still precious, massive and splendid.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect ; a high and intellectual forehead ; a brow pensive, but not gloomy ; a mouth of inflexible decision ; a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Meis aequa in arduis* ; such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

* * * * *

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of

his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword.

Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to the great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the lower house, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence.

There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers; but, in aptitude of comprehension, and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverently fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age; his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenuous, the high-souled Windham.

* * * * *

The charges and answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet.

On the third day Burke arose. Four sittings of

the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the company, and of the English presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile chancellor; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such display of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed around; hysterical sobs and screams were heard.

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded: "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britian, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has be-

trayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

—*Lord Macaulay.*

LESSON CXL

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE MATERIAL AND MORAL WORLDS

WE HAVE familiar experience of the order, the constancy, the perpetual renovation of the material world which surrounds us. Frail and transitory as is every part of it, restless and migratory as are its elements, never-ceasing as are its changes, still it abides. It is bound together by a law of permanence, it is set up in unity; and though it is ever dying, it is ever coming to life again. Dissolution does but give birth to fresh modes of organization; and one death is the parent of a thousand lives. Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the great whole. It is like an image on the waters, which is ever the same, though the waters ever flow. Change upon change—yet one change cries out to another, like the alternate Seraphim, in praise and in glory of

their Maker. The sun sinks to rise again; the day is swallowed up in the gloom of night, to be born out of it, as fresh as if it never had been quenched. Spring passes into summer, and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its own ultimate return, to triumph over that grave towards which it resolutely hastened from its first hour. We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither; but we know, withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution of that solemn circle which never stops—which teaches us in our height of hope ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation never to despair.

And forcibly as this comes home to every one of us, not less forcible is the contrast which exists between this material world, so vigorous, so reproductive, amid all its changes, and the moral world, so feeble, so downward, so resourceless, amid all its aspirations. That which ought to come to nought, endures; that which promises a future, disappoints, and is no more. The same sun shines in heaven from first to last, and the blue firmament, the everlasting mountains, reflect his rays; but where is there upon earth the champion, the hero, the lawgiver, the body politic, the sovereign race, which was great three hundred years ago, and is great now? Moralists and poets, often do they descant upon this innate vitality of matter, this innate perishableness of mind. Man rises to fall; he tends to dissolution from the moment he begins to be; he lives on, indeed, in his children, he lives on in his name, he lives not in his own person. He is, as regards the manifestations of

his nature here below, as a bubble that breaks, and as water poured out upon earth. He was young, he is old, he is never young again. This is the lament over him, poured forth in verse and in prose, by Christian and by heathen. The greatest work of God's hands under the sun, he, in all the manifestations of his complex being, is born only to die.

His bodily frame first begins to feel the power of his constraining law, though it is the last to succumb to it. We look at the bloom of youth with interest, yet with pity; and the more graceful and sweet it is, with pity so much the more; for, whatever be its excellence and its glory, soon it begins to be deformed and dishonoured by the very force of its living on. It grows into exhaustion and collapse, till at length it crumbles into that dust out of which it was originally taken.

So is it, too, with our moral being, a far higher and diviner portion of our natural constitution; it begins with life, it ends with what is worse than the mere loss of life, with a living death. How beautiful is the human heart, when it puts forth its first leaves, and opens and rejoices in the spring-tide. Fair as may be the bodily form, fairer far, in its green foliage and bright blossoms, is natural virtue. It blooms in the young heart like some rich flower, so delicate, so fragrant, and so dazzling. Generosity and lightness of heart and amiableness, the confiding spirit, the gentle temper, the elastic cheerfulness, the open hand, the pure affection, the noble aspiration, the heroic resolve, the romantic pursuit, the love in which self has no part—are not these beautiful? And are they not dressed up and set

forth for admiration in their best shapes, in tales and in poems? And, ah! what a prospect of good is there! who could believe that it is to fade! and yet, as night follows upon day, as decrepitude follows upon health, so surely are failure, and overthrow, and annihilation, the issue of this natural virtue, if time only be allowed to run its course. There are those who are cut off in the first opening of this excellence, and then if we may trust their epitaphs, they have lived like angels; but wait a while; let them live on, let the course of life proceed, let the bright soul go through the fire and water of the world's temptations, and seductions and corruptions and transformations; and, alas for the insufficiency of nature! alas for its powerlessness to persevere, its waywardness in disappointing its own promise! Wait till youth has become age; and not more different is the minature which we have of him when a boy, when every feature spoke of hope, put side by side of the large portrait painted to his honour when he is old, when his limbs are shrunk, his eye dim, his brow furrowed, and his hair gray, than differs the moral grace of that boyhood from the forbidden and repulsive aspect of his soul, now that he has lived to the age of a man. For moroseness, and misanthropy, and selfishness, is the ordinary winter of that spring.

—*Dr. Newman.*

LESSON CXLI

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

WIZARD.—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in flight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
crown;—

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightnings of
war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullen! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.—Go preach to the coward, thou death-
telling seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

WIZARD.—Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision
to scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
torn!

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the
North!

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven,
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.—False wizard, avaunt! I have mar-
shall'd my clan:

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,

And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;

When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clan Ronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud.
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal;
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive
king.

Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my
sight;
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hush'd on the
moors;

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores:
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling! O mercy! dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not
the tale!

For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in
their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of
fame!

—Campbell.

LESSON CXLII

CARDINAL WOLSEY

NAY then, farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

* * *

So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man:—to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. Oh! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

* * *

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say I taught thee,—
Say, 'Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me:

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels : how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell !

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in :
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the King's ;—my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM.—Good sir, have patience.

WOL.—So I have. Farewell
The hopes of Court ! my hopes in Heaven do dwell.
—*Shakspeare.*

LESSON CXLIII

FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

HERE, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present

to offer to your solemn contemplation and to recommend to your frequent review some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion. Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations, and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to

republican liberty. In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my Administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence, and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realize without alloy the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow citizens of the benign influence of good laws under a free government—the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers.

—*George Washington.*

LESSON CXLIV

UNIVERSAL RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

CAN anything be more absurd and untenable than the argument of the learned gentleman when you see it stripped of the false covering he has given to it? First, he alleges that the Catholics are attached to their religion with a bigoted zeal. I admit the zeal, but I utterly deny the bigotry. He proceeds to insist that these feelings, on our part, justify the apprehensions of Protestants. The Catholics, he says, are alarmed for their Church; why should not the Protestants be alarmed for theirs? The Catholic desires safety for his religion; why should not the Protestant require security for his? Hence he concludes, that, merely because the Catholic desires to keep his religion free, the Protestant is thereby justified in seeking to enslave it. He says that our anxiety for the preservation of *our* Church vindicates those who deem the proposed arrangement necessary for the protection of *theirs*;—a mode of reasoning perfectly true, and perfectly applicable if we sought any interference with, or control over, the Protestant Church,—if we asked or required that a single Catholic should be consulted upon the management of the Protestant Church, or of its revenues or privileges.

But the fact does not bear him out; for we do not seek nor desire, nor would we accept of, any kind of interference with the Protestant Church. We disclaim and disavow any kind of control over

it. We ask not, nor would we allow, any Catholic authority over the mode of appointment of their clergy. Nay, we are quite content to be excluded forever from even advising his Majesty with respect to any matter relating to or concerning the Protestant Church.—its rights, its property, or its privileges. I will, for my own part, go much further; and I do declare, most solemnly, that I would feel and express equal, if not stronger repugnance, to the interference of a Catholic with the Protestant Church, than that I have expressed and do feel to any Protestant interference with ours. In opposing their interference with us, I content myself with the mere war of words. But, if the case were reversed,—if the Catholic sought this control over the religion of the Protestant,—the Protestant should command my heart, my tongue, my arm, in opposition to so unjust and insulting a measure. So help me God! I would, in that case, not only feel for the Protestant, and speak for him, but I would fight for him, and cheerfully sacrifice my life in defence of the great principle for which I have ever contended,—the principle of universal and complete religious liberty!

—*Daniel O'Connell.*

LESSON CXLV

SOLECISMS AND BARBARISMS

OUR intellectual attainments and our moral character are commonly judged by our language. No matter how much we may know, if we cannot speak correctly, we shall be looked upon as uneducated. Mistakes in speaking come under the head of solecisms or barbarisms. A solecism is an offence against grammar or syntax. A barbarism is an offence against language propriety, by mispronunciation or by the use of words and expressions which good writers or speakers never employ. All slang expressions are barbarisms. Barbarisms are also called vulgarisms. As the rules of grammar are written and defined, solecisms are easily detected. It is not so easy to decide what are barbarisms and what are not. The English have no fixed standard like the French to decide what words are proper to use and what is the correct pronunciation of each word. The only standard recognized in English is educated usage, but as the educated may differ in such things according to their different environments, the educated usage must be universal, morally speaking, that is it must be recognized by the educated wherever the English language is spoken. All localisms, whether provincialisms or nationalisms, are therefore, in a sense, barbarisms. There are English, Irish and American vulgarisms; and in this country there are vulgarisms peculiar to every nation whose people try so speak the English lan-

guage. Here it will suffice to point out some of the vulgarisms and solecisms most common in America. Oliver Wendell Holmes mentions a few in the following lines :

Once more ; speak clearly, if you speak at all ;
Carve every word before you let it fall ;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over-hard to roll the British R ;
Do put your accents in the proper spot ;
Don't—let me beg you—don't say "How?" for
"What?"

And when you stick on conversation's burs
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful urs !"

The majority of solecisms seem to be made in the tenses of verbs ; thus we hear "blowed," "throwed," "knowed," for blew, threw, knew ; "done gone" for went, and "did have" for have had. The numbers of pronouns afford another widespread example, such as "we was," "you was," "they was," for we, you, they were. "He ain't" or "it ain't" for isn't is an example of the confusion of person. Amongst the barbarisms may be reckoned adverbial phrases and the use of adjectives for adverbs—"right smart" for frequently, "sure" for certainly or surely. Other examples are "sassy" for saucy, "feller," "holler," "critter," for fellow, holloa and creature, "wonst" and "twist" for once and twice, "lootenant," "institootion," "constitootion," are peculiarly American and therefore avoided by good speakers ; by a strange inversion yes is pronounced "yas," and catch turned into "cetch" ; "en-gine" is sometimes heard for engine, and "nigger" very often for negro ; "most any" can be heard sometimes for almost any, and "way back" for away back ; "oldest" should not be

used for persons instead of eldest, nor “raise” instead of rear; “raised” applies to vegetation and irrational animals. It is common to hear, “seen” for saw, but only those ignorant of the most elementary rules of grammar would say “have saw” for “have seen.” Some of these may be called provincialisms as applying only to particular places; others may be called Americanisms as common to the whole country. All isms must be avoided by those who wish to speak the English language correctly.

LESSON CXLVI

THE TEMPTATION OF JUSTINIA

Demon:

Whom thou seekest thou shalt find, if only
Thou wilt follow me and tarry not behind.

Justinia:

And who art thou, who hast found entrance here
Into my chamber, through the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow of the mind
Oppressed by fear, of airy substance made?

Demon:

No. One I am
From his eternal dwelling called by that
Tyrannous thought that makes thee—one pledged
This day to bring thee unto Cyprian.

Justinia:

So shall thy pledge be vain. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm—
The will is fixed and firm.

Demon:

One half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop half way on the road.

Justinia:

I will not be discouraged nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed;
Thought is not in my power, but—action is.
A foot I will not move to follow thee!

Demon:

But in thee works a wisdom mightier far
Beyond thine own, most potent, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justinia?

Justinia:

By my free will.

Demon:

Thy will
I must then force.

Justinia:

It is invincible.
It were not free if o'er it thou hadst power.
(*Demon draws, but cannot move her.*)

Demon:

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

Justinia:

It were bought
Too dear.

Demon:

'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

Justinia:

'Tis dread captivity.

Demon:

'Tis joy; 'tis glory.

Justinia:

'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.

Demon:

But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?

Justinia:

My defense is placed in God.
(*Releases her.*)

Demon:

Woman, thou hast subdued me
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since that thou findest defense in God,
I will assume a feigned form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
Dishonor on thee shall I bring, then turn
False pleasure to true ignominy.

Justinia:

I
Appeal to Heaven against thee, so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the flow'ret wanes at morning frost,
And thou shouldst never—But alas! to whom
Do I still speak? Did not a man but now
Stand here before me? No, I am alone,
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?
Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near.

—Calderon.

(From THE WONDERFUL MAGICIAN.)

LESSON CXLVII

SCRUPULOUS HONOR

Infanta: Dry thy tears, Chimene, and without sadness receive this noble conqueror from the hands of thy princess.

Don Rodrigo: Be not offended, sire, if even in your presence a homage that knows no law casts me at her feet. The reward of victory I come not here to seek. I come once more, dear lady, to offer you my head. My love shall not interpose in my favor either the law of the combat or the will of the king. If all that has been done is too little to avenge your father's death, say by what means you must be satisfied. Must I still contend against a thousand and a thousand rivals, and to both the poles extend my labors, storm a camp myself alone, put to flight a hostile army, and eclipse the fame of the fabled heroes of olden days? If my deep offense can be by that means washed away I dare attempt it and accomplish it. But if this honor, proud and inexorable, cannot be appeased without the death of the guilty, arm against me no longer the power of mortals; my head is at thy feet; avenge thyself by thy own hands; thy hands alone have the right to vanquish the invincible. Take thou a vengeance impossible to all but thee. But at least let my death suffice to punish me, banish not my memory from thy mind, and, since my doom preserves thy honor, to recompense thyself for this, cherish my remembrance, and say, sometimes, when

deploring my fate, "Had he not loved me he would not have died."

Chimene: Rise, Rodrigo. Sire, I must confess I have said too much to be able to unsay it now. Rodrigo has noble qualities which I cannot hate; and when a king commands he ought to be obeyed. But to whatever fate you may have doomed me, can you in your presence tolerate this union? And when from my duty you demand this effort, is it in full accord with thy sense of justice? If Rodrigo is indispensable to the state, should I be the reward of what he has done for you, and resign myself to everlasting censure for having imbued my hands in a father's blood?

Don Ferdinand: Time has often made lawful that which first seemed impossible, without being a crime. Rodrigo has won thee and thou art his. But although his valor has won thee by conquest to-day, I should be the enemy of thy honor, to bestow so soon upon him the reward of his victory. To postpone this bridal does not break a law, which, without fixing a time, pledges thy faith to him. If thou wilt, take a year, to dry thy tears; Rodrigo, in the meantime thou must take up arms. After having vanquished the Moors on our frontiers, overthrown their plans and repelled their attacks, go and wage war in their own territory, command my army, ravage their lands. At the very name of Cid they will tremble with terror; they have named thee lord, they will seek thee for king! But amidst thy great achievements be thou to her ever faithful; return if possible still more worthy of her, and by thy great exploits acquire such renown that then

she will be honored to have thee for her spouse.

Rodrigo: For thy services and for Chimene, what command can be given me that my arm cannot accomplish? And whatever I may endure while absent, I have too much happiness, sire, in being able—to hope.

Don Ferdinand: Hope in thy own courage, hope in my promise; and possessing already the heart of Chimene, let time, thy valor, and thy king overcome a scruple of honor which contends against thee.

—*Corneille.*

(*From THE CID.*)



BIOGRAPHICAL

ADDISON, JOSEPH, 1672-1719. Born in Wiltshire, England, and educated at Oxford. His prose writings are standards in English classics. Chief amongst them are his essays in the *Spectator*.

BOSSUET, JAMES BENIGNE, 1627-1704. An illustrious French prelate born at Dijon. He was educated in his native city and at the Sorbonne. For his lofty eloquence in the pulpit, he was styled "The Eagle of Meaux," Meaux being the title of his see when he became archbishop. His writings comprise thirty volumes. His work on universal history commands a foremost place in the world's literature.

BOURDALOUE, LOUIS, 1632-1704. Born at Bourges, France. He entered the Society of Jesus, at the age of sixteen. When the fame of his eloquence reached the ears of Louis XIV. he was commissioned, like Bossuet, to preach before the court. He was styled "the king of preachers and the preacher of kings." He is regarded by some eminent authorities as the most accomplished of sacred orators.

BURKE, EDMUND, 1730-1797. Born in Dublin, Ireland, and graduated from Trinity College of the same city. He was distinguished as a statesman, orator and writer. He lost no opportunity to oppose Lord North's repressive measures towards the American colonies. Lord Brougham numbers him amongst the most extraordinary characters of the world's history. His speeches in defense of the colonies should be familiar to all patriotic Americans.

BURNS, ROBERT, 1759-1796. Born in Ayrshire, Scotland. His education was confined to the grammar school and private reading. Burns is known as the "Ayrshire ploughman." Besides being a distinguished ploughman, he became a distinguished poet, and ranks

amongst the best lyric poets in the English language. Many of his poems were written in Scottish dialect, which made them extremely popular with his countrymen. Like Byron, he was too much addicted to drunkenness and dissipation, and thus to a great extent blasted his reputation. "*The Cotter's Saturday Night*" is one of his best productions.

BYRON, LORD (George Gordon), 1788-1824. Born in London, England, and educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. Byron was a gifted and popular poet; and would have won a more enviable place in literature had he not ruined his prospects by dissipation and lessened the value of many of his compositions by licentiousness. *Childe Harold*, *The Isles of Greece* and *The Prisoner of Chillon* are among his longest and best-known poems. *The Siege of Corinth* and *The Corsair* are most worthy of note amongst the shorter ones.

CAMPBELL, THOMAS, 1777-1844. Born in Glasgow, Scotland. Although Campbell was only a third or fourth rate poet, a great number of his poetical expressions have become popularized. He was only twenty-two years old when he published "*The Pleasures of Hope*." His "*Gertrude of Wyoming*" is a charming narrative poem the scene of which is laid in Pennsylvania in the time of the colonial war.

CALDERON, PETER, 1600-1681. Born in Madrid and educated at Salamanca. Soldier, priest, poet, Calderon is one of the glories of Spanish literature. Calderon left 70 religious plays called "*Autos*" and 108 dramas, and wrote parts of several other dramas.

CHATEAUBRIAND, VISCOUNT DE, 1768-1848. Born at St. Malo, France. During the stormy scenes of the Revolution he was forced to leave France, and became almost an infidel. But the appeal of his mother brought him back to the Catholic Church, in whose defense he became celebrated as the author of *The Genius of Christianity*.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 1772-1834. Born in Devonshire, England, and educated at Cambridge. His life,

like that of many other poets of his day, was erratic. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is the best known of his poems.

COLLINS, WILLIAM, 1721-1759. Born in Chichester, England, and educated at Oxford. He is distinguished in literature as a writer of odes, the best known being the *Ode on the Passions*.

CORNEILLE, PETER, 1604-1684. Born at Rouen. Educated at the Jesuit College of his native city. He graduated with high honors and was admitted to the bar at eighteen years of age. He soon devoted himself to literature and is the dramatist of the Sublime. When "The Cid" was played, "Beau comme le Cid" (as fine as The Cid) became a proverb in many of the provinces.

COWPER, WILLIAM, 1731-1800. Born in Hertfordshire, England, and educated at Westminster. He commenced to write poetry at the age of forty and excelled chiefly in description and translation.

DANTE, ALIGHIERI, 1265-1321. Born in Florence, Italy. Dante became entangled in the historic political broils of the Guelphs and Gibellines, two powerful Italian factions. The result was exile from his native city, during which time he composed the immortal *Divina Commedia* or Divine Comedy, in which he carries the reader through Hell, Heaven and Purgatory. This poem had more influence, most probably, than any other circumstance in promoting the *Revival of Learning*.

DAVY, SIR HUMPHRY, 1778-1829. Born in Cornwall, England. He was one of the most famous chemists of modern times.

DELAVIGNE, CASIMIR, 1793-1843. Born at Havre, France. He was a distinguished poet and dramatist. His *Children of Edward* abounds in passages of great force, many of them surpassing parallel passages in Shakespeare's *Richard the Third*.

DE VERE, AUBREY, 1814-1902. Born at Adare, County Limerick, Ireland. His poetry, which breathes a Catholic and patriotic spirit, is of a high order, and appeals more to the cultured than the common mind.

DIGBY, KENELM H., 1800-1880. Born at Clonfert, Ireland. In 1823 he became a convert to the Catholic Church and commenced to investigate the religious monuments of antiquity. He published the result of his investigation in *The Ages of Faith*; this work includes eleven volumes.

DRYDEN, JOHN, 1631-1700. Born in Northamptonshire, England, and educated at Westminster and Cambridge. Dryden became distinguished as a satirist, dramatist and essayist. His writings had much influence in giving polish and cadence to the English language. When he became a Catholic he wrote the famous allegorical poem "*The Hind and Panther*," to help repair the damage he had done by the publication of plays of questionable morality.

FABER, REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM, 1815-1863. Born in Yorkshire, England, and educated at Oxford. He had been a clergyman of the Church of England, and gave up his living for the Catholic faith. He is the most profuse spiritual writer in the English language. Father Faber was remarkable above all for his earnest, gentle, loving character.

FENELON, FRANCOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTTE, 1651-1715. Born in Périgord, France, and educated at Cahors and Paris. Made Archbishop of Cambray in 1694. He was distinguished as a writer and preacher. *The Adventures of Telemach*, which he wrote for the instruction of his pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, is a living monument of his genius and Christian virtue. His work on *Quietism* was condemned by the Pope, but such was Fenelon's piety that he himself was one of the first to publish the condemnation.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 1728-1774. Born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden. Goldsmith excelled as poet, dramatist, essayist and novelist.

GRATTAN, HENRY, 1746-1820. Born in Dublin, Ireland. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and the Middle

Temple, London. In 1801 he rose from a bed of sickness to oppose with his powerful eloquence the proposed union between England and Ireland. Though a Protestant, his voice was ever raised in defense of the persecuted Catholics. Sydney Smith wrote of him, amongst other things, "No government ever dismayed him—the world could not bribe him; he thought only of Ireland, lived for no other object—dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendour of his astonishing eloquence."

GRAY, THOMAS, 1716-1771. Born in London, England. His poems are more the result of hard study than natural inspiration. His odes are deservedly famous, while his "*Elegy in a Country Churchyard*" is amongst the masterpieces of English literature.

GRIFFIN, GERALD, 1803-1840. Born in County Limerick, Ireland. He achieved fame in London as a poet and novelist, but the atmosphere and surroundings of London were not congenial either to his physical or moral nature, so he returned to his native land and joined the Christian Brothers, with whom he spent the remainder of his days, moulding the minds of youth in the paths of virtue and gentleness, and preparing their souls to reach their eternal destiny.

HALLAM, 1778-1859. Henry Hallam was educated at Eton and Oxford. He is eminent as an English historian, his chief works being a history of the Middle Ages and a constitutional history of England.

HEMANS, MRS. FELICIA, 1794-1835. Born in Liverpool, England. She was the daughter of an Irish gentleman, Mr. Browne, from County Sligo, Ireland. Her poetry is said to reflect her physical and intellectual beauty. She mastered the Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and German languages. Her life was somewhat saddened by domestic trouble, which gave an air of melancholy to her poetry.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, 1783-1859. The son of a Scotch merchant; was born in New York. He is one of the

most popular and voluminous writers that America has yet produced. He has been styled the Goldsmith of America. His works comprise history, biography, voyages, travels and essays.

JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL, 1709-1784. Besides being a learned critic, lexicographer and miscellaneous writer, Johnson was also distinguished for his brilliant conversational powers. His style in prose and poetry was peculiar to himself. To read his life by Boswell is almost equal to a course in English literature.

KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN, 1784-1862. Born in Cork, Ireland. He was a cousin of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the greatest dramatist who has appeared in English literature since the death of his illustrious cousin.

LECKY, WILLIAM. Born in Dublin, 1838, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Lecky is one of the world's greatest historians at the present time. *Rationalism in Europe* and the *History of European Morals* are among his principal works.

LEE, RICHARD HENRY, 1732-1794. Born in Westmoreland county, Virginia. Statesman and orator. In Congress he introduced the resolutions for independence on June, 7, 1776.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. Born at Portland, Me., 1807, died at Cambridge, Mass., 1882. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825. He is the best known of American writers. His poems are more the product of philological training and refined taste than poetic genius. *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*, both dealing with American historical events, are his longest and best-known poems.

MCCARTHY, ABBE, 1769-1833. Born in Dublin, Ireland, died at Annecy, France. He was one of the most celebrated pulpit orators of his day.

MCGEE, THOMAS D'ARCY, 1825-1868. Born at Carlingford, Ireland, and educated at Wesford. He was distinguished as an orator, poet and statesman. In 1848 he had to fly from his native land on account of political

troubles. He was chosen to represent Montreal in the Canadian Parliament, and was assassinated while leaving the house of assembly in Ottawa.

MACAULAY, LORD THOMAS BABINGTON, 1800-1859. Born in Leicestershire, England, and educated at Cambridge. He is one of the most distinguished masters of English prose. His works consist mostly of essays and a history of England, with some biographies.

MANNING, 1809-1892. Born in Hertfordshire, England, and educated at Harrow and Oxford. At college he was distinguished for the rectitude of his conduct as well as for his brilliant talents. In 1850 he left his position in the Church of England and became a Catholic, and in 1851 was ordained priest. In 1875 he was created cardinal by Pius IX. His works, mostly of a spiritual and controversial character, occupy twenty volumes.

MASSILLON, JOHN BAPTIST, 1663-1742. Born at Hières in Provence. He was the greatest of French pulpit orators. In 1717 he was made Bishop of Clermont, and was elected a member of the French Academy two years later.

MILTON, JOHN, 1608-1674. Born in London and educated at Cambridge. He enjoys the honor of being the author of the greatest poem in the English language, *Paradise Lost*, which was composed after he became totally blind. He is the author of a number of shorter poems of uncommon merit, besides some prose works of a controversial nature.

MONTALEMBERT, COUNT CHARLES, 1810-1870. Born in London, of French descent. He was distinguished for his high intellectual attainments and fearless defense of justice. He has been styled the O'Connell of France. The best-known of his works is *The Monks of the West*.

MOORE, THOMAS, 1779-1852. Born in Dublin, Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, but could not take honors, as he was a Catholic. As a lyric poet Moore is seldom equalled and never excelled in the English language.

He preserved the music of his native land from destruction by wedding it to immortal verse. Nature fashioned him for a poet, and he is the poet of the heart rather than the head. His poems are called "Moore's Melodies."

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL. Born in London, 1801, and educated at Ealing and Oxford, where he was distinguished for his intellectual abilities. In 1835 he contributed with Dr. Pusey to some polemical works known as *Tracts for the Times*. The famous *Tract 90* was condemned by the university authorities as leaning too much to Catholic doctrine. From this time forth Dr. Newman continued to investigate the truths of Christianity, until 1845, when he left the Church of England for the Catholic faith. As a master of the English language Dr. Newman is unsurpassed. His style is at once graceful, vigorous, clear and concise. His works of over thirty volumes comprise chiefly sermons, poems and essays.

O'CONNELL, DANIEL, 1775-1847. Born in County Kerry, Ireland, and educated in France, as the professions in Ireland were closed to Catholics, on account of the Penal Laws. The repeal of those obnoxious laws was the enormous undertaking which O'Connell imposed on himself and his success gained him the name of the "Liberator." His success as an advocate was marvellous.

O'HAGAN, LORD THOMAS, 1812-1885. Born in Belfast, Ireland, and educated at the academical institution in the same city; as an advocate he was distinguished for his forensic oratory.

OZANAM, FREDERICK. Born at Milan, 1813. He came to study in Paris when France was convulsed by the effects of the Revolution and the enemies of Christianity worked in private and public to overthrow it. He used his great talents and culture to defend his faith, organized societies of Catholic students to combat the infidel tendencies of the universities, and finally these

developed into the great society of St. Vincent de Paul, which is now spread throughout the world.

PALGRAVE, SIR FRANCIS, 1788-1861. Born in London. Eminent historian and antiquary.

PITT, WILLIAM, 1759-1806, second Earl of Chatham. Was born in Kent, England, and educated at Cambridge. He was a celebrated orator and Whig statesman.

POPE, 1688-1774. Alexander Pope was born in London. With those of Dryden his writings helped to give polish and precision to the English language. Pope excelled in satire, to which he seemed inclined by nature. *The Dunciad* is a famous specimen of this style of composition. Though a great poet and a Catholic, his philosophy was not always sound, as may be seen in the *Essay on Man*.

PRESCOTT, 1796-1859. Born at Salem, Mass., and educated at Harvard. His *Conquest of Mexico* and *Conquest of Peru* are widely known but not always free from bias.

PROCTER, ADELAIDE, 1825-1864. Born in London, she became a Catholic in 1851. Her poems, many of them of a religious nature, are of high merit. Charles Dickens says of her, "She was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good."

RACINE, JEAN, 1639-1699. Born near Paris and educated at Port Royal au Champs. At the age of twenty he attracted the attention of Louis XIV. by a poem on the king's marriage. He is looked upon as the most perfect of French dramatists, and his first masterpiece *Andromaque* in 1667 placed side by side with the great Corneille. In *Esther* and *Athalie* he dramatized subjects from the Bible.

RUSKIN, JOHN. Born in London, 1819, and educated at Oxford. His works principally on art, are numerous, and written in a pleasing and lofty style. Although he may be called the apostle of the beautiful in nature, yet when he touches Catholic subjects he shows a lamentable want of candor.

RYAN, REV. ABRAM. It is in dispute whether he was born in Virginia, Maryland or Ireland. The date of his birth is about 1834. His poems are the outpouring of genuine poetic inspiration, as a glance will show and he himself asserts. They show no traces of that polish and extreme care which have given poems of less intrinsic merit a higher place in literature. Father Ryan is known as "The poet priest of the South,"

SADLIER, MRS. ANNA. Was one of the pioneers in the work of producing Catholic literature for American readers.

SCHLEGEL, FREDERICK, 1772-1829. Born at Hanover and brought up a Lutheran, which belief he afterwards renounced for the Catholic faith. He was a most distinguished critic, philosopher and philologist, and ranks amongst the greatest thinkers of his country.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 1771-1832. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Scott achieved great distinction both as poet and novelist. He has immortalized in song the scenery of his native land.

SHAKSPEARE, WILLIAM, 1554-1616. Born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, England. With but little opportunity for education in his early days, Shakspeare has astonished and delighted the world with his immortal plays, which prove him to be the greatest genius that England ever produced. *King Lear*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are the most famous. There are thirty-eight of his plays altogether.

SHEIL, RICHARD LALOR, 1791-1851. Sheil was born in Dublin, Ireland. He was an orator by nature and acquisition. His speeches in Parliament are compared to the "performances of an accomplished artist."

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, 1751-1816. Born in Dublin, Ireland. Sheridan was unrivalled as an orator, and it is probable that the British Parliament has never witnessed his equal. He was also a distinguished playwright and statesman.

SOUTHWELL, REV. ROBERT, 1560-1595. Born at Norfolk, England, and executed at Tyburn for the crime of be-

ing a Jesuit and supplying his family and friends with priestly ministrations. He was distinguished for his deep learning and gentle, loving character. He is regarded as the founder of the modern English school of religious poetry. His influence is apparent in Crashaw, Downe, Herbert and Waller.

SOUVESTRE, EMILE, 1806-1854. Born in Morlaix, France, Distinguished as a novelist and dramatist.

TENNYSON, LORD ALFRED, 1809-1892. Born in Lincolnshire, England, and educated at Cambridge. Tennyson is the most celebrated of modern English poets, since Wordsworth, whom he succeeded as poet laureate. *The Princess* and *In Memoriam* are two of his best poems.

TYNDALL, JOHN, 1820-1893. Born at Leighlin Bridge, County Kildone, Ireland. His early studies were in his native place. He afterwards went to the University of Marburg. He was a celebrated scientist, but a pronounced materialist.

WISEMAN, CARDINAL NICHOLAS, 1802-1865. Born at Seville, Spain, of Irish parents. He was educated at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, and the Propaganda, Rome. He holds the first rank amongst linguists and philologists, and was deeply versed in every department of literature. Few great men have been so versatile in their attainments as Cardinal Wiseman. Mainly through his efforts the English hierarchy was restored in 1850. *Fabiola* shows his power as a novelist.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 1770-1850. Born in Cumberland, England, and educated at Cambridge. With Coleridge and Southey he gave rise to what is known as the Lake School of poetry. Wordsworth is particularly famous for his sonnets.

N. B. The reader will observe, that in the selections contained in this book, different forms of spelling have been followed.

One form consists in the elimination of certain letters, and for convenience may be called the American spelling.

In favor of this, it is said that it is shorter, and therefore saves time. On the other hand it is maintained that the time saved is of little consequence, and is far outweighed by the violence done to the etymology of the language. Some day there may be uniformity; but it is important for the pupil to remember at present, that both forms are used by vast members of English speaking people.

There are various spellings of Shakespeare's name. It has been spelled,—Shakspere, Shakspeare, Shakespear, and Shakespeare. Shakspeare and Shakespeare are the most modern forms.



ANNOTATIONS AND DEFINITIONS

PAGE

8. Reunited—When the yellow fever broke out in 1878 in the generous Southland, the aid from the North was prompt, and as no one was a more ardent lover of the South during the war than Father Ryan, no one was quicker to acknowledge the generosity of a noble foe when the battle was lost.
10. Glacier—A river of ice slowly descending down a mountain side.
11. Percolate—To filter or flow through.
16. Hautboys—A wooden reed instrument resembling a clarionet.
16. Timotheus—b. at Miletus. A celebrated Athenian musician and poet. He added the eleventh string to the lyre. d. about 375 B. C.
19. "And like another Helen fired another Troy." According to the Greek legend, Helen, reputed the most beautiful woman of her age, was wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. She was carried away by Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. To redress this insult the combined Grecian princes laid siege to Troy. The war lasted ten years. The city was finally taken by stratagem and given to fire and sword.
19. Cecilia—St. Cecilia, a Christian maiden of Rome, was martyred 177 A. D. She is the patroness of music.
21. Wolsey—Cardinal Wolsey, once the powerful Prime Minister of Henry VIII. When he objected to Henry's divorce from his lawful wife, he incurred the king's displeasure and lost his high position, and lived an humble, repentant and pious life.
21. Swedish Charles—Charles VII., King of Sweden from 1697 to 1718. He successively defeated with a small army the forces of Denmark, Russia and Poland combined against him.

PAGE

22. And one capitulate and one resign—Charles I. marched against Denmark and compelled the King to capitulate and sign a treaty of peace. A few years later Augustus II. of Poland found himself compelled to sign a treaty of peace and resign in favor of Stanislaus Lesczinski, whom Charles had chosen King.
22. Pultowa's Day—When he had defeated Denmark and Poland Charles marched into Russia with the intention of deposing the Czar, Peter the Great. He laid siege to Pultowa in 1709, where he suffered a signal defeat, which destroyed the supremacy of Sweden in the North.
21. A petty fortress and a dubious hand—Charles was killed while besieging a small fortress in Norway. The circumstances of his death were suspicious.
27. Hampden—John Hampden, an English patriot, was imprisoned in 1637 for refusing to pay to Charles I. a tax called ship money. Although the whole people objected to it, he was the first individual who refused to pay. His imprisonment only inflamed the opposition, which culminated in the King's execution.
27. Quiddity—Something indefinite. Properly, it means essence.
30. Ashur—The ancient national god of the Assyrians.
30. Baal—The supreme god of the Canaanites.
30. He was worshipped with most revolting orgies and human sacrifices.
34. Grand Pré—Great Meadow.
37. Evangeline—The heroine of Longfellow's poem. When those simple Acadian farmers submitted to the British in 1758 and gave up their arms, they were heartlessly driven into exile, their homes burned and families and friends were separated forever.
38. Hyssop—An herb, used here to signify holy water.
38. Missal—A Mass book.

PAGE

56. Theseus and Lycurgus were Grecian statesmen, Numa was a Roman statesman.
56. Romulus was reputed founder of Rome.
56. Joan of Arc—A simple country maid, who, at the age of seventeen, donned male attire and, by the direction of God, placed herself at the head of the armies of France and delivered her country from the power of the English. She had Charles VII. crowned at Rheims, and foretold that within seven years the English would be forced to withdraw, a prophecy which was duly fulfilled.
67. Wrings the lightning from heaven—The Sage, i. e., Benjamin Franklin, is credited with the invention of lightning rods.
74. Towers of Julius—The crime stained tower of London is said to have been commenced by Julius Cæsar.
92. Peri—In Persian mythology the descendant of a fallen spirit enjoying pleasure and immortality though not allowed to enter Paradise.
98. Oude—A province in East India.
99. Begums—Native princesses of Hindoostan.
99. Zenana—The portion of a house in East India reserved for ladies.
117. "They held the crown by conquest; he by descent."—The Saxons as well as Danes and Normans obtained their foothold on Britain by conquest.
118. Pied—Variegated.
133. "The bard begun"—The prophet Isaiah foretold the birth of Christ.
134. "A glad voice the lonely desert cheers."—John the Baptist preached to prepare for the coming of Christ.
160. Abaddon—The angel of the bottomless pit.
163. Oriel—A large bay window.
165. Corbel—An ornamental projection from a building. It is fashioned like an epaulette.
165. Fleur-de-Lys (flur d' li)—The lily of France.

PAGE

165. Quatre Feuille (Kather file)—The four leaf Shamrock.
183. Termagant—A boisterous character in early plays. Now it means a scolding woman.
207. *Anti-Jacobin*.—A paper started in England, by George Canning, in 1797. The object of the paper was to bring ridicule on the doctrines of the French Revolution, and their adherents.
229. Cordilleras—A range of the Andes.
229. "My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain."—The Milesians arrived in Ireland from Spain.
230. "As the vision that rose to the Lord of the world."—When Constantine the Great defeated Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge in 312 A. D. he became master of the Roman Empire of the west, which afterwards ruled the world. The *vision* was a bright cross which Constantine and his army beheld above the mid-day sun; the cross bore in Greek letters, the inscription "In this Conquer." Christ appeared to Constantine the following night and ordered him to adopt the cross as his standard. After winning this battle Constantine became a Catechumen, and issued an edict of toleration granting Christians liberty of worship. He was baptized a Catholic towards the end of his life.
238. Ximenes, Francis Cardinal, 1438-1517. Born in Torrelaguna, Spain. Studied at Salamanca University. He was famous as a scholar and statesman. He founded the University of Alcala.
239. "Ephesian's Miracle."—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world.
239. Diana's Marvel—The noted temple of Diana at Ephesus.
239. Sophia's bright roofs—The celebrated church of Santa Sophia in Constantinople.
241. Leagued Oppression—In 1794 Poland was attacked by the combined forces of Austria, Russia and Prussia. The Poles were defeated after a brave

PAGE

- fight for their liberty and were forced to witness the partition of their beloved country amongst those three powers.
242. Kosciusko—Thaddeus Kosciusko, who fought under Washington in the American War of Independence, led the Poles against the despoilers of their native land.
245. Carinthian boor—Carinthia, a province of Austria-Hungary, seems to have been noted for the rudeness of its inhabitants.
260. "I loved to choose."—This refers to the doctrine of private judgment which holds that each one should interpret the teachings of the Bible as he chooses. This was Newman's belief before he became a Catholic.
266. "Day's amiable sister."—The moon.
275. Caractacus—In the reign of Claudius, the Romans determined on the final subjugation of Britain. The famous Briton chief Caractacus successfully resisted them for nine years but was at last taken prisoner by the Roman General Ostorius.
275. Priest of Janus—The temple of Janus was closed in times of peace.
275. Via Sacra (vee-a-sac-ra) (sacred way)—The name of a street in Rome.
283. Wabun—The East—The East wind.
285. Nokomis—Grandmother of Hiawatha.
289. Ponemah—Hereafter.
289. Seneca—A Stoic philosopher. b. 4 B. C. in Corduba; d. 65 A. D. in Rome. He was tutor to Nero and managed the government when Nero became King.
289. The Stoics—A school of ancient philosophers who thought that pleasure and pain should be alike despised.
303. Dies Iræ—Day of wrath.
311. Religio Laici—Religion of a layman.
324. General Monk—An English General who served under Charles I., Cromwell and Charles II. His

PAGE

most distinguished services were in restoring the monarchy 1660 A. D. and in the war against the Dutch 1666 A. D.

326. Pyra præcocia—Premature fire.
343. Ciacco—Italian for hog. Glutton.
345. Blazon—Revelation.
361. "Mary Queen of Scots" was the daughter of James V. of Scotland and the great-granddaughter of Henry VII. of England. She married Frances II. of France and was left a widow at the age of eighteen. On her return to Scotland she was denied passage through England, because she would not sanction infringements on her rights, and acknowledge Elizabeth as queen of England. To acknowledge Elizabeth as queen would be to renounce her own rights to the English throne on the death of Queen Mary. Many of the nobles of her kingdom, including her half-brother, the Earl of Moray, were turbulent and treacherous, and plotted against their sovereign. As a protection Mary married her Catholic cousin, Henry Darnley, had him proclaimed king of the Scots, and granted freedom of conscience to all her subjects. Darnley proved an unworthy husband, and joined a conspiracy to murder Rizzio, the faithful secretary of Mary. When Rizzio was ruthlessly murdered, Mary herself was imprisoned in her palace. Her enemies then plotted to depose her and imprison her for life. She succeeded finally in awaking the conscience of her husband, with whose aid she escaped and reached Edinburgh at the head of a small army. The conspirators fled to England, but were soon afterwards pardoned by Mary, who was desirous to promote peace in her kingdom. They repaid her generosity by the murder of Darnley and tried to implicate Mary in the conspiracy. She was then compelled to marry Bothwell, the murderer of Darnley, and was forced to submit to the

PAGE

Protestant marriage rite. After many reverses and misfortunes, Mary had to leave Scotland and pass over into England, where she remained a prisoner of Elizabeth for nineteen years. While Mary Stuart, who was considered by many the lawful heir to the throne, was alive, Elizabeth could not enjoy her reign in peace. A plot was concocted by Elizabeth's chief secretary and his associates, to implicate Mary in a conspiracy against the queen's life. Every artifice of falsehood was summoned to bring about her destruction. No witness or original document was produced to prove her guilt. Elizabeth tried to avoid the odium of staining her hands with the blood of a sister queen, but when she could not find any one to carry out her infamous design she finally signed the death warrant, and Mary's head fell beneath the ax on February 8, 1589. She was denied the consolations of religion; and her only crime was, that she was a Catholic and lawful heir to the crown of England. The Earl of Kent delivered her death warrant with these words: "Madam, your life would have been the death of our new religion, while your death—God grant it—will be its life."

365. Fiat—Latin for "Let there be"—The word God is represented to use when He created the world.
365. Rizzio—A native of Piedmont who first became the musician, and afterwards secretary and confidential adviser of Mary Queen of Scots.
375. Targum.—The name of the Chaldean version of the Old Testament. The most notable of the Targums was known as the *Onkelos*.
375. "Antiquities of Josephus."—A history of the Jews from the creation to 66 A. D. written by Flavius Josephus, who was born in Jerusalem about 37 A. D.
378. Henry's holy shade—Henry VI. was founder of the College.

PAGE

386. The system of Ptolemy.—Ptolemy was an ancient astronomer who built up a system of astronomy on the principle that the sun, moon and stars revolved around the earth. It was displaced by the present system (Copernican) in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which was first started by a Catholic priest, Nicholas Copernicus, and completed by the help and encouragement of Pope Gregory XIII.
389. Bissextile—Means twice six; therefore, a leap year from the 26th of February having been counted twice.
390. Quatre Temps (Kathre Tom) four times i. e. Quarter Tense.
398. Ecclesia Christi Exulans—The Church of Christ in exile.
398. Serpens Antiquus Antichristus—The old serpent Antichrist.
398. Ogee—An arcade with alternate convex and concave arches.
416. Curll and Osborne.—London publishers of Johnson's time, who plied their calling without regard for honesty or decency.
420. Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre—The conqueror of the conqueror of the earth.
- 452 "The Cid."—The Cid is the name of one of Carneille's masterpieces. It is taken from a Spanish source and turns on the struggle between love and duty. The Cid, whose name was Rodrigo Diaz, to avenge an insult to his aged father, slays the offender who happened to be the father of his fiancée, Chimene. Chimene feels bound in duty to avenge her father's death by the punishment of her lover. Cid is the Arabic for lord and was first applied to Rodrigo by the Moors.

CONTENTS

LESSON	PAGE
1. The English Language.....	5
1. (Part 2nd) Solitude Preferred to Society Shakespeare	7
2. Reunited	8
3. Forms of Water.....	10
4. Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music John Dryden	15
5. The Vanity of Human Wishes....	20
6. Enterprise of American Colonists.....	24
6. (Part 2nd) The Wise Man's Prayer..... Dr. Johnson	25
7. On American Taxation.....	26
7. Part 2nd) Polonius to Laertes.....	28
8. The Destruction of Sennacherib.....	29
8. (Part 2nd) The Dying Gladiator.....	30
9. Return of British Fugitives.....	31
9. (Part 2nd) The Love of Country.....	33
10. The Village of Grand Pre.....	34
10. (Part 1st) Benedict and Evangeline.....	37
10. (Part 2nd) Evangeline's Home.....	38
10. (Part 3rd) Evangeline's Early Life.....	40
11. Arrival of the British.....	43
11. (Part 2nd) Father Felician Prevents a Riot.	45
11. (Part 3rd) Burning of the Acadian Homes.	46
11. (Part 4th) Death of Benedict.....	48
11. (Part 5th) Evangeline meets Gabriel.....	50
11. (Part 6th) Death of Gabriel.....	52
11. (Part 7th) The Last of the Acadians.....	52
12. For Independence.....	54
13. Joan of Arc.....	56
14. Esther Pleading for her Nation.....	62
15. Three days in the Life of Columbus..... Casimir Delavigne	64
16. The American War.....	67

LESSON	PAGE
16. (Part 2nd) America Unconquerable.....	Ibid 69
17. Cassius and Brutus.....	Shakespeare 71
18. Charges Against Catholics.....	Shiel 73
19. Irish Aliens and English Victories.....	Ibid 76
20. Immortality	Massillon 79
21. Origin of Hospitals.....	Digby 81
22. God Seen in His Works.....	Fenelon 85
23. Sorrow for the Dead.....	Washington Irving 89
24. Paradise and the Peri.....	Thomas Moore 92
25. Barnardo Del Carpio.....	Mrs. Hemans 94
26. Invective against Warren Hastings....	Sheridan 98
27. The Cross in the Wilderness.....	Mrs. Hemans 100
28. Leo the Tenth.....	Roscoe 104
29. Joan of Arc at Rheims.....	Mrs. Hemans 107
30. The Discovery of America.....	
.....	Thomas D'Arcy McGee 111
31. Edward the Confessor.....	Lingard 115
32. Prince Amadis.....	Faber 117
33. Venice	Faber 120
34. Sunday	Ibid 122
35. Isabella of Castile.....	Prescott 125
36. The Lily of Cherwell.....	Faber 130
37. The Messiah	Pope 133
38. The Surrender of Grenada, A. D., 1492..	Irving 136
39. Science and Religion.....	Cardinal Wiseman 140
40. Characteristics of an Educated Gentleman.....	
.....	Cardinal Newman 143
41. The Gathering of the Dead.....	Faber 145
42. (Part 2nd) the Middle Home.....	Ibid 148
43. God's Work in the Moral Order.....	
.....	Archdeacon O'Keefe 151
44. Filial Love	Sheridan 155
45. Happiness Sought in Wealth.....	Pollok 156
46. Fame	Pollok 157
47. Bossuet on Henrietta Anne of England.....	
.....	Apb. Bossuet 160
48. Melrose Abbey	Scott 163
49. Italy in the Middle Ages.....	Macaulay 166

LESSON	PAGE
50. Character of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham....	
..... Grattan	172
51. Hope	Campbell 174
52. Forgiveness	Bourdaloue 176
53. Michael Angelo.	Roscoe 179
54. Stage Oratory	Shakespeare 183
54. (Part 2nd) Hamlet's Soliloquy.....	Ibid 184
55. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.....	Burke 185
56. The Ocean	Byron 188
56. (Part 2nd) Morning Hymn to Mont Blanc....	
..... Coleridge	189
57. Battle of Waterloo	Byron 193
58. Work of Nature.....	Sir Humphry Davy 196
59. Religious Emblems.....	Ibid 198
60. Ode to the Passions.....	Collins 200
61. The Presence of God.....	Bourdaloue 203
62. Lies of History.....	Palgrave 206
63. Roman War Council.....	Addison 208
63. Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard..	Gray 211
65. The Church and Society.....	Cardinal Manning 216
66. Look Home	Southwell 219
66. (Part 2nd) Marrulus's Speech to the Mob.....	
..... Shakespeare	220
67. The Stream of Life.....	Gerald Griffin 221
68. Mark Antony's Oration at Cæsar's Funeral....	
..... Shakespeare	223
69. The Action of the Catholic Church in Uprooting Slavery	Lecky 226
70. The Cross of the South.....	Mrs. Hemans 229
71. The Mail Carrier	Cowper 231
71. (Part 2nd) Evening at Home.....	Ibid 232
72. The Church and the Bible.....	Lord O'Hagan 235
73. St. Peter's Church at Rome.....	Byron 239
74. The Downfall of Poland.....	Campbell 241
75. Peroration to the Invective against Warren....	
..... Hastings	Sheridan 243
76. The Traveller	Goldsmith 245
77. Satan's Address to the Sun.....	Milton 248
78. The Evidences of Religion.....	Wiseman 249

LESSON	PAGE
79. The Sister of Charity	Gerald Griffin 251
79. (Part 2nd) Pernicious Reading.	Abbe McCarthy 254
80. William Tell to His Native Mountains.....	
.....	Jas. Sheridan Knowles 257
81. The Glory of the Cross.....	Montalembert 259
82. Lead, Kindly Light.....	Newman 260
82. (Part 2nd) Wordsworth's Tribute to the Blessed Virgin Mary	261
82. (Part 3rd) Holy Cross Abbey...	Aubrey de Vere 261
83. The Coliseum by Moonlight.....	Byron 262
84. The Garden of Eden.....	Milton 264
85. The Starry Heavens.....	Dr. Young 266
86. Letter to a Scientific Apostate..	Fredrick Ozanam 268
87. (Part 2nd) Letter to a Scientific Apostate.....	
.....	Ibid 271
88. The Flag and the Cross.....	273
89. Caractacus	Barton 275
90. (Part 2nd) Caractacus.....	Ibid 277
91. The Middle Ages.....	Schlegel 280
92. Arrival of Catholic Missionaries Amongst the Indians	Longfellow 283
93. Departure of Hiawatha.....	Ibid 286
94. Adversity	Bacon 289
95. Studies	Ibid 291
✓ 96. The Art of Book-Making...	Washington Irving 292
97. The End of the Year.....	Emile Souvestre 296
98. The End of the Year (Continued).....	Ibid 299
99. The Carnival	Ibid 301
100. Dies Iræ	303
101. The Hind and the Panther.....	Dryden 306
102. (Part 2nd) The Hind and the Panther....	Ibid 309
103. Religio Laici	Ibid 311
104. The Chinese Philosopher in England..	Goldsmith 314
105. Chinese Philosopher in Westminster Abbey.	Ibid 318
106. (Part 2nd) Chinese Philosopher in Westminster Abbey	Ibid 321
107. Diversity of Talent.....	Ibid 325
108. Thou Art, O God.....	Moore 328
108. (Part 2nd) The Bird Let Loose.....	Ibid 329

LESSON	PAGE
109. Oh, Thou! Who Dry'st the Mourner's Tears..	Ibid 330
109. (Part 2nd) Is it not Sweet to Think, Hereafter	Ibid 331
110. Anti-Catholic Riots, Philadelphia.....	John Gilmary Shea 332
111. (Part 2nd) Anti-Catholic Riots, Philadelphia	Ibid 335
112. Hell	Dante 339
113. (Part 2nd) Hell.....	Ibid 341
114. Purgatory	Ibid 343
115. Paradise	Ibid 345
116. America's Debt to the Church.....	Eastabrook 347
117. Was Shakespeare a Catholic?.....	Hand 349
118. The Holy Grail.....	Tennyson 353
119. The Nature of Mysteries.....	Chateaubriand 356
120. The Criterion of Vice and Virtue.....	Ibid 359
121. Mary Queen of Scots.....	H. G. Bell 361
122. (Part 2nd) Mary Queen of Scots.....	Ibid 366
123. Mass for the Dead.....	Alfred B. Street 369
123. (Part 2nd) Chastity.....	Wilson 371
123. The Inchcape Rock.....	Southey 371
125. The First Language of Man..	Cardinal Wiseman 374
126. Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat.....	Gray 376
127. Ode on Eton College.....	Ibid 378
128. Hymn to Adversity.....	Ibid 382
129. The Astronomical Clock of Strasburg.....	Apb. Spaulding 384
130. (Part 2nd) The Astronomical Clock of Strasburg	Ibid 390
131. (Part 3rd) The Astronomical Clock of Strasburg	Ibid 397
132. A Christmas Carol.....	Adelaide Procter 402
133. Apophthegms	405
134. Quarrel Between Death and Satan at the Gates of Hell	Milton 409
135. Dr. Johnson and His Times.....	Macaulay 412
136. Letter of Condolence to Dr. Lawrence.....	Dr. Johnson 418

LESSON	PAGE
137. Letter to Lord Chesterfield.....	Ibid 420
138. Man Was Made to Mourn.....	Burns 422
139. The Trial of Warren Hastings..	Lord Macaulay 425
140. Contrast Between the Material and Moral Worlds	Newman 431
141. Lochiel's Warning	Campbell 435
142. Cardinal Wolsey	Shakespeare 438
143. From Washington's Farewell Address.....	440
144. Universal Religious Liberty...Daniel O'Connell	443
145. Solecisms and Barbarisms.....	445
146. The Temptation of Justinia.....	Calderon 447
147. Scrupulous Honor.....	Corneille 451
Biographical	455
Nota bene	465
Annotations and Definitions	467

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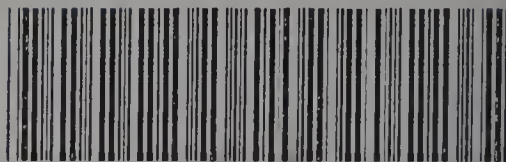
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